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SYMBOLIC PROCESSES OF PATHOLOGICAL SYMPTOMS

BY

Ⓒ SAMUEL HAZANOVITZ

A THESIS SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH
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FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI;
NOCTES ATQUE DIES PATET ATRI JANUA DITIS;
SED REVOCARE GRADUM, SUPERASQUE EVADERE AD AURAS,
HOC OPUS, HIC LABOR EST. - VIRGIL

(The descent of Avernus is easy; the gate of Pluto stands open night and day; but to retrace one's steps and return to the upper air - that is the toil, that the difficulty.)

ABSTRACT

The present thesis is a straight forward assault on the 'mind-body' problem executed in the arena of pathological symptoms. It took its departure in the doctoral 'proposal' where an analysis of the nature of psychoanalysis made the claim that, barring its own self misunderstanding, psychoanalysis in essence is a symbolic theory of meaning. The whole of the proposal was placed at the appendix of the work. The main body of the thesis is made of case studies, therapeutic encounters, and shorter passages which constitute together the demonstrative part of the work. Incorporated in them was a wide range of psychopathological and organic symptoms which were rendered meaningful by symbolic analysis. In the second part of the work an account of the philosophical debate, which led from Hume to Kant and to Hegel, was given, and the symbolic approach was placed in the school of philosophical idealism. But this was done with one important metaphysical correction. The correction was used as a foundation for the concluding 'critique of the sciences.'

Afterthoughts and Acknowledgements

A number of people had a direct personal effect on this work and a few events exercised their influence on it as well. Quite grave and decisive were the reprecussions of my wife's encounter with SLE (Systemic Lupus Erythematosus); a fairly serious immunological disease. It was the close observation of the course of this disease together with the unusually close acquaintance with the 'case' that played a major role in the opening of my eyes to the symbolic nature of organic pathological conditions. Obviously, no account of this particular case was presented here, but it has remained in my mind as a very illuminating instance of the symbolic view, and in the early moments of doubt I had only to recall it to mind in order to regain a clear sense of my direction.

To Dr. Donald Spearman, head of the diagnostic clinic of the University of Alberta I owe the use that I made of the Rorschach Inkblot Test in most of my case studies. Dr. Spearman deserves a lengthy portrait of his appealing and ironic personality, an endeavour which is out of place here, but he was my teacher of 'Projective Techniques' (in which the Rorschach is central) and one never forgets a truly outstanding teacher. It is not clear whether Dr. Spearman will approve of the use that I have made of the Rorschach. In fact, the idea of exploring with patients the entire sphere of symbolic associations of their Rorschach images (an application of the same technique that Freud used in the interpretation of dreams) is unheard of in the field and would perhaps seem appalling to a purist such as Dr. Spearman. Neither has there been a thought that the interpretation in collaboration with the patient could be used in some cases for an entire process of therapy. Nevertheless, in composing these novelties, I had clearly in mind the immense symbolic potential of the Rorschach that Dr. Spearman managed to demonstrate with his uncanny mastery of its subtleties. I was impatient with the need for some forty full years of experience with the Rorschach so as to be able to match him in forming a truly revealing personality analysis on the basis of a mere set of responses to the ten inkblot cards. Today, I do not know in light of what I have discovered, if it is a very good idea to attempt any Rorschach interpretation without the process of apprehension of the personal associations that a subject hold for the various images. Certainly, I will not regard it as a responsible practice in the hands of lesser mortals than Dr. Spearman. Even with the associative process it can prove beyond the reach of most untrained people. And moreover, I truly doubt that one can tap the Rorschach's deepest reservoir without it.

Dr. Harry Garfinkle of the Educational Foundation Department at the University of Alberta is the man to whom I owe some measure of the critique, perhaps I should say healthy disrespect, for scientific theories which finally dawned on me as a radical insight. It was his habit of classifying theories according to paradigm shifts and his way of casting about theories as so much excess baggage or second hand clothes which greatly amused me at first, but then remained with me as a lasting impression. Dr. Garfinkle still has the Herculian ambition of demonstrating an anthropolotical analysis of the evolution of knowledge and perhaps he will succeed one day in bringing together the infinite breadth of his knowledge into one account which will show in what way the production of theories has reflected the socio-economic conditions of a given society at a given time. I doubt that such thesis can be demonstrated but I have discovered that part of his view which projected into the future the production of theories according to some ultimate high plane of moral evolution, was not alien in spirit to my distinction, in the critique of the sciences, between a 'theory' and a 'vision.' It is due to his good nature and unbounded self effacement that it took me some time to recognize this debt.

Most important to my endeavour was Dr. Bruce Bain of my department of Educational Psychology at the University of Alberta. In his courses on cognitive processes and bilingualism I faced in full force the radical thesis on the mediating role of language between social conditions and the ultimate shape of the human specimen. The intriguing questions that this approach promoted proved valuable to the consolidation of the structure of my understanding of psychoanalysis. The convincing prominence of language in Professor Bain's presentations nudged me finally to take a fully idealist position. Even more important than that for me was the strong friendship that developed between us over the seven years of my graduate studies. As a close mentor he sustained the full punishment of my sometimes tormented struggle, and self absorption with my work. And forgiving much, he retained an enduring stake in my well being. I was extremely fortunate to have had him as my doctoral thesis advisor and he together with my father will always remind me how ungrateful it is at times to be a good father.

This first manuscript for my oral presentation was prepared by Ms. Anita Moore who accommodated me in the crisis period before the oral with long hours, work on weekends and a very big heart. I was very gratified to see that my work spoke to her in her own deep language and I told my dignified committee that I had Ms. Moore in mind, as well as them, as my critical audience when I wrote my thesis. I did intend that an intelligent but non professional audience would not be excluded from a work that has a direct concern with questions of health and disease. The actual writing of my thesis was done in three months under the decisive deadline of my move to the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry in Toronto. Some fifteen years of intellectual integration including four years of therapeutic encounters had to be collated out of separate passages and presented in a coherent thesis. If I had shouldered this hard labour I have also to thank the young

Miss Cheryl Berkowitz who is a lover of the English language and who both proofread the manuscript and weeded out a few too innovative Hebrewism.

In the subsequent and calmer Toronto period I wrote the philosophical chapter which was strategically placed at the end of the work so as not to bar readers who would want to read the clinical material as they would read a collection of tales. Here entered Ms. Janet Elliott who retyped the whole work and brought it to a typographical perfection with fanatic single-mindedness. Her exacting work was done when she was in less than perfect health and I have remained moved by this silent gesture of friendship.

I owe a debt of gratitude to my son, David, who remained understanding of me in the three years of exile that was decreed by my work; my wife Naomi who went after me in the interminable journey in the desert - in health and in sickness - and my parents who in the Toronto period tiptoed around me and my work and relieved me of all the cares in the world.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

INTRODUCTION 1

The Bad and the Invisible 14
The Case of the Green-Eyed Woman 71
The Symbolic Body 111
The Schreber Case - A Comment 154
The Symbols of Pathology 161
The Premonition of Diseases 184
The Case of C. 192
The Allergies of Adam Hellman 205
The Case of Tom Killearn (and the Ant-Woman) 212
A Case of Dyslexia 285

SOME PHILOSOPHICAL CONSIDERATIONS 364

The Modern Doubt of Human Knowledge 366
The Beginning of Transcendental Idealism 381
Symbolism and Objective Idealism 384
Symbols and Metaphors 387
Symbolism: The Metaphysical Argument 394
The Symbolic Critique of the Sciences 406
On the Difference Between a Theory and a Vision 429
The Miller's Daughter 431
The Moral Code of Psychoanalysis 441
Addendum: On the Definition of Understanding 449
On the Metaphysical Assumption 449

BIBLIOGRAPHY 453
APPENDIX 456

SYMBOLIC PROCESSES OF PSYCHOPATHOLOGICAL SYMPTOMS 457

I Statement of the Problem 457
II Previous Attempts at Resolving the Problem 476
III Proposed Resolution of the Problem: Methodology 489
IV Anticipated Findings 490
V Importance of the Problem: Significance for Psychology 490

INTRODUCTION

The problems of understanding another human being are unavoidable in life. Whether one professes great enthusiasm for the task, professional interest, or haughty indifference, it matters not. The problems of life, in one way or another, will present themselves in any case and in a very practical fashion in the shape of a failure: the failure, partial or complete, of understanding one's enemy, one's colleague, or even the person most important in one's life. It is part of the human condition and the nature of reality that such failures are so unforgiving that they, sooner or later, make themselves of interest.

I, unreflectively as anybody is at first, was always fascinated and perplexed by the prospect of understanding another human being. I had the vague feeling ~~that~~ it was the most important thing in the world; but in this, unhappily, I was not very far in my mind from my neighbourhood gossip's narrow cosmology. Only in recent years have I come to contemplate the idea that this sentiment was, in an odd way, correct. That, subtly perhaps, but persistently, all the big issues in life and all the puzzles of science, may be contingent, either practically or philosophically, upon their conformity with the genuine act of understanding the 'other.' I began to see that whether or not philosophical systems such as Machiavilli's and Nietzsche's are judged respectively to be cynically insightful, and nihilistically mortifying, or whether a scientific system such as Newton's is universally acclaimed as grandly rigorous, there is in the course of time and in the final analysis a very moral sense by which they will be perceived to be wrong. The suspicion that this sense of wrongness stems ultimately from the insult that such systems of thought inflict on the understanding of the 'other,' and that this fault may be at one with these systems' final fate stirred me greatly. In front of me, as it were, I saw the outlines of a metaphysical play of morality. Could it be, I asked myself, that the Bible was right after all and that the knowledge of 'good from bad' was the basis of all knowledge?

The idea of understanding the 'other' as the ultimate 'good,' proved sobering to me. An awesome task it is to consider the understanding of one single human being. How many of us really understand their own children, whom they have seen growing from birth? I remember that I was burning with the desire to learn about human beings when I started my studies at the university. The phrase 'burning with desire' may seem inappropriate for a lofty mission but I use it accurately and advisedly. My love for understanding delivered me without pain from the original sin of looking at the naked object, and the knowledge of good from bad was one and the same with the forbidden fruit.

When I observed the scene in psychology, the centrality of Freud was immediately apparent. Freud to me was the rarified forbidden fruit itself. Once I seized him I never let go of him. As I studied him through the years I gradually came to believe that many of the intractable problems of the philosophy of consciousness could eventually be resolved by a proper understanding of what he discovered. Strangely enough, I was never bothered by what proved thorny and painful for many of the serious students of Freud's work: "the self-misunderstandings of psychoanalysis." I became a Freudian by the mere act of reading "The Psychopathology of Everyday Life," at the age of 17 but then I was, in some sense, a peculiar Freudian. The great canons of psychoanalysis: the theory of unconscious motivation, the theory of sexuality, the Id-Ego-Superego structure, the psycho-sexual stages of childhood development, the centrality of the Oedipal complex, in short all the recognized features of Freud's theorizing that to this day are the foundation of his enduring orthodoxy, had a revolving impact on me. On the one hand, I came to regard them with the utmost respect and seriousness. To this day, for instance, in my clinical practice I am still overwhelmed and amazed by the persistence with which the Oedipal complex, like a universal curse, emerges as a pivotal fix of each patient's pathology and personality. I am sometimes weary and tired of the Oedipal drama and wish that I could see some other show. On the other hand, there was some other sense in which the fundamental uniformities and generalization of psychoanalysis had precious little impact on me. I could, for instance, read Melanie Klein, and witness her making dramatic theoretical revisions in basic psychoanalytic formulation, inter alia telescoping the Oedipal parameters back to infancy; I could whole-heartedly agree with very many of her innovations, but that did not make me feel that either Melanie Klein or I are not Freudians. There was, it seemed, some indefinable way in which my being a Freudian could be independent of the most fundamental canons of psychoanalysis.

In recent years I came to believe that this impression too was, in an odd way, significant, and, moreover, it pointed to some other way of looking at Freud's work. Psychoanalysis when I closely examined it was not to my mind a theory in any ordinary sense of the word. There were no inner constraints of logical consistency that forbade, say, such fundamental assumption as that of sexual motivation, from being turned by the later Freud into a duality of Eros and Death instincts. One would expect a major theoretical overhaul to have resulted from such a transformation, but Freud's was not that kind of theory. Practically everything - with the exception of destructive repetitive compulsions for which the death instinct was invoked - remained unchanged in the body of psychoanalysis.

To understand how such a thing could happen, one had to concede that psychoanalysis, rather than a theory, was from the outset a respository and a bank of accumulated insights inscribed by a master in understanding people. Freud was accurate in describing himself as a "conquistador" - not a man of science. Moreover, one secret of psychoanalysis' enduring value: the fact that, unlike other psychological theories, it was so transparent a reflector of clinical wisdom and so little imprinted with the permanent biases of its author, was due to the singular fact that the process of discovery by which it was built by Freud was *in extremis* a process of self discovery as well. Thus, it could not have been by the usual logic of coherence that psychoanalysis was made into a recognizable unitary system. But that, if anything, made it even more interesting in my eyes.

To have rejected Freud out of hand - as was the impulse in most of academic psychology - was an unprecedented act of collective self deprivation; that much was clear to me. And that conviction strengthened in my mind when I encountered the writings of Jacques Lacan five years ago. My meeting of minds with Lacan must have been in the cards, for Professor Bruce Bain, who graciously offered me his intellectual companionship and friendship throughout my years as a graduate student, made the pregnant gesture of buying for me Lacan's book, *The Language of the Self*. I remember very well that mid way through that inspiring book I experienced the vivid vision of standing on the edge of consciousness looking at the great dark void beyond. There must have been a moment, I imagine, where I felt that there was no more territory to be conquered. At that point in time, the revolution initiated by

Chomsky was still experienced as the 'rage' of the era, and whether or not anybody made any sense of his grammatical transformations, Chomsky was still instrumental in importing, at long last, the question of language from philosophy to psychology as the focal issue of any intellectual discourse. But Chomsky's theory must have failed in promoting the understanding of the 'other;' in fact, on close examination, his study of grammatical transformations was curiously irrelevant to the process of understanding another human being, and, so, I was not surprised to see that it gradually joined the long list of theoretical casualties on its way to oblivion. On the other hand, here was Lacan, who was making the most penetrating formulations on the nature of language and unconsciousness as a way of understanding the subject. And I was deeply gratified to see that he derived his source from the Freudian texts. It confirmed in my mind the persistent suspicion that what passed in the textbooks of psychology as "psychoanalytic theory" was the least interesting aspect of Freud's work.

I sensed, in short, that there is a very important metaphysical secret whose code is to be found and broken in the Freudian texts but that it thus far eluded description. Lacan, at a crucial point in my obscure and lonely journey, gave me a supporting hand, and my present work is a testimony to what I have eventually found. But the path to the great code was not easy. Every psychologist, with any theoretical ambition, knows deep in his heart that no theory of psychology is assured of any certainty as long as the body-mind puzzle is not resolved. The greatest edifice of psychological theory would stand on shifting sands in the face of the unexpected revolution that is surely to take place with any new twist and turn in the apprehension of this riddle. The problem, as I approached it, esoteric and quaintly philosophical as it seems, stood there from the beginning of time and it did not show any signs of going away. Before me - a traveller in a much trodden road - its sphinx-like face imposed itself on the highest and most intimidating wall in the one heart of philosophy and psychology.

Against the royally inscrutable face of this problem I was determined in mind that if I could only capture in essence the peculiar quality that ran throughout the big corpus of psychoanalysis and stamped every Freudian insight in its unmistakable character, I would thereby find the sword that would slay the dragon and lay it to rest. In this, however, I could not find Freud's own support. The narrative of my 'proposal,' in the appendix of this work, gives an account of Freud's strenuous ambivalence on the question of the relationship of his work to the mind-body problem. He left the door open on the one hand, but then flatly stated that he did not presume to have transcended the riddle.

The exposition of the argument in my proposal makes it clear, I believe, why Freud should not have been taken as the final court of appeal on this point. Freud in his own mind was building a theory;

most ambitiously a scientific theory of man. It is very fortunate that he joined together his great generalizations as an infrastructure of a theory, because the Freudian act of theory building consisted of the laying down, layer after layer, of clinical conclusions of immense practical value. Freud was not in the position to imagine that one day his whole work might be scanned and it would be maintained that it is the mode of his reaching clinical conclusions that is the heart of the matter. That is to say, not the products of his interpretation but rather the Freudian character of interpretation itself. The opening stage of the dialectics of discovery forbids the creator from being conscious of the making of his creative act. It is essential, rather, that he will be absorbed in shaping the object of his creation. But as for me, I was clearly in the next stage of the dialectics and I could then use the immense compendium of psychoanalysis to contemplate the following step.

I did just that. I read all of Freud's works; all his published correspondences; Jones' definitive biography of him, and much of everything else that was written about him. I did not then read the philosophical critiques of Popper, Habermas, Ricoeur and Wittgenstein, but when I did, my mind was already made up.

The secret of the 'great code' was elegantly and deceptively simple. Nevertheless, for some obscure reason, I was filled with positive mortification when I discovered it. It supported my early intuition that the so-called "Freudian theory" was only an artifact; a virtual coral that was mostly calcified and that kept hidden the activity of the living organism that built it; a straw man that some academics senselessly attacked. For, when confronting the understanding of a human being Freud did, at all times, everywhere, and with no exception, only one thing and nothing else: symbolic analysis. That was the extent of the secret.

That this confoundedly simple essence of the Freudian interpretation is at the same time pregnant with much wider implications than the whole theory of psychoanalysis was most clearly revealed to me in the texts of Freud's case studies. When, for instance, in The Rat Man, Freud almost casually points to the fact that 'money' carries the symbolism of 'feces,' this clever observation has nothing to do with anything like a Freudian theory. It is a conclusion based - consciously or not - on the symbolic analysis of money. Freud, moreover, needs this in order to make an incisive interpretation of the Rat Man's dream - a second order symbolic analysis - but it will be futile to search what possible relations all this might have to the canons of psychoanalysis. There are none. Freud uses symbolic analysis as a way to understand people better, that is all. There are no provisions in his meta-theory for why symbolic analysis should be his only instrument, and, in all probability, he would have been very surprised if it had been pointed out to him; but this is beside the point. It is still non obvious and enlightening to say that money carries the symbolism of feces, and it helps one understand why people refer to a rich man, in the vernacular, as being 'loaded' and wherefrom is the phrase 'filthy rich.' It is also unmistakably a 'Freudian interpretation.'

Once I discovered that, I had, so to speak, King Arthur's magic sword in my hand. But in reality, it took me a year and a half after I had made an explicit metaphysical assumption (which equated, in the manner of Hegel, the consciousness with the world, and declared the universe to be symbolically constructed) to approach the sphinx that was both body and mind. One day the organic symptoms of my patients started to make sense to me. I must have half-consciously subjected all symptoms to symbolic analysis, for they began to talk and they have not stopped since. I, nonetheless, have to confess, that in the beginning a profound sense of the uncanny descended on me, and the sword shook somewhat in my hand before the world very slowly began to look familiar once again with my new metaphysics.

The present work is the very beginning of a clinical demonstration that will eventually have to be as wide as the ocean to make the case. But I should add here at the outset another word of caution. The encounter with the beast of the riddle was a humbling experience.

I can now openly admit that I have found it impossible in principle to lay it to rest once and for all. With each new patient the sphinx would creep back into my room and would stand there ready for another round. At times his presence seemed more menacing than others, and after a while, I had a few occasions that allowed me to see how much more difficult it could be for me to understand the symptoms of some body whom I did not like. I then started to grasp the special significance of the riddle's haunting challenge. It was both the highest and the essential criterion of understanding the particular 'other,' to be able to transcend the mind-body problem in his case. As my facility in the interpretation of organic symptoms increased, I began to see that a patient whose organic symptoms remained inscrutable was a patient who in a crucial way remained misunderstood. It was a great revelation for me to witness it time after time. Thus, the very face of the sphinx projected the 'otherness' that remained outside of human touch. The odd face betrayed the mute anxiety of the test with which every newcomer challenges human love. I thereby reached a full circle in my far away voyage and came to the startling point where I would face each new patient with the old shadow at the door.

But no claims of humility should make it necessary to falsely downplay whatever real that was achieved. It was no empty exercise to complete the circle; one was made wiser for it. And where one once confronted a beast of riddle as the 'not-me,' now one can choose the arena for the next round in which the 'I' shall make the 'thou' a subject of understanding.

NOTE:

The thesis is not so much stated as expressed through somewhat independent passages. The passages consist of clinical observations, therapeutic encounters and case studies of varying degrees of comprehensive presentation. Thus, the following notations were adopted:

1. The sign ' * ' will preface each passage that is relatively independent.
2. The sign '*/*' will preface each passage that is derivative of a previous independent passage.

* You have just been asked to entertain a disquieting and unpalatable assumption: namely, that the nature of reality is symbolic. For a moment, before an impulse of anxiety leads you to chase away this uncalled for assault on your common sense, you may curiously and briefly try to examine this kind of vision. You may look upon the familiar terrain on which some wild philosopher has cast this spell and you may ask yourself what the first thing to explore under this new light might be.

In this moment, you - like Faust - have become a man who would unsettle everything to gain a deeper point of view.

Let me suggest that you seize the moment, and with your first steps, walk directly, like Faust, to the object you are most afraid of: the devil himself. You may know that if you will gain nothing else from embracing such a strange contract, at the very least you will meet the object of all therapy: you will see the devil eye to eye.

But how does one meet the devil? In the ordinary world there is no sign of him. Remember, you are in the symbolic world and everything is accessible to you. Think of the character in whom legend and fiction combined to create a most consistent image of evil. You will find him, naturally, to be Count Dracula. He will be a prominent figure in our studies.

Let us go first and without lengthy introduction, to one particular scene out of the 1896 classical Dracula by Bram Stoker.

This is the 'identification scene' in which the Professor, pursuing the hunt of Dracula after a few evil marks of the Count's work are discovered, has reason to believe that he will present himself, in bodily form, as a guest at a formal reception at the host's mansion. The Professor stands there with his assistant friend and surveys the room. One person among the guests is Count Dracula, but there is no telling who he is. No outward sign can betray him. The Professor now retrieves a hand mirror from his pocket, opens it, reflects the edge of the room with it and slowly starts to survey the whole room with it. He now freezes his attention on one group of people and points it out to his assistant. One person in the group is not reflected in the mirror. This is what the Professor is looking for: it is his man. He is Count Dracula.

This scene is an artistic device of peculiar efficacy. It penetrates our mind like a secret charm, and without any reason that we can give, we affirm its veracity with an involuntary tremor. We can perhaps sense that some profound mystery about the nature of evil has been revealed here in some incomprehensible code, but we do not know the code and we cannot apprehend the message.

Let us then be consistent with our world. It is a symbolic code. The art of decoding consists of symbolic analysis. With this in mind, let us now review the scene.

Count Dracula is, the symbol of evil. That he sometimes embodies a human form signifies that he is a symbol of human evil. That he cannot be reflected in a mirror forces on us one conclusion: our evil has no self reflection.

You may now understand why you do not find any sign of the devil in the ordinary world.

/ In a symbolic world one cannot state: 'This is only a metaphor.' For in such a world a metaphor is reality.

I will try to demonstrate some of the consequences when the synonymity between evil and invisibility is taken, with absolute seriousness, as a process of reality.

Let me first bring you one passage from the last theoretical part of Freud's account of The Rat Man.

> I should like to go back once more to the instinctual life of obsessional neurotics and add one more remark upon it.

> It turned out that our patient besides all his other characteristics, was a renifleur. By his own account, when he was a child he had recognized everyone by their smell, like a dog; and even when he was grown up he was more susceptible to sensations of smell than most people. [I may add that in his childhood he had been subject to strong coprophilic propensities. In this connection his anal erotism has already been noticed (p. 93).] I have met with the same characteristics in other neurotics, both in hysterical and in obsessional patients, and I have come to recognize that a tendency to taking pleasure in smell, which has become extinct since childhood, may play a part in the genesis of neurosis. [For instance, in certain forms of fetishism.] And here I should like to raise the general question whether the atrophy of the sense of smell (which was an inevitable result of man's assumption of an erect posture) and the consequent organic repression of his pleasure in smell may not have had a considerable share in the origin of his susceptibility to nervous disease. This would afford us some explanation of why, with the advance of civilization, it is precisely the sexual life that must fall a victim to repression. For we have long known the intimate connection in the animal organization between the sexual instinct and the function of the olfactory organ.
>
> (Freud, S. Case Histories II, The Pelican Freud Library - Vol. 9, Penguin Books, P. 126-7)

One encounters in this passage a few incongruities and perplexities that are bound to occur in the ordinary world.

Firstly, there is the question of why Freud suggests that the organic suppression of the human sense of smell is a contributing factor in the human vulnerability to neurosis, and concomittantly, why he suggests that our sexual life is adversely affected by the same cause? Presumably, the suggestion is made that 'in nature' both the sense of smell and of sexuality are liberated, and in the place where human restrictions are non-existent, human neurosis is also non-existent.

This suggestion is incongruous with two sets of considerations. In the first place, human sexual organs are unusually developed compared to their equivalents 'in nature,' and if one also considers the unusual duration of human love-making as compared, say, with the four to five second duration of the sexual act prevalent among the big apes, one may easily reach the conclusion that the centrality of human sexuality does not manifest, on the whole, any adverse 'suppressing' effect that emanates out of human prohibitions, or of a diminished sense of smell. The second set of considerations is a clinical one. Freud himself, in the above passage, demonstrates them by taking stock of his own experience, and by pointing out that he has "come to recognize that a tendency to taking pleasure in smell which has become extinct since childhood, may play a part in the genesis of neurosis." But this kind of observation (which my clinical experience indirectly confirms) joins forces with the first general observations to counteract the argument of troubled sexuality associated with diminished sense of smell. On the contrary, it seems that a resurgence of the pleasure of smell is an ominous sign. The case of the Rat Man himself pointedly suggests that a dog-like sense of smell in a human being is not associated with any liberation of the love life.

A second perplexity arises here out of what Freud safely calls 'organic suppression' of the sense of smell that is associated generally with the condition of being human, and particularly with the erect status of human beings. As the matter stands, we have no accurate idea as to how the erect position of Man forced an organic suppression of his sense of smell. Moreover, the very case of the Rat Man with an animal-like acuity of smell, and others like him, together with the possibility of the emergence of such acuity in other cases as a forerunner of certain forms of neurosis, burdens this seemingly unproblematic claim of organicity with an almost unbearable weight. At the very least, one can say that the vague allusion to the usual evolutionary explanation does not perform magnificently here.

Having raised these difficulties I suggest that they occupy a very different status in a reality that is claimed to be symbolic. But let me make these propositions more specific:

1. The claim, with regard to the organicity of smell, obscures the fact that smell is a sense. As a sense it occupies a legitimate dimension of meaning (e.g., 'I can smell a rat,' is a metaphorical statement of diagnosis.). Furthermore, as a dimension of meaning, the sense of smell is a natural citizen of the symbolic world.

2. If the sense of smell is a dimension and medium of meaning then all the rules of metaphorical reality apply to it and it is expressive of all symbolic processes, since all of them are native processes of meaning.

Now, let us examine some symbolic operations that may bear on this question in light of what we have previously understood. When smell is conceived as a sense, it is easy to see that the same symbolic categories of 'good' and 'bad' dominate it as much as they dominate everything else in the symbolic world. Simply put, there are 'nice' smells and 'bad' smells. And when it comes to bad smells, certain laws of amnesia operate in a curiously symmetrical fashion to others which operate in the moral domain. That is to say (when one speaks in broad terms), there is a diminished sense of repugnance that applies to 'our' bad smell as compared with 'others' bad smell. That phenomenon corresponds to the all important fact in the life of most of us: morally speaking, our misdeeds (our 'stink') seems to us to be less odious than others', and perhaps not even odious at all.

Thus, we refer to our first elucidation of a symbolic equation: 'our evil has no self reflection,' and we have witnessed here the first evidence of its operation in the real.

By taking the equation of evil and invisibility with utmost seriousness - as an operation of reality we are led to an unexpected view. I will put it schematically thus: The evolution of human civilization and human morality has resulted in the constitution of the human 'self' as a 'good self.' From that point onward human evil has no self-reflection. If one now considers that the symbolic equations 'clean = good' and 'dirty = bad' may be universal and immutable across the entire animal kingdom, one is then in a position to conclude that dirty (= bad) smells of the body are rendered invisible by human symbolic operation. Naturally, it has led to a severe restriction, in the human repertoire, of recognized smells, and this is the substance of what Freud called the "organic suppression" of the sense of smell.

From this point of view, the emergence, in certain people, of the pleasure of smell as a prelude to the outbreak of their neurosis is not surprising: it should coincide with far-reaching processes that may put the constitution of the patient's self as a 'good self' in doubt.

In the case of the Rat Man himself, his capacity for smell illuminates the complicated make-up of his personality and his inner fragility: he had a decent side which, I believe, endeared him to Freud; and, at the same time, his therapy and his early history brought to light violent impulsive themes of frustrated reactions of a truly amazing order. Freud draws the portrait of the Rat Man's father as a beloved father who, unfortunately, on the occasions that called for a fatherly spanking, had the tendency 'not to know where to stop.' And he describes, in its entirety, the following decisive childhood scene:

> When he was very small - it became possible to establish the date more exactly owing to its having coincided with the fatal illness of an elder sister - he had done something naughty, for which his father had given him a beating. The little boy had flown into a terrible rage and had hurled abuse at his father even while he was under his blows. But as he knew no bad language, he had called him all the names of common objects that he could think of, and had screamed: "you lamp! you towel! you plate!" and so on. His father, shaken by such an outburst of elemental fury, had stopped beating him, and had declared: "This child will be either a great man or a great criminal!" [These alternatives did not exhaust the possibilities. His father had overlooked the commonest outcome of such premature passions - a neurosis.] The patient believed that the scene made a permanent impression upon himself as well as upon his father. His father, he said, never beat him again; and he also attributed to this experience a part of the change which came over his own character. From that time forward he was a coward out of the fear of violence of his own rage. His whole life long, moreover, he was terribly afraid of blows, and used to creep away and hide, filled with terror and indignation, when one of his brothers or sisters was beaten. (Ibid, p. 85-86)

The Rat Man did not get his name only on account of the celebrated tale that brought him his crisis: the fantasy of an 'Eastern' torture in which a person would be tied upside down, a pot would be turned upside down on his buttocks and some rats in it would be allowed to bore their way into his anus. The fact that he was seized with the idea that such punishment was inflicted 'impersonally' on his inaccessible loved lady, is of course, revealing of the old vicious impulses of his childhood being re-enacted again. But, out of the loaded symbolism that was signified by the image of the rat, Freud discovered one theme of personal identification of his patient with the rat. For he, too, was a 'wretched rat' as a child. And it is this fact that made the Rat Man appropriately deserving of his metaphorical name.

Moreover, it is clear that the vicious impulses of a frustrated love that started to assail his self very early in his childhood also shook the foundation of the 'good self.' Freud, in fact, recognized this, indirectly, in the closing paragraph of the case.

> I cannot take leave of my patient without putting on paper my impression that he had, as it were, disintegrated into three personalities: into one unconscious personality, that is to say, and into two preconscious ones between which his consciousness could oscillate. His unconscious comprised those of his impulses which had been suppressed at an early age and which might be described as passionate and evil impulses. In his normal state he was kind, cheerful, and sensible - an enlightened and superior kind of person - while in his third psychological organization he paid homage to superstition and asceticism. Thus, he was able to have two different creeds and two different outlooks upon life. This second preconscious personality comprised chiefly the reaction formations against his repressed wishes, and it was easy to foresee that it would have swallowed up the normal personality if the illness had lasted much longer. I have at present an opportunity of studying a lady suffering severely from obsessional acts. She has become similarly disintegrated into an easy-going and lively personality and into an exceedingly gloomy and ascetic one. She puts forward the first of them as her official ego, while in fact she is dominated by the second. Both of these psychical organizations have access to her consciousness, but behind her ascetic personality may be discerned the unconscious part of her being - quite unknown to her and composed of ancient and long-repressed wishful impulses. (Ibid. p. 127-128.)

I will venture to say that from the clinical observations that Freud himself brought to bear on the case, his last formulation of the Rat Man's personality organization, and the analogy that he posited between him and the other unnamed lady are not entirely satisfactory. I am concerned here specifically with the 'unconscious' status of the Rat Man's first unconscious personality. The Rat Man, from all indications, had far greater accessibility to this unconscious personality of his than many other ordinary people have to their unconscious. I have, before my eyes, the image of one of my patients who combines in his character nothing less than highly-charged murderous wishes that are directed in varying degrees to all objects of his love, and, at the same time, the door to these sentiments is so tightly shut that he does not have even a sense of recognition when confronted with evidence of them. In the case of the Rat Man, the dominance of the symptomotology of obsessions and compulsions is by itself an indication of the imminent flooding of the consciousness by unconscious motives. Not enough attention has been paid to the numerous dialectical relationships that are possible between what is conscious and what is not. But here, the very intimation of the fact that the Rat Man possessed an animal-like sense of smell can throw sufficient light on the unique internal organization of his personality. It shows that the gates of his consciousness were never really closed against the other personality of a 'wretched rat' that he still possessed.

/ The fact that evil is a substitutive term in the blind spots of self reflection, and that, as a phenomenon, it is based on the goodness of the self is an all too important fact in our lives to be left without further illustration. But, in relation to this demand, I am

torn between the recognition, on one hand, that only a full-scale biographical study can serve as the ultimate truth test for our conclusions, and the need, on the other hand, to bring many vignettes to illustrate the full implications of such conclusions. I will, therefore, indulge your belief (in occasionally resorting to the small canvas of a short story), that, in each case, I base my portrait on an intimate acquaintance with the persona of the subject.

My involvement in the present case of the young man which I am roughly sketching here did not come about by my actions as a therapist. I have found that I am likely to strike up friendships that are based on close affinity for youngsters of late adolescence age. Any such friendship is most likely based on my identification with the task of 'becoming a man' which I always found to be the most mortifying and the most important challenge in my life. (James Stephen's statement that "Men come of age at sixty, women at fifteen." has long been one of my favourite lines.) It is, then, not surprising that the agonized and fretful effort of adolescent boys to reach manhood has always been a moving spectacle for me.

Thus, it came about that, in a household which was, in many ways, another home to me, I started to develop a closer relationship with a sixteen-year-old boy whom I had known since he was ten years old.

This came about mainly due to the fact that I had a 'calming influence' on him. At that particular time, Ido - that would be his assumed Israeli name here - showed every sign of great agitation and rage. He inflicted a morbid tension on the house each time he entered it and it was clear that no one - including the father - had mastered enough courage and care to check any of his terrorizing outbursts. It was quite possible for him, at that time, to close a door at the house with an unnerving bang without any provocation.

Ido was certainly a troubled boy then. He had had one minor episode of theft and several road accidents with his motor bike and it was not easy then to predict his future. But, nevertheless, I should not take much credit for my calming influence on him since, in his pre-adolescent life, there was hardly a sign for any impending trouble.

A full analysis of Ido's personality is not warranted for my narrow purpose in presenting him. I will only say that he was a product of an affectionate relationship with his mother (who was quite indulgent with him) on the one hand, and, on the other hand, of a distant relationship with an inarticulate father, and of a very troubled relationship between the parents. Even in the fragile period of adolescence he was not allowed to become his father's boy and the father never took any role in disciplining him. It is not surprising that I had an effect on him. He was agitating - as a son too much on the mother's side - for a father that would deliver him.

I cannot refrain from pointing to our relationship because it was a vehicle for a marked turn in Ido's adolescent drama and it is this turn which is of interest to me in this account. It was very clear during that period that, even in the midst of a most violent attack at home, my presence there would act like a charm on him as soon as he saw me. He would quiet down on the spot and as we would go out together for a stroll he would become a most reasonable human being. There were other potent reasons that facilitated my symbolic role as a father figure for Ido, but I cannot reveal them here for fear of disclosing his identity.

About two years after our friendship began, there was a point, and a very definite point, after which he seemed to have almost a reversal of personality. Ido was then close to his eighteenth birthday when he reverted to become, as it were, 'good.'

In a very short time span, he entered a volunteer youth movement whose aim was to develop ties of friendship with youngsters from what is still known as "the Second Israel:" that is to say, adolescents of 'culturally-deprived' background. His rise to prominence in that movement was nothing but meteoric. He showed unsuspected political organizational skills and fine leadership abilities with younger adolescents and he soon emerged as a pivotal man in a very meaningful national project that this movement came to shoulder. These activities continued to preoccupy him as he entered his army service and throughout its three years' duration. When he afterwards entered the university it was soon apparent that, in contrast to his mediocre high school performance, he was a superlative student and, at the present time, I anticipate that he may one day occupy a prominent intellectual position in the cultural life of the country.

All this is very surprising for a young man who, as a boy - so his mother once told me, with a mystifying all-knowing smile, - was already 'bad.'

I will present now two phenomena which, I believe, might help to shed some light on the matter. Ido, not long after the beginning of his marriage (which dated to just before completing his undergraduate studies), entered into therapy that turned out to be a non-ending part of his life. When I asked him about the reason for it, he confided this to me: "I feel an inner part in me that is hollow and I carry it with me everywhere."

The second phenomenon involved the following observation: quite soon after the pivotal point where he turned 'good,' his eyesight became poor. He started to wear eyeglasses during the day, but as for the night, he was quite hopeless: he could hardly see at night.

Let me assume here again my existence in the symbolic world where I am compelled to make the following claim. Eyesight is another dimension of sense. As such, it is subject to all the symbolic processes that we discover anywhere else in our world of sense and that are meaningful to us.

If I now transpose the symbolic equivalency between the 'invisible' and the 'bad' to the field of the self, I decode Ido's symptom in a fairly straightforward way. At the point where he turned 'good' a large domain of his self - the bad - became invisible. This, in turn, produced the second metaphoric equation of the self: inner hollow sense of being.

> We are the hollow men
> We are the stuffed men
> T.S. Eliot

In the dimension of sight the partially blind self encounters its counterpart in a deteriorated vision. Most importantly, his vision at night was a symbolic statement. Ido could not see into his dark side.

If Ido then does not see, he therefore carries his former bad self as an acquired invisibility, a deteriorating vision, a night-time near-blindness. There is also a special symbolic point to be made of the fact that this metaphor operates on the plain of vision - not of smell. Vision is both evolutionary and symbolically 'higher.' In Ido's case it is precisely in the thrust of his higher cultural achievement and the focus of his enlightenment that he lost the visibility of his former self.

I would like to add one postscript to this case. Quite recently, Ido earned a national literary award of high merit. He attended the ceremony with his wife and small child and afterwards, he drove back home in his father's car. On his way, he was involved in an accident in which the car was demolished although the occupants came away with only minor scratches. The accident was attributed to him. I see evidence in this event to the operation of another symbolic equation whose rigorous logic we will have a few occasions to witness in our discourse. It is the basic symbolic operation of morality which equates the 'bad' with 'punishment' and the 'good' with 'reward.' In Ido's case, it showed its power by qualifying the distinction of his success and thus making the following statement: 'You cannot be fully rewarded for being partially bad.'

* Morton Blackman is an assumed name of a curious fellow. I made his acquaintance when he brought his young boy for therapy and, soon

enough, the stubborn knots of the boy's hostile symptoms involved me deeply with the whole family. The course of therapy for the boy - Ron - was a somewhat traumatic affair for me although he ended up making a partial recovery. The events of the therapy invaded my life at the time - even my sleep - and if I have to define for myself what was in the case that still hurts me whenever I recall it, I must trace it to the mute, inaccessible pain of the boy that I suspect still exists within him.

After a few sessions with Ron, it became clear to me that the option of conducting the therapy solely with him was an empty one in this case. He took quick advantage of the fact that the terms of the therapy were open for his expression to devise many sadistic ways to inflict his pain on me, and I soon found myself too infused with my wounds and my anger to conduct worthwhile therapy with him. Moreover, I felt dwarfed by the forces in the family that constantly inflamed the silent ferocity of his being. The family's financial resources were slight and I had to act without time to spare to deliver a cure for a boy who showed many warning signs of becoming a future criminal.

It was then quite necessary that I should turn to work with the parents, and, after the first two months, I resorted to individual sessions with the father, the mother, and the boy.

My demonstrative interest here in presenting a certain facet of

Morton Blackman's personality forces me to give only a cursory outline of the family that I discovered.

It was abundantly clear that the mother, Natalie, was the source of Ron's wounded self, although she knew nothing of the fact. She also did not know that, before her marriage to Morton, she was almost on the verge of becoming, irreversibly, a bad girl. She was, by then, involved with a string of compromising affairs and even encountered one episode in which she allowed herself to be sexually exploited and photographed for the ostensible and pathetic reason of becoming an actress. She experienced her bad encounter as a 'victim' and with these glasses any trace of her badness became effectively invisible. Moreover, her profession as a dancer in a dance group allowed her to be associated with various establishments and clubs whose reputations, as expected, were not impeccable, thus, she was only guilty by association. Natalie claimed that her mother never showed any affection toward her until her father died and, by then, she was already an adult. But it is also possible that Natalie, who loved her father and found it hard to accept any sign of moral weakness about him (e.g. drinking problem), developed her own competitive resistance toward her mother, which was relaxed only after the father's death. One revealing image in her Rorschach Inkblot test provides an inner reading of her self:

Plate No. 1

> "In the first impulse it looks like two witches, with their hands here, holding onto an object. I can't quite figure

what the object is. There is a wind blowing and they are holding onto the object so as not to be thrown by the wind.

> Inquiry: (Question: What suggested that to you?) "The peaked hats and capes." (Question: Can you make something of the object?) "No...it looks like a body without a head." (Question: What is the mood in the picture?) "It's not calming. It's scary. The witches are frightened that they are going to be blown away. They are holding onto the body as a security. The body is standing rigid and anchored. It's the body of a woman; very strong. Just lost her head."

The image is expressive. We can profitably view it as a symbolic presentation of the self. The two witches signifying the forces of the bad and, at the same time, representing the ego's anxiety of being blown away and lost. (This is another important symbolic equation identifying the 'bad' with the 'lost.') The witches are seen to attach themselves first to an unrecognizable object which provides them with an anchor against the force of the wind. This, then, is a love object which alone anchors us in life. But, at the same time, it is an unnamed object, which signifies the prostitution of love. It is, then, a compound metaphor. On the second reading, the unidentified central object emerges as the body of a woman without a head. This is another compound metaphor which is a close representation of Natalie's public self. It is the good self which is synonymous with its feminine identity and its reflection of her mother's strength. It is a woman's body as a love object. But, at the same time, it is a headless body, and the missing of the head signifies the sense of missing consciousness ("I don't know what I am doing."). Natalie, by losing the sense of her badness, also, as it were, 'lost her head.'

The marriage to Morton saved her. We shall presently see that

Morton was officially 'bad.' But the marriage did not end her troubles. She gave birth to two children. The first one was Ron, and since a child is an 'offspring,' and thus, is always a metaphorical extension of the ego, he instantly became, upon his birth, the missing symbol of Natalie's lost self: he was a bad child. The second child she named after her beloved father: Alexander. He was the good child and there was never any problem with him. Alexander was clever, loveable, and strong, and Ron passionately envied him: the two brothers quarrelled incessantly.

Ron expressed the secret code of his relationship with his mother with a direct allegory on Plate No. 4 of the Thematic Apperception Test (T.A.T.). This plate shows a man being held at the shoulder by a woman who looks at him while he stares away from her. Ron's reaction:

> His mother had a magic wand. He broke it. Then his magic power came back to him and he turned himself into a monster. And then his mother was happy.
>
> (4½ years old)

At the same period, Ron drew up the figure of a 'turtle' in one of our sessions and, when I asked him to tell me about the turtle, he had this to say:

> He sleeps in a log at night. He sleeps in a grass during when it's light. He is bad because he doesn't like his

mother. The turtle said a bad word to his Mom - shit. He said he shit his pants.

(The above provides us with what I claim is the universal symbolic equation between the 'bad' and the 'dirty' and it suggests a radically different motive for why children dirty their pants.)

The dichotomy between the bad and the good became fully constituted after Alexander was born. Before that, Ron was not as troubled. But he was visibly ill at ease at the growing signs of his mother's pregnancy, and reacted quite the same to his babysitter's mother's pregnancy. On the day Alexander was brought home from the hospital Ron had an accident in which he cut his lip, and, on subsequent visits with his father to the hospital, he created uncontrollable 'riots.'

All this should provide us with sufficient background on which I can now more easily draw the outline of Morton's portrait.

In the first session that was designed to acquaint me with him, he provided me with a menacing impression of himself. Morton was quite a short man and he did not appear either muscular or impressive in any physical way, and yet he sat there in my office and with absolute certitude asserted that nobody would be able to touch him in a fight. "Why is that?" I asked, and he said: "Because I fight to win. Once a fight starts nothing is in my way. The other guy," he added, "doesn't have a chance because he knows immediately that nothing stops me." The tone of his voice when he said that left me with no doubt about the matter and I felt a chill come over me, but I did not start to dislike him. There was something captivating and even disarming about the various anecdotes that he proceeded to tell in order to prove his point. His role in them was not of the belligerent party, but rather, of the man who responds to a provocation. Morton, however, did not invest this aspect of his stories with any importance - perhaps rightly so - but he focused directly and exclusively on what was morally offensive about the conduct of the main actor - himself: the lack of inhibitions in attacking another human being. There was a sense of power in that and Morton was not without some pride in the matter. At the same time, it was clear to me that he took care, as a first order of business, to establish his identity with me as that of a bad man. It was an unusual opening for either a good man or a criminal.

His background was clouded in fog. The main reason for this was the real fog of childhood amnesia that enveloped most of his memories as a child, leaving only sketchy remains. Morton never knew his father. He was the eldest of three brothers and one sister who were all raised by the mother on the east coast of Canada. There was one man who always boarded in their house, but the mother held him in contempt and it was not clear whether there was any association between them. He left very little impression on Morton. Significantly enough, Morton remembered the remark of one of his aunts that, as a child, he used to go everywhere with his "pottie." His retention of this remark points symbolically to a larger picture. It provides us with a clue to an operating motive in Morton's life: the need to keep himself clean, and the threat that he could be soiled and thus, become bad. (But this, too, is an appropriate motive for obsession-compulsion neurosis, not a forerunner of criminality.) Morton avoided talking about his mother and Natalie also said very little about her except that she was "a funny woman" (that comment indicated something queer about her), but she did provide the story behind Morton's reluctance to talk about her. Seven years before, when he was stationed at a Navy post on the west coast, the mother informed him that she was dying in order to bring him home to the east coast. When he went home, he discovered that she had lied. Since then, "he cut off the relationship with her, and," said Natalie, "seemed unable to cry anymore."

With the exception of his conduct in violent fights, everything about Morton seemed spotless and even admirable. Natalie was six years older than he, but they were a very fine couple and their bond was real and true. Whenever one would be in any stress, the other would have a quick and ready understanding of the situation. They never condemned each other for anything and never had any complaints about each other.

As for work, Morton did not aspire to any prominent position in his technical work - servicing electrical machines - but he was a perfectionist and he commanded respect. He was a man of his word, he disliked debts, he honoured all his obligations, and he was, in short, completely trustworthy.

Moreover, in our sessions I found him friendly, likeable, amusing, outgoing, and completely open about everything in his life. (As for their sex life which reflected, in every way, their emotional commitment to each other, Morton provided me with the novelty of assigning to Freud's entire list of erotic zones a corresponding list of private names for both himself and Natalie. The consequence of this was that all of their private parts transformed into a set of characters who manifested themselves in the act of love making. Morton, needless to say, hardly knew anything of Freud, but this peculiar capacity of his for naming will bear shortly on our analysis of his character.)

As a father myself, I was unable to voice any critique of him. He was, in fact, the proverbial father: firm, affectionate in his undertones, and the very embodiment of the Law. As well, he was accessible to the children and the two boys were clearly very taken with him. Until Alexander's birth, Ron was actually 'his child,' but this relationship encountered a deep disturbance after Alexander was born. Ron became so disturbed that Morton found himself on the verge of hating him. Nevertheless, I found many indications of Ron's close identity with his father. His favourite activities, his interests, were traditionally and exclusively masculine. He loved machines of all kinds and he became extremely clever in finding their secrets. He showed, too, the early signs of the lover of studies and the scientific mind. Very movingly he showed his attachment to his father by, sometimes, literally following him around.

Morton, evidently, had many points to his credit, and yet he was right, too, in handing me his identity card as a bad man; for a man who can attack another human being with no inhibitions is, by universal consensus, a 'bad guy.' When I examined this 'symptom' in a more clinical way, and when I encouraged Morton to put his pride aside for the sake of the examination, the following common pattern emerged: invariably, on a fighting occasion, Morton would be provoked unfairly by another party. Then, when the provocation would persist and Morton would get to the point where he was full of tears, white, and his lips trembled, it would then become the point of no return. In that state, he would attack blindly and he would have the full sense that he could kill a man. When I enquired about the statistics of these incidents, I found that he had a few of them during his service in the Navy, where he was known for that. After his return to civilian life in the period of five years previous to our discussion, there was only one minor incident of such a nature. The statistics were evidently improving, but different experience taught me that, sometimes, it takes only one such incident to change a person's opinion of himself.

When I examined Morton's Rorschach images, the overall impression was more benign and showed a healthier outlook than what would be contained in the crop of your average neurotic good guys. There was the recurrent image of an 'elephant,' which was complemented by the image of the 'beaver.' As a metaphor of Morton, the elephant is, of course, matchless in power and without enemies. But more importantly, and regardless of its strength, it is a vegetarian animal which does not hunt other animals for its food and does not attack unless sorely provoked. Needless to say, the elephant was also a very apt symbol because of its legendary exploits as a working animal in human service on one hand, and on the other hand, for its blind rage when it goes berserk, in which case nothing stands in its way. (I should remark here that when it comes to interpretation of images on the Rorschach - which I, being faithful to my metaphysical assumptions, treat invariably as symbolic images - I have consistently found that it is unsafe to rely on universal or "collective" meanings of a symbolic object. Here, too, when I asked Morton what an elephant stood for in his mind, he remarked that "an elephant symbolizes power and endurance and yet he is scared of a small mouse." This is a new and unexpected twist in the usual concept of an elephant, although Morton, who was unusually knowledgeable in animal behaviour, asserted it as an observational fact. The mouse, when it is an object of human fear, often carries the motive of a 'penis that runs wild' and one suspects that, by that capacity, it became the legendary phobic object of women. An 'elephant that is scared of a mouse' is thus a metaphor that provides us with some understanding of the conflict between indiscriminate sexuality and love that Morton had to endure before he realized his love. The need, then, to establish the unique symbolic value of each identified object on the Rorschach parallels the same basic finding of Freud in the Interpretation of Dreams: the necessity to establish the private associations of the subject for each object in his dream. And, I might add, this mutual confirmation of the nature of symbol effectively undermines Jung's concept of the 'collective unconscious' and renders it suspect in our sensibility as a sloppy hypothesis.)

As for the beaver on his Rorschach, Morton had this to say: "It doesn't have an enemy. It is capable of great deeds far beyond its size. It can block a river. It loves the water." This, then, is another metaphor of Morton which strengthens our confidence in the elephant, and combines with it to reflect his unmistakable fortitude. I scanned the Rorschach to find the source of his uninhibited attacks and I found it very clearly on Plate No. 2. He had an immediate split-second response to the plate, saying: "Elephant shitting himself." He laughed then, waving his hand and informing me that it was not intended as a serious response. He then proceeded to study the plate, held straight in his hand, for three long minutes and finally said: "Looks like two animals - calves, I think. Sort of looking at himself in the mirror, asking: 'why me?,' or looking at each other. By the red spot it looks as if they were slaughtered.

Here are the hooves which they hold together." That was the extent of his initial response. The administration of the Rorschach, however, traditionally consists of two stages. In the second stage of the Inquiry the same ten inkblot plates of the Rorschach are administered again and, the exact perception of the image, by the subject, is determined and verified from various points of view. Morton, in the Inquiry, made the following clarification of Plate No. 2: "They look as if they were cut off at the chest and lying there with blood all over. Or it is one calf in that condition looking at the mirror." I then asked how a calf looked, and he said: "A calf looks like a dog or a lamb and it's furry. Here are the eyes and here the blackened nose." (Question: How does a slaughtered calf think?) "It's like a head," said Morton, "that has been cut off at the middle of a thought and is still continuing to talk. It's the expression in the eye that is staring at space and asking: 'What did I do to deserve it?'."

I pondered over this gruesome scene and the motive of Morton's uncontainable pain over an undeserved hurt was very clear in it. A slaughtered lamb. What, I wondered, was the making of it. Was he physically brutalized as a child? Some things that I learned about the self images on the Rorschach suggested a different explanation. The very graphic scene of blood and wounded flesh could very easily be an accentuated metaphor. Some people kill with a knife and others with a word as Wilde so aptly put it. But for the pain to have been so deep as to turn a good boy into a bad man, it must have been only a special kind of cut. In all likelihood, a slaughtered love.

This interpretation accounts for both Morton's resources and his weakness. The lamb was the proverbial lamb of innocence and love and Morton's relationship with his wife certainly proved that capacity in him. It suggested that a small Morton must have dearly loved his mother and that this love, at some later point, was savaged by the mother. Thus, the last occasion on which the mother arranged, by deceit, to have him come home must have stood as a symbol for a larger reality. Morton, notwithstanding his mother's professed desire to see him, asked her in his heart: 'Could you do this to me if you loved me?' and the answer could not be affirmative. I once heard an account of a similar scene, in which a mother acted out the same manipulation of the pretense of dying and she even fell on the floor - in order to achieve better conduct from her son - with the same deadly effect. A great sadness descended on the child as if something precious had been irretrievably lost. Morton's mother deserved the description of a 'funny woman.'

For the sake of reconstruction, it is quite convenient to think of this motive of 'betrayal of love' in terms of a story that developed over time, and indeed, there is great merit to such representation. It is never completely true however, and neither is it conceivable that any such motive would emerge out of nowhere and without warning. The same dictum of Chekhov which holds that, in a good play, the pistol that is seen in the first act will fire in the last act, is applicable to any life story. (A story is a story is a story.)

Having this in mind and reviewing Morton's response to Plate No. 2, it can be seen that Morton's initial spontaneous response is quite revealing. The "Elephant shitting himself," by its association to the later savage scene is symbolically connected with it. The symbolic equation between the 'dirty' and the 'bad' affords now the possibility of penetrating into Morton's childhood amnesia. It is not improbable to think that Morton's mother established, together with her love for the child, a few well placed incidents which wounded him and his love deeply. It is possible to envision that it embittered him and tempted him early on 'to be bad' and that this fearful temptation was counteracted by taking his 'pottie' with him everywhere so as 'to stay clean.' This scenario was faithfully enacted in Plate No. 2 when the initial response: "Elephant shitting himself" came as the first spontaneous reaction, only to be retracted, laughed off, and dismissed.

With this scene in mind, I turned with an enhanced curiosity to Plate No. 7 - known among the Rorschach students as the 'mother card.' (This epithet is, in actuality, somewhat of a misnomer. Each image identified on the Rorschach should be viewed first and foremost as a self-metaphor. Thus, the 'mother card' should be conceived rather as an image which proves its efficacy in promoting feminine symbolization of the self which, by identity, commonly reflects the unique imprint of the mother on the subject as a child.) Indeed, Morton's reaction to that card showed a trace of his difficulty. He took three minutes before responding and this, by itself, is a very long time when one considers that a trouble-free response can be formulated in the space of one second to the Rorschach image. Then, he said the following:

> "This one here is sort of hard. The only thing that makes sense here at all...Two things: one looks like an old lady wearing a hat with some kind of weird outfit [a gown] looking at herself in the mirror. The other thing is a bird, like a pheasant, sitting on the ear of a stuffed animal like a rocking chair; again looking at herself or a shadow."

To my question in the Inquiry stage he asserted that both the old lady and the pheasant are likeable figures. Then he said:

> "The old lady reminds me of the character in the cartoons who takes care of that yellow bird: 'Tweety.'" In this scene here she, kind of, likes herself in the mirror. She is happy with herself for buying that dress and she turns her head to look at her back in the mirror. She bought for herself this fur dress that rich ladies wrap themselves with around their shoulders. She also wears crinolines with lots of layers and skirts, like the one they once used to wear."

The picture that emerges is not without its quaint charm. One can suppose that the mother who gave rise to this feminine aspect of the self cannot be all bad. One should especially note the signs of sublimated affection that are evident everywhere in the description. While the same scene involving a young woman would convey a sense of the erotic and even the narcissistic, it is converted here, through the agency and the object of an 'old lady,' into a distilled sense of the sublime. The multiple 'layers of skirts' on top of a 'crinoline' were metaphors of very refined femininity and love. The rich fur dress around the shoulders is another symbolic object which describes the transformation of what was initially animalistic - the fur - into an elaborate, carefully worked out, and noble dress. It is a par excellence signifier of the sublimation of desire. The figure who views herself in the mirror exudes the kind of well-being that is associated with a woman who has accomplished her own nobility. The old lady, then, is an object of an 'old love' and this, in the best sense of the maturity of a fine old wine. It is not surprising that she is associated here with the old lady in the cartoons who takes care of 'Tweety, the bird,' since this figure represents the kind of generous, unselfish and sublimated affection for another creature which we tend to see in the maturity of old age. The image of the pheasant, too, echoes some of these motives. As an object of desire it is associated with refined aristocratic food and it is elevated on an animal, which, too, has lost the original ferocity of its instincts and has undergone an artistic-sublimative transformation being 'stuffed.' (One is reminded here of the unobtrusive personality of the boarder in Morton's childhood home with whom no liaison was ever formed by the mother - a stuffed animal indeed. The only unsettling motive in the entire portrait is derived from the initial description of the old lady's fur dress as 'weird.' But this potent word with its old evocation of the supernatural and witchcraft, has a way of casting some shadow over the scene. It is understandable that Morton found the processing of these images 'hard.'

But, over all, the fact that Morton was a product of such refined love can suggest his predicament when this love gradually began to be subverted by these strangely dark counter motives. Morton indeed displayed one symptom which, because of its clarity in this context, is a testimony to the symbolism of all such symptoms. He reported the special effect of nausea that is invariably triggered in him by the discovery of mold in food. He then feels a knot in his stomach and vomits. If we consider the symbolic equation between 'food' and 'mother's love' and if we furthermore apprehend the symbolic statement expressed by vomitting and nausea ('I cannot swallow this,'), we will be in a position to see the special significance that 'mold' in food had for Morton: namely, the sign of strange and revolting corruption of his love.

The special sense of near entrapment in that condition was further expressed by two recurrent dreams which visited Morton all his life until he was cured by his new love a few years into his marriage. In the first dream, Morton would find himself on his back, tied to the foundation of the house. He would be painted with black tar as was the rest of the foundation, without any awareness of his existence. Afterwards, mud would start to be piled up, threatening to bury him. He would be trying to break out and at that point he would wake up. In the second dream, which is a version of the first one, he would be caught between two columns - again, at the foundation, and a white plaster would be poured all over, threatening to bury him. He would break out and as he would run he would trip into a pile of plaster. He would again break away, but he would lose his shoe.

The dreams stand clear enough if we see them for the parable of love as the foundation of one's house and life. The sense of the stickiness of both the tar and the plaster conveys the distinct sentiment of a victim of manipulation - the emotional blackmail - that threatens to glue and to bury both the victim and his love and which, in turn, provides the imperative - to break away. The dreams, furthermore, convey, in a very graphic way, the sense of total disregard for the victim's life and consequently, the sense of deep insult that this situation entailed.

Morton, in all likelihood, lost more than his shoe in the breakaway from his mother. He was left with one bare foot to walk through life and the proverbial Achilles' heel was exposed. He carried with him this weakness, which was unmasked each time an unjustified provocation crossed the point of no return, at which point he would, without inhibition, attack the party who would then come to symbolize the sinister force that undermined his love. I will submit to you presently that all crimes are symbolic crimes.

His attacks were very much in the open. His ruthless intention 'to fight to win' was very much conscious for him and was thereby a part of his power. He could easily have hidden - like any violent bad guy - behind the argument of justified self-defence, direct provocation, or any of the other walls of blindness and wilful ignorance which are in such common use, but he was not at all concerned with it. Morton was too good for that. Behind his unusual conduct lay the dialectics of a very important paradox for human understanding. The whole question of whether the self can exist as anything but a good self stood in the balance of an accurate symbolic analysis of Morton Blackman's case.

At first, it seemed that the question was decided in one way - affirmative. When I asked Morton directly if he experienced himself as a bad man, he said without evasion: "Yes." I was very much incredulous and perplexed with his answer. At one point, without quite knowing why, I asked him if he was ever tempted to subject himself for the mark of a tatoo. In response, Morton pulled up his T-shirt without hesitation and showed me the tattoo of two sharks on his chest beneath the two sides of his collar bones. There was no question that he put himself in the public domain as a shark-man;

a clearer badge of identity does not exist. But did that, I wondered, settle the question? What about his numerous virtues? How does one account, with a bad self, for his obvious goodness in so many ways? I felt that there was a critical symbolic equation that secretly carved the entire landscape of this field without disclosing itself. I had the feeling that deciphering it would amount to a truism, even a cliche if you will, yet it would be important to establish it as a dictum.

And then it settled before me - the question for which, in fact, I mounted here, in miniature, this whole exposition of the case:

"Tell me, Morton," I said, "How is your vision at night?" Morton smiled with some pride and said, "I see at night exactly as I see in the daylight. I have a perfect night vision. Just like a cat. Actually," he added, "it came in very handy on night shifts during my time with the Navy."

Here, then, was the secret symbolic formula. It is stated thus:

- Whatever is conscious is in the self.
- Vision is consciousness.
- Vision is enlightenment is light.
- Enlightenment is consciousness.

- The conscious self is therefore a sphere of light.
- Light is good.

Ergo: What is admitted to the self is seen by the self. And whatever is seen by the self is good. In other words, whatever is inclusive in the self, even if it can be confessed badness, is thereby good.

This was one way to mount in symbolic language, Freud's statement with regard to the act and aim of therapy: "Where 'It' was, there 'ego' shall be."

Morton never needed therapy. He saw clearly into his own darkness and he thereby made it good. I simply met Morton in the middle of his dialectical course. A year later, when I saw him, he was almost wholly transformed and his public presentation of himself as a bad guy already sounded half-empty and without conviction. He did not have further episodes of fights. But even before all that had happened, there were signs on the Rorschach that predicted it if properly understood. Morton, like almost everyone else, also had some bad images on the Rorschach, however, in some sense they were peculiarly different:

Plate No. 4:

(Two minutes reaction time; upright position of card)

> "It looks like some type of monster. The arms look deformed; they melted off or...It will be head, arms, feet and tail."
>
> Inquiry: "It's not really scary because his arms are useless."

Plate No. 5:

> (30 seconds; upright position)
>
> "A picture of either a bat or a large moth."
>
> Inquiry: "The bat here is not really an evil creature. It is a creature of the night all right but it has an extra perception. A creature with special abilities - that's my association with it."

The lack of anxiety with which these images were seen was quite unique to Morton, as was the fact that they were not really bad.

This issue of the self was further confirmed with Morton from another point of view. We were discussing, in one session, the recurrent motive of the 'mirror' and of the 'double' on his Rorschach. (The idea that he might have some narcissistic tendencies was incongruent in his case and had to be resolved.) Morton indeed resolved the issue in my mind by telling me that he had a twin brother who died at birth. He also informed me that he held the belief that each person has a double in this world. As for the question of being bad, he told me that each time he felt himself to be bad, he also felt 'small and insignificant.' This is a universal sentiment. I was glad to confirm that Morton's self was made of the same stuff as everybody's. I asked him if he spent much time before the mirror. He confirmed it and said: "One is watching himself in the mirror, in case he is bad, to see if he is there..."

If that was the case, then Morton's self - like any other self - was based on the premise that the conscious self is indeed always a good self.

Post Script:
Ron was cured only to the extent that his mother allowed herself to immerse in the therapy. Natalie, however, was extremely fearful of the invisible and she allowed herself to be touched only to the point where the situation at home became tolerable with Ron. Then she slipped back from the sessions. It was only a partial victory for the forces of light.

/ Every Light is a White Light

This is a common enough phenomenon. We have all had many occasions to witness it in everyday life, when, for instance, we move from a room illuminated by a white neon light into another room illuminated by the regular yellow light of ordinary light bulbs. We notice the contrast at first, but, soon enough, we begin to refer to the yellow light as a white light, and we lose all sense of its original yellow illumination. The same holds true for any colour of light. Professional photographers are taught to be aware of this effect and they experience it frequently in their dark rooms. There, too, the small source of red light comes, after a short period of adjustment, to be experienced as a white light.

This is not just an epi-phenomenon that should be dismissed. A rather simple experiment can verify its enduring character: If you bring into the said dark room a white board on which a message is printed with red characters - or, conversely, a red board with a white printed message - it will not be readable in the dark room and, in fact, will be perceived as a uniformly white board. This testifies to the fact that the red of the red light in the dark room has indeed been translated into white.

These effects are to be expected in a symbolic world. I will posit the following symbolic equations to account for it:

1. Everything that chases darkness away is good.
2. Therefore, every source of light is a good light.
3. 'White' = 'good'

Ergo: Every source of light is a white light.

/ The following is a personal experience. I remember standing on the sandy beach of Hertzliya, not too far from the line of the

water, and keeping watch over my little son who was joyfully playing in the sea water. It was a hot Israeli summer day; there was not a cloud in the blue sky and the Mediterranean Sea was calm and quite shallow in that particular area. The beach was teeming with people and I stood there for quite a while captivated by all the sights. At some point an old acquaintance approached me and we struck up a friendly conversation. But I had to avert my glance from time to time towards the sea to determine the whereabouts of my son who was always a fairly independent spirit.

Suddenly my wife came towards us and with a look of concern asked, "Where is David?" for she could not see him. I looked back at the water and my son indeed was nowhere to be seen. All over the calm sea before me there was no sign of him.

At that point, and for a long moment of personal time, I encountered a massive distortion of vision. The entire field of my sight became dark. It was, I remember, a glaringly-bright day, but at that moment, everywhere I looked - the blue sea and the white beach - it was almost pitch black. I could hardly discern a thing.

My son was discovered a few minutes later somehwere on the beach looking for us, but this little incident has stayed with me very much in a vivid form, together with this metaphor of vision which momentarily pronounced the darkening of my world.

The constellation of reasons for that particular reaction - understandable as it was - are more involved than I can allow here, and they make a far more interesting case for my reactions. Nevertheless, I produced this scene to specifically convey just how expressive our sense of vision of metaphorical transformations is.

/ The following account was related to me by a friend and a colleague. It has the advantage of being, in some sense, familiar. The account resembles numerous others like it that are often given in similar circumstances and, in fact, does not differ significantly in any way from those reports that were gathered by the studies of Kubla-Ross on the experiences and stages of dying.

"I was once in a critical condition in the hospital and the medical staff was all around me trying to save my life. But I was tired at that point in my life and I felt like giving up. Then and there, in the middle of all the fuss around me, I suddenly saw myself hovering near the ceiling looking down at the scene around the bed. I saw them from above - their heads and shoulders - moving quickly and desperately, and I saw the body - my body - lying there and I knew that I had left my body, and may not come back.

I then considered what my decision would be and I thought of those who needed me. First I thought of Dan [the husband] as if his voice was calling me to come back. But then I told myself, 'He will survive, he will be able to go on without me.' Then I felt Tim [the eldest and favourite son] calling me and I started to waver. I knew he would truly need me. I decided then to come back. I found myself instantly surrounded by all the medical staff. Soon afterwards it was clear that the crisis was over."

This account is open to very different kinds of analyses. One may ponder the role of the 'decision' in staying alive; the status of the question of 'being needed;' and also the kinds of procedures that enter into the act of 'weighing one's life.' Most interesting would be to consider the role of the 'other' in the matter of one's life and death. But I have presented here this account for a more limited purpose. I am not unaware of the fact that these reports (of people who, in some sense, died and came back) share a surprisingly common pattern and that the uniformity of the pattern serves as the backbone of the modern contention with regard to the existence of the soul.

In the symbolic world the soul is a metaphor; but if the real world is indeed symbolic, that is tantamount to a recognition of the existence of the soul. We are going to learn enough here about the power of metaphors to realize that the claim that the soul is one, might constitute a different way of looking at the soul, but not a denial of it. Moreover, not only is the soul's status not inferior to any other entity in the symbolic world, but, as an enduring metaphor, it stands superior to any transitional symbolic process.

Let us then treat it as metaphor and let us review the above account for the narrow purpose which I designated for it: namely, as a study of perception. My interest is focused on the fact that our subject, in her critical condition and under the symbolic impression of her soul leaving her body, was able to change and reorganize her entire field of vision. From a new symbolic point of view - near the ceiling of the room - she saw the entire scene, including her body, from above. In other words, we are facing the eventuality that, under conditions where the identity between the self and the body is suspended, the normal visual 'information' is capable of being completely shaped by a powerful metaphor to produce a different visual point of view.

We might perhaps have seen more evidence of this sort if it were not for the fact that the symbolic identity between the self and the body is a primary one for survival and its suspension is always a sign of mortal danger or an acute symptom of psychopathology. (A young woman once told me that, a second or two before she anticipated and was involved in a major road accident, she saw herself suddenly 'above the scene' looking on herself and others down below.) Thus, the limiting case can be effective here (as everywhere) in transforming our understanding of symbolic vision.

/ The question of a visual point of view which is expressive of an underlying metaphor may be further illuminated by the following account. It was related to me, ironically enough, by a professor of mathematics, a friendly acquaintance who pronounced to me on more than one occasion his utter distaste for symbolic interpretations.

This man, in his early forties, formally married with two children, was, by then, in the midst of one of the more frightening and ugly processes of divorce that can beset a person, and it was exacerbated further by an uncompromising battle of custody. For some years preceding this, his wife manifested increasing signs of disturbance and incapacitation and the relationship became more and more strained and alienated.

On one occasion, he told me, of a specific moment that occurred in that distressing decline which served as a signal to him and a forerunner of the end of the marriage. They were both lying on their marital bed, in their bedroom, and he was looking at her. But then, unexpectedly, he noticed that she appeared to him, visually, to lie a very great distance from him.

This visual effect seemed to have cemented his decision, and this by itself, is quite revealing of the metaphor of the distance of love which shaped this vision in the first place.

A similar variant to this visual effect was reported to me by a twelve-year-old boy whose father, Adam Hellman, was a patient of mine. I had a few occasions to see the boy, too, at a time when most of his world seemed quite tenuous. His parents were separated (although not divorced and remaining on friendly terms) and, as an only child, he lived, first, most of the time with his mother. But at some point, the relationship with the mother took a turn for the worse and he could not go on living with her. He moved to his father's house and there he had to struggle with a relationship which was not all happy to begin with. But he was otherwise exposed in life - he knew he had nowhere to go - and thus, both father and son made an honest effort to construct a good relationship. The attempt was far from being a total success since the boy was, with much justice, critical of his father and this attitude which the boy could not afford to be conscious of expressed itself in many annoying symptoms, which, of course, exacerbated the situation. The boy grew ever more critical of his father and at some point he incurred a temporary visual distortion which he described to me as an effect comparable to the view one gains from looking at the wrong end of binoculars: all objects in the room, including his father, appeared small and insignificant in size.

I chose to bring in these episodes because of the unmistakable clarity with which the underlying meaning displays its effect on them. In this case, too, the statement 'My father lost stature in my eyes, and my whole world consequently diminished in size.' was expressed in the graphic terms of the visual distortion.

Such occurrences are more common than one supposes. Normally, they are unattended and easily dismissed, but ever since I determined their symbolic character, I have the uncanny feeling that I encounter them more and more frequently. The symptom known as 'tunnel vision' is a case in point. Quite apart from its appearance in such conditions as Glaucoma and Retinitis pigmentosa, it can show up spontaneously in other transitory associations. A colleague informed me of this effect taking place while he suffered a heart attack. Such accounts considerably widen the field of metaphoric distortions of vision. We shall later see that this field exists in close proximity to the field of visual hallucinations, which voices itself much more distinctly in this coded language.

/ All mediums of sense are sense of the object. And the object is the 'other' or the subject sensing himself as the 'other.' This assertion is not a daring one and is quite defensible on the grounds that 'nothing else makes sense.' But, in a symbolic world, we already saw that the character of a given medium of sense itself carries symbolic implications. Consequently, a greater account of the quality of all the different sense mediums of the subject can provide a profitable diagnosis of the subject himself.

I can demonstrate this more easily when the subject is a non-human, like a dog, which nevertheless choses its relationship with a human to be central to its life. Thus, it affords us a direct knowledge of its sense of the 'other.'

The dog has a superior sense of smell. This sense of the object by its odour is primitive in the full sense in which we understand the primitive to be both more acute than we and more deprived than we. It is an uncanny sense which cuts through appearances, and, at the same time, it is morally deprived and, in that sense, it is 'base' and 'unenlightened.' This is the metaphorical meaning of smell and it characterizes one aspect of the dog's relationship to its object. Conrad Lorenz has shown us how astute a dog is in sensing (that is, 'smelling') the true but disguised sentiments of his master to any visitor to the house. Lorenz's testimony can be augmented by the testimony of any embarrassed dog owner. This, then, is one aspect of the dog's sense of the 'other.'

The dog also has a superior sense of hearing. The acute sense of the 'other' through hearing is based on complete receptivity which involves both a temporary suspension of the subject's independent existence and a total identity with the object. The dog can indeed be said to be 'all ears' to his master and this mode of the sense of the 'other' conveys, at the same time, the unique openness and ability of the dog to be educated, in relation to his human master.

In comparison to his superior performance in the first two modes of sense, the dog has an inferior visual sense. Vision is the more advanced and enlightened of the senses and we have seen already its intimate association with moral judgement. This, then, signifies the other aspect of the dog's relation to his master: The uncritical attachment to him disregarding what might be any immoral conduct on his part. I suspect that the reason the dog has landed in disrepute and his name is used derogatorily across all cultures in spite of his legendary faithfulness to his human master, must be derived from the moral offensiveness of his blind love.

As for his taste for bones, we are told that 'there is no accounting for taste.' But I do wish to give a symbolic account of it, too. Taste is a sense of the 'other' by his assimilation. The bone is the symbol of the dog's love object by virtue of its enduring attraction to it. The bone is a perfect symbol of the dog's love for Man. It is a hard object to assimilate, and, in spite of all the invested energy, it ends up not assimilating it. The dog's obsessive love for the bone is, thus, expressive of the impossible identity which it embraced.

/ Note the phrase 'to wear a perfume.' "I wear three drops of Chanel No. 5." (Marilyn Monroe, when asked what she wears in bed.)

The sense of the 'other' via his native smell is the sense of the naked object. That is why it makes sense to say that one wears a perfume. A woman who wears a perfume undergoes a metaphorical transformation into a flower. In that sense, the act parallels the act of wearing clothes.

Metaphorical transformations are the very essence of the process that Freud called, with great accuracy, 'sublimation.' In human terms, everything that has not undergone symbolic transformation is experienced as 'raw' and 'vulgar' and conversely, everything that achieved further symbolization is considered 'refined' and 'sublime.' In turn, the two orders of significations form much of the foundation of the 'bad' and the 'good,' and the relations of these two categories to the question of love will be of great clinical importance to us.

(Note that, in this regard, the phrase 'I am not decent' refers to the state of being naked. This symbolic equation seems to work in both directions. I presume, for instance, that Churchill exuded such a complete sense of incorrupt decency and fortitude that he could take his famous baths while conducting his public affairs with his advisers without appearing to be 'indecent.' I suspect too, that no vile dictator of the period could have afforded such exercise, not even a partly decent de Gaulle.)

/ It occurred to me to ask: why is it that the act of wearing eyeglasses seems so becoming to a scientist? I do not mean to imply that the process involved in being a scientist induces people to wear glasses. We have already seen that anything affecting the senses is closely bound up with the intimate terms of object relationships. But there is, nevertheless, a common recognition of the fact that there is something especially apt that bonds a scientist to his eyeglasses and that he is somehow distinguished by wearing them.

The act in question: producing the glasses from one's pocket, wearing them on one's nose, and looking through them at a displayed object or a book, is, you might say, a symbolic gesture which expresses the essence of the Cartesian spirit which shaped much of our modern science. It conveys the special kind of selective blindness which Descartes made famous in his cogito. Suppose, he said, that we take upon ourselves to distrust all our certainties; what, then are we left with that we can be certain about? Even without accepting the specific results of his approach, our science has developed as an endless replication of the dialectical form of Descartes' universal doubt. 'I refuse to believe - says our proverbial scientist - in the existence of anything unless I witness it in front of my nose.' This form of statement has carved our whole modern approach to the admissibility of evidence and it would have saved us much trouble if it were recognized that empiricism consists of nothing but this. In the phrase of Lord Chief Justice Parker: "A judge is not supposed to know anything about the facts of life until they have been presented in evidence and explained to him at least three times." [Observer, 'Saying of the Week,' 12 March 1961]

/ I have found no more lucid an account of the philosophical difficulty with the 'real object' than Bertrand Russell's in The Problems of Philosophy. I will bring it here in full:

> In daily life, we assume as certain, many things which, on a closer scrutiny, are found to be so full of apparent contradictions that only a great amount of thought enables us to know what it is that we may really believe. In the search for certainty, it is natural to begin with our present experiences, and, in some sense, no doubt, knowledge is to be derived from them. But any statement as to what it is that our immediate experiences make us know is very likely to be wrong. It seems to me that I am now sitting in a chair at a table of a certain shape, on which I see sheets of paper with writing or print. By turning my head I see out of the window buildings and clouds and the sun. I believe that the sun is about ninety-three million miles from the earth; that it is a hot globe many times bigger than the earth; that, owing to the earth's rotation, it rises every morning, and will continue to do so for an indefinite time in the future. I believe that, if any other normal person comes into my room, he will see the same chairs and tables and books and papers as I see, and that the table which I see is the same as the table which I feel pressing against my arm. All this seems to be so evident as to be hardly worth stating, except in answer to a man who doubts whether I know anything. Yet all this may be reasonably doubted, and all of it requires much careful discussion before we can be sure that we have stated it in a form that is wholly true.
>
> To make our difficulties plain, let us concentrate attention on the table. To the eye, it is oblong, brown and shiny, to the touch, it is smooth and cool and hard; when I tap it, it

gives out a wooden sound. Anyone else who sees and feels and hears the table will agree with this description, so that it might seem as if no difficulty would arise; but as soon as we try to be more precise our troubles begin. Although I believe that the table is 'really' of the same colour all over, the parts that reflect the light look much brighter than the other parts, and some parts look white because of reflected light. I know that, if I move, the parts that reflect the light will be different, so that the apparent distribution of colours on the table will change. It follows that if several people are looking at the table at the same moment, no two of them will see exactly the same distribution of colours, because no two can see it from exactly the same point of view, and any change in the point of view makes some change in the way the light is reflected.

For most practical purposes these differences are unimportant, but to the painter, they are all-important: the painter has to unlearn the habit of thinking that things seem to have the colour which common sense says they 'really' have, and to learn the habit of seeing things as they appear. Here we have already the beginning of one of the distinctions that cause most trouble in philosophy - the distinction between 'appearance' and 'reality,' between what things seem to be and what they are. The painter wants to know what things seem to be, the practical man and the philosopher want to know what they are; but the philosopher's wish to know this is stronger than the practical man's, and is more troubled by knowledge as to the difficulties of answering the question.

To return to the table. It is evident from what we have found, that there is no colour which pre-eminently appears to be *the* colour of the table or even of any one particular part of the table - it appears to be of different colours from different points of view, and there is no reason for regarding some of these as more really its colour than others. And we know that even from a given point of view the colour will seem different by artificial light or to a colour-blind man or to a man wearing blue spectacles, while in the dark there will be no colour at all, though to the touch and hearing the table will be unchanged. This colour is not something which is inherent in the table, but something depending upon the table and the spectator and the way the light falls on the table. When, in ordinary life, we speak of *the* colour of the table, we only mean the sort of colour which it will seem to have to a normal spectator from an ordinary point of view under usual conditions of light. But the other colours which appear under other conditions have just as good a right to be considered real; and therefore to avoid favouritism, we are compelled to deny that in itself, the table, has any one particular colour.

The same thing applies to the texture. With the naked eye one can see the grain, but otherwise the table looks smooth and even. If we looked at it through a microscope, we should see roughness and hills and valleys, and all sorts of differences that are imperceptible to the naked eye. Which of these is the 'real' table? We are naturally tempted to say that what we see through the microscope is more real, but that in turn would be changed by a still more powerful microscope. If, then, we cannot trust what we see with the naked eye, why should we trust what we see through a microscope? Thus, again, the confidence in our senses with which we began deserts us.

The shape of the table is no better. We are all in the habit of judging as to the 'real' shapes of things, and we do this so unreflectingly that we come to think we actually see the real shapes. But, in fact, as we all have to learn if we try to draw, a given thing looks different in shape from every different point of view. If our table is 'really' rectangular, it will look, from almost all points of view, as if it had two acute angles and two obtuse angles. If opposite sides are parallel, they will look as if they converged to a point away from the spectator; if they are of equal length, they will look as if the nearer side were longer. All these things are not commonly noticed in looking at a table, because experience has taught us to construct the 'real' shape from the apparent shape, and the 'real' shape is what interests us as practical men. But the 'real' shape is not what we see; it is something inferred from what we see. And what we see is constantly changing in shape as we move about the room; so that here again the senses seem not to give us the truth about the table itself, but only about the appearance of the table.

Similar difficulties arise when we consider the sense of touch. It is true that the table always gives us a sensation of hardness, and we feel that it resists pressure. But the sensation we obtain depends upon how hard we press the table and also upon what part of the body we press with; thus the various sensations due to various pressures various parts of the body cannot be supposed to reveal directly any definite property of the table, but at most to be signs of some property which perhaps causes all the sensations, but is not actually apparent in any of them. And the same applies still more obviously to the sounds which can be elicited by rapping the table.

> Thus it becomes evident that the real table, if there is one, is not the same as what we immediately experience by sight or touch or hearing. The real table, if there is one, is not immediately known to us at all, but must be an inference from what is immediately known. Hence, two very difficult questions at once arise; namely, (1) Is there a real table at all? (2) If so, what sort of object can it be? (pp. 7-11)

Russell is better here than others in conveying the sense that this philosophical problem is not just a problem of philosophers but a genuine difficulty. And he goes on to show that the challenge posed by the problem of the 'real object' has not been adequately surmounted by philosophers from various schools.

But I would like to state here that in the face of this difficulty there is nothing more compelling than to recognize that the real object cannot be anything but a symbol. The real object, I say, is the ultimate symbol.

From here on, after committing myself in such a decisive way to what I find to be an irresistible conclusion, I do not wish to proceed by any hypothetical steps. All further assertions on this matter will be dictated solely by clinical considerations.

I will state here briefly now what kind of approach to the real object is demanded, in my experience, by the compelling need for the understanding of the subject as a patient in a therapeutic situation:

(1) The real object is the symbol of love.

(2) Love is the constitutive force of the real object.

(3) The love object is the primary object and all other objects are symbolic of it.

(4) The permanent object is the symbolic product of enduring love.

These assertions spring mainly from the general observation in the clinical setting to the effect that any disturbance of love is accompanied by a correlative disturbance in the constitution of the objective world. Conversely, only love at its best can restore the object to a fully independent existence; that is to say - an objective existence. (Note in this regard the frequent association in the Greek mythology between love and creativity which reveals itself as well in the mythological belief and fear of young girls that a kiss can make a girl pregnant. And from another point of view, see the attribution to Hephaestos ("the architect, smith, armorer, chariot builder, and artist of all work in Olympus") of the capacity "to bestow on his workmanship self-motion, so that the tripods (chairs and tables) could move of themselves in and out of the celestial hall.")

One implication: our science, dedicated as it is to the constitution and study of the object and the objective world, is founded on love and its labour is a labour of love.

The Case of the Green-Eyed Woman

I am quite used to the fact that the challenge of understanding presented in each course of therapy often lands me in a traditional philosophical problem of one sort or another, and often compels me to provide it with an unequivocal answer in order to resolve a patient's suffering. (I hereby recommend this unindulgent way of doing philosophy.) But I was quite taken aback in the present case when the young woman who walked into my office - and whom I shall call here 'Green Eyes' - voiced her complaint from the outset in the very language of a metaphysical problem. I do not recommend for anybody to experience his life or any part of it as a philosophical doubt. In my experience it is very often a sign of great distress and unhappiness. Here too, Green Eyes' pain was so acute that she often wished to discontinue her life, or "to be someone else."

I will reproduce here, first, the statement of the problem in her own words written just before our first session on the back side of her Personal Data Sheet.

My Problem January 14, ...

> For ten years I have suffered with a drug-related (marijuana experience) anxiety disorder. For example; when I encounter a stressful situation, I feel as though any part of my body touching an object - at that moment - is going to go through that object. Therefore, I am momentarily distracted and less able tc deal with the problem that caused the anxiety.
>
> I believe my problem has generated a gross lack of self confidence as I avoid conflicts with co-workers and find

> difficulty "being myself" around others. Possibly I am afraid I will let them down (because of my disorder) so I try to avoid any close relationships.
>
> If I can learn to cope with my disorder I will have more self confidence and consequently, should become more successful at all my endeavours.
>
> P.S. (I have never told anyone about my problem until Jan. 7 [when] I told my husband and Jan. 13 [when] I told my Doctor.)
>
> Also - I am very embarrassed about seeking help from a psychologist. The doctor who referred me to you is:
>
> Dr. Daniel D. Sereda
> Edmonton, Alberta
>
> (I revealed the true name of the referring Doctor here.)

Green Eyes was a slightly heavy young woman, twenty-four years of age, who, nonetheless, exuded a subdued but unmistakable sense of sex appeal. She was feminine, her face was attractive and I was not surprised to learn later that she was always popular with men. At the same time, her appearance and quiet demeanor left me with hardly a clue that might be expressive of anything that could be wrong with her. With the exception of her green eyes - a feature which never fails to carry the symbolism of a cat-like malevolent appeal - an infrequent guilty smile, and an almost imperceptible air of sexual corruption, there was nothing that could betray her misery. Only later did I learn how accurately her face can reflect her relative well-being, and how clearly her halting muted speech could express, in minor tones, her often bitter and hopeless resentments. My summary notes of the first two sessions lack any central direction and they reflect the judicious ignorance of a fisherman who casts his wide net in all possible directions at once. Since I sought, in these sessions, only clarification of the topics she chose to relate to me, but hardly guided her selection of the topics, my notes also reflect partly the symbolic network of her embedded associations. I will reproduce them here in their original sequence:

Jan. 16: She claims that since the second episode of smoking 'pot' at age 14, she began to experience hallucinations of permeable objects; e.g., her hand can go through a table, or her bag strap can go through her shoulder, or she can descend through the bed, or the earth, etc. It is a very disturbing sensation which appears every day. Also, since 17 [years old], she began to be frequented by the thought: "What is the worst thing that I can do?" She would then proceed with an idea to commit something awful, like killing somebody, or committing suicide. (She reports being afraid of high places because of a wish to jump from them.) The 'thoughts' at the age of 17 began their long career after an incident where she encountered a wish to put her hand on the genitals of an old man who was sitting beside her in church. (She is a Catholic.)

She experiences her marriage as a completely tentative affair. As for the grounds for this sentiment, she voiced at this time the bitter complaint that her husband is 'picking on her.' By this she means - correcting and guiding her performance around the house. There might also be an issue with food between them. She cites an incident where he involuntarily but literally spat out the food she gave him. This, allegedly, is indicative of his built-in standards. He often cooks the meals for them. (Without questioning the validity of her complaints, are these appropriate grounds for a sense of tenuousness about a marriage?) Their marriage is one-and-a-half years old.

Green Eyes is younger than a brother and three sisters, and older than two other sisters; altogether a family of seven children. (Good God, what impossible task do I face here - penetrating the swarmy milieu of six sisters!) Of all her siblings, she has chosen to talk, so far, almost exclusively of her slightly older sister, Rebekah. It is no wonder; she describes her as a very independent personality, who "always knew right from wrong." It seems that Green Eyes always looked up to her. She claims that, even now, Rebekah can "get her to do anything." (She evidently feels incompetent compared to her sister, but is it not the necessary mark of one who distrusts his own good intentions or, concomittantly, one who relies on somebody else's 'guidance' to do something bad?) Here is an example of the near impenetrability of the sisters' society: Green Eyes relates a memory she has about an incident in which, as a very small child, she accidently broke a door handle in her aunt's house. Her two close elder sisters, Rebekah and Cloe, witnessed her 'bad' act and proceeded to exploit it. They threatened to disclose her if she did not obey everything they said. This threat effectively shaped her life for the whole next year! Only after that period, did she encounter the realization that the threat was, in fact, empty, and with that, the spell was broken. (I find it a remarkable episode. May I be forgiven for calling it the 'shaping of a guilty cow.' She certainly had only the appearance of a lamb, if her guilty conscience maintained this spell for a full year. But, on the other hand, what a distressing victimization!) Her compliance with the terms of this spurious blackmail suggests that it suited the integrity of her development so that she was compelled to act 'good.' It seems that she became accommodating - not just in relation to her sisters - and it is possible that she did not contradict anybody. She cited her sisters in saying that she is the "easiest to live with."

I asked her about her first memory: She remembers an episode where Rebekah and she - at age three - were going (Rebekah was leading) to find friends to play with. Rebekah knocked on one of the doors in the (new) neighbourhood and asked if there was a child to play with. They ended up playing with somebody.

Interpretation: In a foreign environment of closed doors - symbolizing Green Eyes' world - Rebekah, 'the good,' is the only force that can open the door to friendship. Green Eyes, on her own, is powerless to do it. According to the symbolism of a 'first memory' = the constitutional mythology of a person - this, then, is Green Eyes' main life motive: her self alone is not a vehicle for friendship. (Adler should be given credit for his only enduring contribution: the importance of the first memory. His further observation that people who undergo major personality change also emerge with a different 'first memory' is certainly in keeping with a symbolic understanding of the personality.) Green Eyes brings the following report of her mother on Green Eyes' condition at birth: When she was born, she had a terrible rash all over her body; an allergy.

The parents are Americans who lived for a long period in Canada. Green Eyes was born in Alberta. When she was in Junior High School, the family moved back to the southern U.S.. They moved afterwards twice more, and ended up in the American mid-West. Green Eyes came back to Canada when she joined her husband - then her boyfriend - who lived in Alberta. (They were married a month later.) It stands to reason that she does not know whether she is a Canadian, an American or neither.

A family trauma: her eldest sister, Pat, became pregnant at the age of seventeen, and concealed the fact until seven months into her pregnancy. The baby, once born, was sent for adoption. The whole affair was not discussed further, and her two little sisters never learned about it. Green Eyes brought up the issue because it affected her life. Since she was found, in adolescence, to be popular with the boys, the parents were particularly worried about her and restricted her dating time to one night on the weekend. Green Eyes compared her 'deal' to her sisters', found hers wanting and became resentful. Pat's misdeed, however, had, apart from that, a direct prohibitive effect on her as well as on everybody else in the family. Green Eyes reports that, during adolescence, she was on the verge of having sexual intercourse many times, and refrained from crossing the line because of the memory of Pat's pregnancy.

She reports that, at the age of seventeen, she began a two-year relationship with 'a guy,' who was a milkman and had a nice body. The relationship involved 'only sex.' By then, she was 'on pills' with the consent of her mother.

Jan. 24: To my question she reported that the experience of sex between herself and her husband - from her point of view - is "good physically but not emotionally." (This use of language is both familiar and symptomatic: the sexual act here is not a scene of 'love-making.')

This day she brought another complaint against her husband. She admitted that he was very generous with her (I began to sense many subtle signs that he may have a genuine love for her.), but, she said, he never complimented her. Her complaints were not flimsy accusations, nonetheless. Not being complimented was "very hard" on her since she said: "I am not secure in my mind."

Her family produced people whose strengths were in work: all were accomplished in their careers. At the same time, only Rebekah and herself are, so far, married. The parents, too have done well in their careers. (The father - a business executive; the mother - a real estate saleswoman, and Green Eyes notes with pride, that she was earning $50,000 per year in her sales.)

I found Green Eyes' position about her marriage quite intriguing. On the one hand, her doubts about the relationship were such as to cause her to maintain that she could walk out of the marriage at any time; moreover, she totally believed in this. I expected this situation to be the main focus of a young woman's distress; but when I asked her what she considers to be her main problem in life, her answer did not refer to her marriage. Her greatest problem, she said, resided in the fact that, despite her capacity to accomplish many things - in work - she went through life with a lack of confidence. Thus, she alluded here to her symptom and one could sense that she feared the danger of her destruction hiding in it. At the same time, she confirmed my other suspicion by showing no apprehension in contemplating the dissolution of her marriage. She did not expect to be destroyed by such an eventuality.

My perplexity grew by hearing the following account of the history of their relationship. She met Henry during a summer break in her undergraduate studies. Some bond had been created between them, for they began corresponding when they parted. (At the end of that summer, she went back to university and he went back to Canada.) At Christmas time, he invited her to spend the holiday with him. She consented and he sent her the air tickets. When she arrived, they went together to visit her sister, Cloe, who lived in the same city. Cloe took a dislike to Henry, partly on the grounds that he was nine years older than Green Eyes, and she then managed to sway Green Eyes to leave him. (Green Eyes recounted these events as a demonstration of the ease with which her sisters could turn her to change her mind, and as evidence of the fact that she always considered "other's opinions," not her's. But this simple explanation was somewhat qualified, I believe, by her present attitude towards her marriage.) She justifiably retained a sense of guilt over the fact that she left him, since he paid for her airfare, but that did not inhibit her from doing it at the time. A year later, they met again and their relationship was re-established. Henry, it turned out, did not hold any grudges. During that period, she felt her sense of mute restlessness and silent irritation - which was always an underlying motive in her life - growing, and she felt the need to leave her home. Thus, she joined him in Alberta with no initial commitment, and a month later they were married. A fine beginning! I was justified, I thought, in contending that a comedy ends with a marriage, while a tragedy begins with one. But why did she feel that her symptom of permeable objects stands at the heart of her insecurity, while her marriage home, which holds precariously on the shifting sands of her half-toned resentments, was of no concern to her? I still have no answer. In the meantime, her husband did not fare well with her. She told me of a recent incident which involved the replacing of her old car with a new one. They decided together to buy a Camaro for her. Then Henry went out and bought her a Camaro Z-28, I believe, which is a far more expensive car. Poor Henry's generosity did not save his day with Green Eyes - she resented the fact that she was 'brushed off' in the final act, as if her opinion did not count. We spent some time over my suggested explanation that Henry was, perhaps, also a lightning rod for her very old and wounded status among her sisters. It seemed like the beginning of her journey into the dark.

I should add one more remark for this session: our journey might be a short one. Green Eyes expressed, at some point, her angst with regard to my probing to understand her. When questioned, she said she was afraid that I would learn that she was incurable. She also said: "you take my insides out." I recognized how vulnerable she felt about herself when I considered that she withheld the information of her condition from somebody as presumably close as her husband until now, but I did not promise her to refrain from dealing with her in the same way in the future. On the other hand, I alerted her to the possibility that the same motives that were behind her misery may play havoc with her therapy. It was very possible that she might find the urge to withdraw from therapy overpowering. Green Eyes conceded the point but said, "I like to finish the things that I begin." I was therefore cautiously optimistic.

These were my scattered impressions and interpretations of the two first sessions. In the following meetings, more details of her life were brought to light and they gradually composed themselves in the total picture.

First and foremost came forth her utter contempt and distaste for her father [illegible] way for which Green Eyes was not prepared. This was the background for it: Greem Eyes, it turned out, was her mother's girl, not her father's girl. The mother was somewhat of a shy, grey bird, but she was appreciated by her daughter for her unassuming virtues, and the fact that she was inconspicuously the pillar of the house. That woman managed to run a home of seven children, investing prodigious amounts of energy attending to their numerous developing needs, while observing the traditional role of a housewife, including the cooking of the meals, cleaning, and keeping the house in well-organized and spotless condition. At the same time, she gradually developed a highly-successful real estate career. She was not an especially attractive woman, and she never assumed or displayed power in the house. Her modesty made her unreflective of either her talents, or her virtues, or her strength. Consequently, she hardly ever attracted any attention to herself. Green Eyes, whose constitutional irritability made her perception searching enough to find fault in an angel, never, during the entire course of the therapy, came with anything bad to say about her mother. And although she never said so, I could not help but sense the presence of a very kind woman in her mother, who never needed a recourse for being rude.

I have to assume that any man beside this woman, unless he is as strongly and decently constructed, would have, unconsciously perhaps, a very sharp sense of any of his shortcomings. Green Eyes' father had apparently a few weaknesses. But here I should add, with hindsight wisdom, a word of caution. The following description of him may not so much reflect the real balance of the man, as it reflects his existence in his daughter's green eyes.

What Green Eyes saw was, generally speaking, a weak man, with false pretenses. The main act, which came to symbolize it, and which condemned him in her eyes was the transforming act of his drinking. The change of character that he would then assume, the discovery of a sentimental self, who would then only display undisguised and naked terms of affection to anybody in his family - this was, in essence, the revelation of weakness. Green Eyes could not stand being around him at such times, and her reaction is of the kind that many other sons and daughters share when they catch a parent temporarily 'indecent.' The need of Noah's two sons to cover their drunk father's nakedness and the curse that was visited on the third son, who did not avert his eyes from the spectacle of parental indecency, is of the same motive. Green Eyes would move away from the repeated scene of the father's shame, but in some sense at least, she did not avert her eyes from his weakness: she saw all too clearly into any of his deceptions, even if well-intentioned. Thus, she told me, it was discovered at one point, that the father told each one of his children separately that he loved him or her 'the most.' This bumbling, conceptual attempt to give each of the children the symbolic advantage of being 'number one' is indeed, as the Irish say, 'too nice to be wholesome' but Green Eyes' understatedly mild expression when she described it was somewhat resembling the face of one who had just witnessed a rotten carcass. I can only add here, in her favour, that she was not aware of the 'language in her face.'

I believe it is important to note that one of Green Eyes' sisters found herself very close to the same father; and Green Eyes herself could hardly cite an instance in which she was treated cruelly by him. Thus, the selective portrait that a child forms of a parent is a highly complicated affair, in which it can easily happen that all the truth terms are found on another dimension to be false, or differently illuminated. From the clinical standpoint, this situation is of the utmost gravity when it comes to determine what is the leading cause of what. Specifically here, when the entire understanding of Green Eyes' personality rests on a correct appraisal of the source of her feelings towards her father. Fortunately, Green Eyes, who herself never thought of the matter and was far from any reconstruction of her past history, brought herself an answer in one early session when she tried to work out the main source of her injured feelings about her father. She began by voicing a mild complaint about him, saying that he always used to downplay her mother. But I sensed something more there and I sat quietly and just looked at her, and then suddenly her eyes welled with tears and she appeared to be very moved. I recognized these tears - with some experience one may become familiar with the distinct sight of hot angry tears in a woman - that weakling of a father! Who perhaps even earned less than 'Mom,' dared to poke fun and to find faults constantly with her, who never gave him any reason to complain, never faulted him, and accepted everything with a quiet and understanding spirit. Green Eyes was surprised to discover how much she hated him when, after all, she was supposed to have always loved him 'as her father.'

When you think of it, it is always peculiar to find out that a symbolic identity works pure and simple as an identity (then again it is still peculiar, but conceivable, in a symbolic world). Whenever the mother was jabbed, the daughter, who was identified with her, was injured as well. Moreover, there was a special sense of identity which made the daughter a far greater victim than her mother (who, after all, never gave any indication that she was really harmed by it). Green Eyes' special 'dumped-on' position versus her sisters', and her unopposed obedience to directives, which had its rationale and equilibrium in that milieu of sisters, grew in poignancy and insult when her identified hero - 'Mom' - was openly abused, in much the same position that she found herself in. I also understood at once why the issue, in her marriage, of Henry's 'correcting her,' assumed such potency as the main casus belli for the wish to dissolve the marriage. (Let me state here in passing that Freud's, perhaps, greatest clinical discovery in the process of therapy - the 'transference' - should be handled under a symbolic viewpoint as simply a case of one object becoming a symbol for another object. This encompasses not only the 'analyst' as the symbol for the 'father' and/or the 'mother,' but the same applies to the transference in a woman's eye from, say, her father to her husband. In the present case, poor Henry did not know that he became the unwitting, but powerful, symbol for Green Eyes' father.)

I began to have, at that session, the first very faint sense of Green Eyes' main symptom. It was not a real understanding, but there was an echo of an analogy that could be found between her apprehension of her anger for her father, and her hallucination of permeable objects. If the symbolism of this symptom was examined, it seemed to stand for the following statement: 'An object appears solid, but it cannot be trusted. It is insupportable; and unsubstantive.' There was some analogy between a father who appeared good, but turned out weak and malleable when drunk, and the sense of Green Eyes' objects. And there was also some analogy between Green Eyes' insupportable sense of a formally loved father - which underneath turned out to be a hateful father - and her untrustworthy objects.

Nevertheless, the fact that a few things could be found to stand in symbolic relationship with each other, did not always mean that even the main symbolic levers of a symptom were found. There were too many things in this case that remained a mystery, and there were others that stood in open disagreement with each other. In the first place, I did not feel that the clearly convincing grounds that were found for Green Eyes' anger for her father were sufficient grounds for the extent of her hostility. With precisely the same motives, it was still conceivable to think of another human being - a daughter - who could still genuinely love her father despite his aggravating weakness, and maybe even understand, in time, that he found his masculinity somewhat enfeebled near his wife, and tried quite benignly to assert the position of 'head of the family.' After all, the parents were quite a solid couple.

The main puzzles of the case, however, followed as derivations from Green Eyes' central relationships with her mother. Assuming reasonably the clinical truism that all loves are symbolic of the first love, and first love is mother's love, how was it possible for Green Eyes, with her undeniable love for her mother, to have come to such an emotional precariousness and fragility of relationships reflected in her marriage? Even if one disregarded what I found as a certainty later - that Henry's love was true - and overlooked the evidence of her attitude to him, there was not to be found a contrary evidence in her other relationships. First, there was her first 'love' - a two year relationship, that ended up in emotional involvement of the other party - the young milkman - but was, from start to finish, purely 'physical' for Green Eyes: it constituted for her a series of episodes of heavy drinking and sex. This, needless to say, was in stark contrast to the romantic sensibility of a normal young girl's first love. It was followed, I learned later, by Green Eyes' exploits in her early college years. She was engaged in a blatantly cynical and manipulative series of interrelated affairs, and finally managed - fortunately - to get emotionally hurt. By the time she met Henry, she had seen everything and was tired of empty relationships. Nor was this record relieved by friendships with others of her own sex. I was surprised once to hear her talking, with something almost approaching warmth, about Henry's mother being a 'nice woman,' but apart from her sisters, I have not heard of any good friendship that she formed with another woman. As for her sisters, it was, at best, a very mixed and irritable soup.

She did not want to spend too long in their company. And, as for her big brother, he existed, for her, on another planet. How, I asked myself, was this record reconciled with her love for her mother?

On the other hand, to postulate that all that has poisoned her relationships came via her father, was even more preposterous. I have seen enough instances of women, that had atrocious relationships with their fathers, coming to construct fine marriages on the basis of their 'first love' to the mother. And the converse was also true, when observed in clear-cut cases.

Something went wrong with Green Eyes, and it was not clear what it was. But in all this, only the main motive of her first memory held true.

With Green Eyes, I went over her early developing relationship with her mother, but here again, I could come up with nothing but praise for the mother. Green Eyes was an irritable child from her first day on account of the allergic eczema that covered her whole body, and she was very demanding as a consequence. "Everything," said Green Eyes, "I needed to have just so." All of her clothes had to fit exactly on her body, tightened in a certain way, and to a certain degree, and no other; and this applied to everything else as well. The mother reacted to her child's predicament with the utmost patience and devotion, answering all of her needs, keeping her irritability to the minimum, and she gradually, through the years, cured her almost entirely of her allergy. How can such a mother be faulted with anything? The mystery only deepened.

For the first time in my experience, I was forced in my search, clearly out of the social history of a child with his mother. It meant the loss of any direct evidence from the subject. Very reluctantly - and I do not know now the valid reason for my reluctance - I faced the possibility of the answer lying in the pre-natal evolution of the child. That is to say, Green Eyes in her mother's womb.

Be it as it may; once I made that proposition for myself, I soon obtained a simple and immediate evidence for it, and I was somewhat shocked to realize how easily the omission of a proper assumption could shut out important information. Green Eyes very clearly remembered what her mother had to say about the very difficult circumstances of the pregnancy with her. For many reasons, starting with a difficult phase of her relationship with her husband, economic uncertainty, the immense burden that she carried at home (the three small children), and at work, she came to feel overpowered by her new pregnancy with Green Eyes. Her Catholic faith disallowed her any preventative measures, but she almost depleted her resources. Green Eyes remembered too the harrassed expression on her mother's face when the issue of pregnancy came up, and the involuntary shudder that went through her spine.

Thus, Green Eyes' case became instantly very important for several reasons: Firstly, it contained a clear instance of a case where a mother's emotional motive resulted in a child's pre-natal pathology which - when translated symbolically - exhibited the exact imprint of the mother's motive. In other words, if an allergic eczema is to be taken as a symbolic expression - invoking the full sense of the term 'irritation' - then the word was really made into the flesh, and the flesh mirrored the metaphor that created it. Thus, if Green Eyes' mother conceived her child with profound irritation, it stood to reason that the child was made to be profoundly irritated. And moreover, the mark on her skin at birth, if it was truly expressive of a theme, it stood to reason that this theme would truly operate by virtue of its primacy as a life theme - as indeed was the case. Secondly, the practical implications of this possibility for the investigation of diseases, for understanding of heredity, for a new conception of the emergence of personality, and for an added lost dimension in the early portrait of human beings, were far and wide.

Thirdly, it posed to dismantle, in principle, the foundations of the social dialogue as the exclusive basis for the evolution of personality, with the consequence of making the social dialogue only a private case of the symbolic dialogue and thereby turning upside down all modern Vygotskyan notions of the genesis of language and symbolism from the social order.

It is not hard to imagine that the case of Green Eyes became graphically demonstrative for all these purposes, because of the remarkable personality of the mother. As soon as Green Eyes was born, and the mother could see, with her own eyes, the 'fruit' that she bore, she could be counted on to do everything in her power to amend and undo the harm. She embraced Green Eyes more closely than any other of her children, nurtured and tended, with infinite care, that baby which had been so annoyed in her womb. Consequently, the pre- and post-natal pictures became diametrically different, and served to demonstrate the power of pre-natal determination. The case is unique because it very rarely happens that the maternal motives that enter into the very formation of the child would take such a dramatic reversal. In the usual case, we almost always find that the primary themes that shape, from the start, the relationship between a mother and her child, possess their old power throughout the life-long dialogue.

But here, the same unique conditions could be seen to be responsible, as well, for the rarity of Green Eyes' main symptom. Green Eyes' object, the formative object of her love - her mother - was a very peculiar object. She respected her mother, identified with her, and ostensibly loved her, but this consistency of sentiments was a veil upon an early black hole, whose existence was beyond the realm of comprehension. To understand what Green Eyes had undergone in the womb, one would have to immagine correlative conditions for an adult, that can induce sufficient annoyance so as to result with an eczema that would cover his entire body. And that does not take into account the usual resiliency of babies. Green Eyes was close to a death in her womb: we shall presently see that her Rorschach responses indicated - in a manner similar to Morton Blackman - the existence of an unknown fetal twin, which must have, then, died in the womb or was unpronounced still-born. It was one of Green Eyes most pervasive feelings in life - the sense that she was 'half-formed.'

Considering these conditions, it is within one's reach to understand Green Eyes peculiar sense of the insupportable object, her fear that she is incurable and the reason for feeling that her 'hallucination' was - beyond everything else - the main desctructive force in her life. More importantly, if one considers the distinct discovery of Green Eyes' case: that the sense of the 'permanent object' is symbolic of the love object, it becomes possible to appreciate the assertion that the evolving modern construction of the 'objective world' is a product of enduring love. In addition to that, a whole range of pathological phenomena, which have their main motive in the 'uncanny' (see Freud's essay bearing that name), and the temporary suspension of the familiarity of the objective world in times of extreme fright (phenomena which Alfred Hitchcock always exploited so well in his movies), are readily understood when deathly anxiety is made victorious over the potency of love. Human sensibility always equated 'objectivity' with fortitude.

Green Eyes reacted in a variety of ways when I presented her with this understanding of her case. Her first response was one of immense relief: "So there is a meaning to that... It's like a heavy stone... I didn't realize that it can make sense." When the role of her mother was specifically focused on, she mounted a passive and silent resistance against the full implications of this view. At the same time, she could be, at one point, tearful, saying "My poor mother, she must have been under such a strain to feel like that." I did not push the matter. The truth of an interpretation can be examined by the criterion of momentum. A true interpretation is a live one, and a live interpreation pushes its own way for recognition. Moreover, we spent huge time interpreting her Rorschach together, proceeding minutely in the classical mode of Freud's interpretation of dreams, validating every symbol and each interpretation, and against the vigour of this process, her resistance gradually, but quite easily crumbled. When she finally came around to face the deepest meaning of her irritation, she shuddered noticeably, and said, "It gives me the creeps." But notwithstanding her rear guard action and delayed recognition previous to that, she gave constant evidence of a superior status to the veracity of the claim: her daily hallucination of penetrable objects started gradually to lose its power and ended up by vanishing and leaving a trace in the form of episodic occurrences of tensed-up back muscles. (This last reaction was an old and enduring one with Green Eyes, and came to be part of a fearful response that arose out of the imaginary prospect of falling through the chair or the bed on which she happened to sit or lie.) At the same time, she exchanged her main symptom with another, milder one, which consisted of the perception of irritating objects. She described it in the following way: "I look at something - it doesn't matter what - and it irritates in my mind." Saying that, she pointed a finger at her head. I am afraid that by the time she ended the first massive chapter of her therapy (after five months - two of them intensive) and joined her husband in moving to another place in Canada, she still retained some trace of her irritating objects.

Green Eyes' case, nevertheless, is important to us from the point of view of another major question: Can it be said that a child is born bad or good? There is no need for me to emphasize the gravity of the question, but the case - again for the first time - seems to answer it in the affirmative. I have to profess myself as shaken by this conclusion as most enlightened people, no doubt, would be, but the evidence is quite strong on the matter.

The first inkling of it came to me when Green Eyes presented one of the more nightmarish themes in her life: She was beset by a powerful wish to strangle very young babies. I asked her to describe to me what exact features of young babies trigger this reaction in her. She thought about it for a while and said: "It is the way they hold their heads." I was understandably puzzled. "How do you mean?" I asked, and she said, "They hold their heads as if they have no power." I was, in short, made to understand that the sense of softness, lack of control, dependency, and impotence of babies signified by the instability of their heads, evoked in her a murderous urge. This was a revealing reaction. I explained to her that the baby is a symbol of her early self as a baby, and that it further symbolizes her 'babyish' position in life. She wants to kill it, I said, as a symbolic gesture for another wish: to annihilate that sense of baby in her. That remark made a great impression on her. In time, it even had the effect of a near complete elimination of this symptom, but it was not the entire story. It was also clear that the early sense of being a soft, baby was bound up from the outset with intense irritability and self-hate; and this complex of motives was, in turn, associated with the pre-natal sense of being 'half-formed.' It was a short step from this to conclude that the state of pre-natal irritability already involved an activation of the sense of the 'bad.' (And why, after all, should this be surprising in the symbolic world, where the good and the bad are the most potent categories?) It was not too fantastic to think that Green Eyes wanted purely and simply to kill the bad baby that she was. After all, it was that bad baby, trying to be good, that could not make up its mind to distinguish between right and wrong, and was thus forced into a position of weakness and dependency on Rebekah, who always knew: Wasn't it plausible to conclude that the sense of baby weakness for Green Eyes was, in fact, a sign of her moral weakness? As things stood, this proposition went a long way to explain most, if not all, of Green Eyes' unfolding predicament. In the first place, her remarkable whole-year capitulation to her sisters' brazen blackmail had now the added meaning of an arrangement that secured her on 'good terms.' Her obsessive need for her clothes to be held secure and tight on her could now be seen to have the symbolic wish to be restrained and held in check.

But more importantly, this view made it possible to understand a remaining mystery in the case: why did the main symptom emerge only at age 14 in association with the marijuana-smoking episode? We have already seen that the mother's attentive care slowly brought Green Eyes out of her allergic reaction and indeed, the mother very fortunately took care to remain a 'good object.' However, all this has changed, for the first time, as Green Eyes came out of early adolescence with a distinct air of feminine availability, which in turn, brought her much attention among the 'boys.'

We will have other occasions elsewhere in our discourse to analyze and determine the particular symbolic equations which govern the relationships between raw sexuality and the 'bad.' For the moment, I will simply suggest that Green Eyes' old and hidden malevolence started to reveal itself quite without her knowledge or capacity to control, by a very faint scent of promiscuity, which hung around her and was an imperceptible part of her feminine identity and 'charm.' Later events show that it truly reflected the way her faulty love expressed itself in lust and sexual hunger.

The parents, of course, were somewhat on their toes, and the recent event of Pat's misdeed brought the recognition that these things could happen in their family. With another such occurrence, the family's reputation would face irrecoverable damage. Thus, the mother, for the first time, moved in an uncharacteristic way to change the terms of her relationship with her daughter. The change, by itself, did not consist in the imposed restrictions on the daughter's freedom and wishes. We have seen that Green Eyes always secretly cooperated in the imposition of restrictions on herself. Rather, the change was effected by the meaning that was inherent in the imposition of more binding restrictions on her than on her sisters. This comparative aspect of the act - Green Eyes was to go out one night on the weekend compared to her sisters' two - symbolized the perception of Green Eyes in her mother's eyes as not 'as good' as the others, and therefore, it was a mark of her badness. She was found bad in her mother's eyes, and the mother, as Green Eyes' good object, suffered a massive jolt in her status for the first (and only) time.

Green Eyes reacted to this situation with doubts that were unprecedented for her, about her identity with her mother. She reported to me that the idea of becoming 'like father' not 'like mother' began to frequent her for the first time in her life that time. She conceded that these ideas reflected a motive of revenge and betrayal of the mother and were expressive of her considerable resentment. These thoughts, of course, did not bear fruit - she was very closely identified with her mother, and the possibility of not being 'like mother' was not a real one for her, but that only deepened the injury.

Thus came the events of the 'smoking grass' as a decisive element in her history. The potency of the act lay, again, not in its innocuous chemistry, but in its symbolism. And the symbolism is one of the most explosive complex of themes in human affairs: the symbolism of the 'forbidden fruit.' At no point is a man so close to his desctruction and so fascinated by the prospect as when he reaches for the forbidden fruit. The primacy of this complex is attested to, not only in its function as the thematic nucleus of the Oedipal drama in the Greek mythology, but also by being the first and most memorable narrative story of Adam and Eve in Genesis. Its status as the proto-symbol of all crime, comes from the fact that the effective prohibition of the 'forbidden fruit' lies at the foundation of all human order. Its infraction is therefore visited by mortality in the biblical story and blindness in the Greek drama.

Thus, there was an intimate symbolic connection between Green Eyes' ideas of changing identity which marked the revengeful wish of betraying her mother with her father, and the fatal choice in 'smoking grass' which stood as a potent symbolic act for her criminal wish. With this act, Green Eyes, who up until then kept herself 'good,' lost her world. For not only her mother gave again - and fatally so in view of Green Eyes' original fragility - evidence of herself as an insupportable object, but Green Eyes, herself, gave evidence of being an untrustworthy object. Indeed, the ensuing hallucination projected both other objects and herself as an object giving way, at the point of contact, to each other.

Green Eyes always looked back at the incident as an event that marked her fall. A point from which any amount of freedom and happiness that was associated with childhood vanished without a trace and left a stark and difficult reality.

For those of us who will be devastated by the idea of a baby born bad, this last described development should be the real moral of the story. We were first compelled here to make a distinction between constitutional badness and criminal badness on the basis of a symbolic entity that we shall term the 'public self.' And then, the evidence given, by this case study, points to the fact that not until an act has been committed, that is to say, a chosen bad act, does a human being become criminally bad. On the other hand, being constitutionally bad, is, what the Bible claims, perhaps with justice, part of the condition of humanity. (We will discuss elsewhere in what sense an act does not exist other than as a meaningful, i.e. symbolic act.)

Finally, in the series of major lessons to be drawn from this case study, is the clinical significance derived by a demonstration of the intimate relations between the non-obvious 'bad' terms of naked sexuality and the more apparent 'bad' terms of open aggression. In Green Eyes' case, it was expressed by what followed in the wake of her wishful thought of putting her hand on the old man's genitals in church: a life-long preoccupation with murderous and suicidal fantasies. (The destructive potency of this mere 'wish' was derived, it seems, again, from her older theme of the 'forbidden fruit,' represented this time by a father-like figure.)

Green Eyes could have ended in far worse shape, I believe, if it was not for her unusually sharp vision into her own darkness, and this in spite of the fact that parts of her appeared lost. She had the rare gift of seeing the bad motives that lay even behind her good conduct. She told me, for instance, how, as a child, she kept faithfully to the completion of her chores in dish-washing so as to appear as "better than my sisters." Very few of us know of our bad motives when they are in the open, let alone when they exist in the guise of a good conduct. This quality kept her on her best possible terms as far as she could help it. To the tribute of this angelic part of her, it can be said that she had done, in fact, very little harm to anybody.

Green Eyes, too, by her own testimony, had a perfect cat-like night vision.

PASSAGES FROM GREEN EYES RORSCHACH

Plate No. 1:
(Upright position; 17 seconds)

"First I saw two figures with hands, when the whole of it

looks like a fox.
"This looks like a woman's reproductive system.
(Turning plate upside down) This looks like a skull.
I don't see anything else...
I see something else now (upright position) A lady in the middle. Headless. A heavy woman."

Inquiry: (Question:) "The two figures were suggested by form. They look like two angels; not human. They have hats like witches. They are almost like statues; their hands are so stiff." (Question: What are they up to?) "They were about to hold hands when they froze. They have wings like angels and witches' hats. It reminds me of the black sillouette of a witch that you cut in Hallowe'en. (Question: "What suggested the fox?") "The shape, the high cheek bones, the narrow nose, the eyes [S. unclear about which eyes] and ears. It has a sly expression. He looks like he has finished killing; part of his fur is rumpled because of that. There is an association with "Little Red Riding Hood."

(Question: What suggested the 'woman's reproductive system?') "At first I saw the pelvis, uterus and two ovaries; but I see now the sexual zone. [association; "vagina, clitoris, pelvis." It was identified in the upper part of the woman's image.]

(Question: What is associated with the skull?) "Death, disintegration, dust."

Question: How do you see the headless woman?) "Matronly, stout, busty, female, full-figured, curvy. She reminds me of my father's mother." (Question: Did she like you?) "Yes, but my mother didn't like her."

Brief interpretive remarks: The two figures represent Green Eyes' both senses of 'angel' and 'witch' as co-existing aspects of herself. The fact that they are different features of the same figures suggests both the sense of close proximity, by which they are experienced in her, and a significant measure of integration. The figures, who are somewhat less than human, were about to hold hands - in friendship and affection - when they froze. Their hands are stiff. Green Eyes, indeed, managed to look both feminine and stiff and self-contained. Note here the sense of a 'cardboard Hallowe'en witch' that is associated with the figures. It suggests that the integrated 'bad' is experienced not as lethal and mortifying, but rather as an empty harmless scare. This attests to Green Eyes' significant achievement in embracing her dark side and thereby checking it. The sly fox of Little Red Riding Hood also performed as an innocuous Grandmother. But here, the fairy tale gives us a first intimation of the mortal danger that Green Eyes experiences with her sexuality. The naked image of a woman's vagina is a bad sign. It is not by chance preceded by the fox and followed by the skull. As a metaphor of the self ('I am a vagina'), it signifies the failure of feminine sublimation ('I am a flower'), and consequently, the failure of love. Thus, it is followed by the symbol of disintegration. The headless woman is metaphorically a 'woman who lost her head.' The woman here shows some healthy signs of femininity, but is identified as a woman (father's mother) whom her own mother didn't like. This carries the old conflict about Green Eyes' feminine availability now internalized. As for losing one's head, Green Eyes faced that danger each time she drank too much. On the 'day after' she would be mortified to hear that she could engage in, say, massaging some half-stranger's neck. The image of the headless woman is the last in this sequence. It was given after some pause, and for a moment, it looked as if the skull would end the sequence. This 'little act' replicates Green Eyes' historical evolution as a married woman after her near destruction in her previous affairs. It is not the first time that I saw in the sequence of Rorschach images for the same plate, the historical signs of the evolution of identity.

Plate No. 2

(Upright position; 8 seconds)

"Looks like two cartoon figures with their hands pressed together." (the whole figure)
"Here is the woman's reproductive organ (red; bottom) more detailed; in the flesh - looks like they have put that here on purpose so people won't help but see it.
Here is a lamp." (white middle)
(Sideways) "Two bunnies." (side figures) "Head, ears, front paws, hind legs and cotton tail."

Inquiry and Brief Interpretive Remarks: 'Cartoon figures' are figures of diminished humanity. They are not quite real. Green Eyes' word association to this image: "push, sweating, hard work, unpleasant, tiring, self-defeating, stubborn, angry." The image is of two human-like creatures who are facing each other, block each other's way, and are at an impasse. She brought, as an association, Dr. Seuse's tale about two such creatures who would not give way to each other. The tale proceeds to describe how other creatures or people in time by-passed them, built all kinds of constructions over them, roads, buildings, etc., while the two stubbornly remained locked in their original position. This tale is a good metaphor of a conflict of opposing tendencies, which is tiring and, at the same time, the nucleus of the constructing self. It reflects how carefully she checks herself every step of the way and what difficult labour is involved in her constructive efforts.

The woman's organ, as we shall see, shows its presence frequently in Green Eyes' Rorschach and quite unusually so.

The lamp is a mixed metaphor. On the one hand, it was associated with an old and valued object, but on the other hand, it was constructed out of a white space of the blot, thus indicating a motive of antagonism. The valued antique symbolizes Green Eyes' fondness for the old, decent, values that her mother represented. The lamp is indeed a symbol of cultivated enlightenment. It took me some time to find the antagonistic motive here and I finally found it - through her detailed description of the lamp - in the lamp's tassel. When I suggested that this feature of the lamp is capable of switching the lamp on and off without warning, Green Eyes giggled and told me that Henry, indeed, complained to her of her manner of 'turning off and on' and changing moods with hardly any pretext.

The bunny represented to her a caged creature which notwithstanding any outstretched hand, never forms any attachment. She described in horror, her memory of caged bunnies, which she had seen being kept by a neighbour's child, and their tortured existence in the cage. (These surprising associations to the image of the bunny are other examples of the need to map a subject's associations for each symbol.) This image led Green Eyes to discuss her marriage. Indeed, if one is not attached, one certainly feels caged in a marriage.

Plate No. 3:
(Upright position, 2 seconds)

"I see again...
Two African women working on a clay pot (ceramics.:
(Question:) "Each one has its own work desk.
I see again the pelvis." (red, middle) (S. laughs)
"Those figures can be men too. They've got breasts, but they've got penises, too.
I see a shell fish - a decayed lobster or crab." (the whole)
"The pelvis can be seen as lungs too.
Those here (top, sides, red) look like birds with long tails.
Here (bottom, middle and sides) the head of a fly - yuk!
With the eyes, mouth and the side arms with which it eats.
Here (side, bottom whites) are two eagles standing on a stump with worms in their beaks."

Inquiry and Brief Interpretive Remarks: The 'African women' were perceived as women close to nature, and calmly accepting of their lot in life and whatever work it entails. This is a very vivid metaphor of whatever in Green Eyes that was identified with and was reflective of her mother: her quiet industriousness and her unquestioning acceptance of the traditional feminine role.

This 'good' image is in a laughing contrast to the emergence of the pelvis image again.

The remark that the 'African women' can be alternately seen as 'men too,' is a symbolic remark which reflects Green Eyes' perception of her mother's potency. It is of great clinical importance, not only because it shows the equation between 'potency' and 'penis' to exist irrespective of gender, but also because it suggests that certain women in one-parent families can provide all the needs of their children for identity. They can be both 'mother' and 'father.' Green Eyes displayed this aspect of feminine masculinity in her choice of manly suits in her dress, from time to time. The symbol of the decayed lobster is a grim one, and expresses the sense of hollowness and 'death within' that Green Eyes carried with her.

The association of the 'pelvis' as a symbol of an afflicted love and the 'lungs,' is an important one and will be discussed somewhere else in our discourse. The birds, with their long tails, were found to reflect that feminine quality of 'looking after my own look,' with which Green Eyes was naturally possessed. The birds were seen to look at their tails as to ensure the good order.

The fly - a dirty creature, indiscriminate about its food - is a symbol of hungry, dirty, love. It is a potent metaphor of Green Eyes' self-disgust.

The two eagles were, again, a positive image that was perceived on a white space of the Plate. It signified Green Eyes' American identity, but also the annoying fact that wherever she was - U.S. or Canada - she was not in the right place. Her antagonism always emphasized the 'other place' as the right place.

Plate No. 4:
(Upright position; 15 seconds)

"These look like two big giant feet."
(Long pause.)
"That resembles a chicken neck- a raw chicken neck.

That's the only thing I can see.
(sideways) "looks ugly [from any angle]"
(upright) "It almost looks like the skin of an animal. I don't know what kind; flattened. A furry skin. The tail, hind legs, what remains of the front legs, the neck."
(Question) "Yes, he was skinned."

Inquiry and Brief Interpretive Remarks: The 'big feet' turned, in the inquiry, into 'worn out boots of old time.' Plate No. 4 often evokes responses associated with the symbol of the father. Green Eyes provided the additional association of the boots belonging to the giant of Jack and the Beanstalk's Giant, which confirms her perception of her father as the alien enemy who was cut down (in the tale) weakened and worn out over time. But each metaphor is also a self-metaphor, and this description applies equally well to herself.

The 'chicken neck' symbol did not lead to a straight-forward interpretation. For a while, it was hard going. At one point, Green Eyes began to talk about the fact that people are constantly moving, riding, and walking among many artifacts, roads, buildings and various objects, without ever giving a thought to how much constructive effort went into each of the objects that surround them. I interpreted this feeling of injustice towards mute objects as symbolic of an old sentiment of hers. which identified her with the way her mother's huge effort was taken for granted. Green Eyes, then recollected the fact that her mother, in times of adversity, used to cook chicken necks. She remembered too, that these chicken necks were greeted by many calls around the table, suggesting to "throw them." It remained, then, as a private symbol of unappreciated effort.

The fur skin - skinned from the animal - is a metaphor for the tragic detachment which occurred to Green Eyes between the sensuous erotic touch, and the rest of her being. The prevailing emotion - 'flattened.'

Plate No. 5:
(Upright position; 2 seconds)

"First thing that I saw was a butterfly." (S. turns plate around a few times)..."I see a bat too."
(S. Turns plate again; upright position) "I see the woman's reproductive system again."
(sideways) "Looks like a profile of an old man's [face] lying there; with a beard."

(upright position) "This is weird - two rats - tail, one leg - their heads smashed together; like they've run into each other."
Two girls (bottom, white area) with back to each other. Something separates them - a post."

Inquiry and Brief Interpretive Remarks: 'butterfly' - the first sign of feminine sublimation. It is contrasted with the 'bat' - the creature of the night. They continue to co-exist in Green Eyes' world.
'Old man with beard' - this was the only symbol left without any adequate interpretation.
'smashed rats' - a metaphor that replicates the sense of the Hallowe'en witch. An evil that lost its power through immense inner conflict.
'separated girls' - a replicating metaphor for the close, but frozen hands of friendship.

Plate No. 6:
(upright position; 12 seconds)

"For some reason, this gives me the impression of a cat's head. A dead cat." (giggles) (the top part)
(Inquiry: "You must have written it wrong. I see a skinned cat." Question: "The whole of it.")
"This is a penis." (top, middle part.)
"Siamese twins - sideways; joined at the sides. Not born yet - they are not clear. They have a nose like a pig. Their hands are here."
"This is a used tampon, inside a vagina. These are sperms here, floating."

Inquiry and Brief Interpretive Remarks: 'Cat' - the proverbial feminine symbol. This creature insists on the privilege of sensuous touch without being attached. Green Eyes, as a human cat, fared less well. She is a skinned cat.
'Siamese twins' - a clear symbol of dependency. A self which has not formed its own independent existence. A self formed of two halves. An unclear and unformed self. The piggish nose suggests a hungry love. At the same time, this very metaphor also refers, in the case of Green Eyes, to her traumatic existence in the womb, in which the origin of her life-long sentiment of being 'half formed' is to be traced. It is an important corroboration for a conclusion that was reached independently of the Rorschach.
'Tampon - vagina - sperms' - this image was traced first to the preventive measures that Green Eyes uses in the form of

contraceptives and the guilt associated with the wasted sperms. But this scene was, itself, symbolic for the guilt of 'unproductive love' which is a more central motive in Green Eyes' life.

Plate No. 7:

(Upside down; 24 seconds)

"Two women - prissy-like- back to back with no heads. Yes, they have heads; they are touching with their hairdo. Their breasts, their rear ends, small waistline - everything is exaggerated like a caricature. They are looking that way; their face is not shown. Here (middle, white area) is penis head. It is also a robot - R2D2. It's all exaggerated comic-like. Here are islands joined; like the continents; North America, Africa, Europe. At the bottom is South America. The only other image I see is a baby elephant (middle) fetus elephant."

Inquiry and Brief Interpretive Remarks: 'Two women' - this image very obviously answers the classical description of a woman as a sexual object. It is intriguing to note that this image, as a self-metaphor, is experienced by the subject as a self-parody act, which involves an artful pose of exaggerated femininity (not unlike the one played out by Dolly Parton). The women were seen with their backs to each other (touching only in their exaggerated hairdo), and their hands pushing forwards, as if repelling imaginary manly advances. Thus, the scene, at the same time, evokes the theme of feminine solidarity against the masculine enemy, and the seductive provocation of a mock defence. Plate No. 7 is informally referred to as the 'mother card.' Green Eyes with a fine symbolic gesture, took the plate and immediately turned it upside down, then proceeded to identify the two women, first as headless, then with their heads recovered. The gesture speaks thus: 'I am identified with Mom, but I am not the kind of woman that Mom is. I am like Mom that lost her head for a while, and came out the opposite of what Mom is.'
'Penis head' - this image was constructed out of the white space and is fittingly invested with antagonism. The outline of the image is formed precisely of the wide space existing between the previous two back-to-back women. Thus, in purely graphic terms, it articulates the sense of displayed femininity as the inverse of the penis and what it stands for - masculine potency. (This calls to mind the way Jacques Lacan referred to a woman as, symbolically speaking 'minus one' ('-1')

contraceptives and the guilt associated with the wasted sperms. But this scene was, itself, symbolic for the guilt of 'unproductive love' which is a more central motive in Green Eyes' life.

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(Upside down; 24 seconds)

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It is an important concept and we shall see the role it plays in homosexuality.) In the first reading, Green Eyes alternately saw the penis as the robot, R2D2 (from Star Wars). I was puzzled, at first, to see her investing the penis with the affectionate associations of R2D2's ingenious automation, but I soon learned that she disliked the movie and its characters. (It is always treacherous in interpretation to rely on what one assumes is a shared meaning of a symbol.) Thus, the penis, as a symbol of masculinity is seen by her as a mechanical humanoid. That this perception symbolized her antagonistic view of her father was discovered in the inquiry when she declared that R2D2 was a mistake and, in fact, the image is that of C3PO. This creature evoked the senses of learnedness, ineffectuality, and fragility, which were reminiscent to Green Eyes of her father.

'Joined continents' - the perception of land mass on the Rorschach is always instructive. The symbolic equation between 'mother' and 'earth' underlies its significance. One should not neglect, here, to inquire of the subject what his vantage point is in the perception of the land. In the Inquiry, Green Eyes stated that she viewed the continents 'as if' from a satellite. This perception has double meaning. It evokes the distance felt from her mother and the secure earth, together with the sense of a satellite's endless revolutions around the earth; at the same time, it evokes the distance felt from her own motherhood. The joined continents are expressive of the promise of a bond. Green Eyes' predicament here was reflected, on one hand, by her motherly desire to be a teacher, and on the other hand, by her wish to kill babies. It is, thus, an apt metaphor to see her revolving endlessly around the earth at a great distance.

'baby elephant' - the fetus elephant was found, in the inquiry, to have a dumb expression and to get his nourishment through his head from a placenta. 'Dumbo, the Elephant' is a figure in a children's story, known for its capacity to fly with his ears, and for his great attachment to his mother, whom he is in search of after she is taken from him. The image conveys Green Eyes' sense of incongruency about herself being a big creature with potential power, which is, at the same time, somehow not in possession of himself (dumb), inarticulate and half-formed. The placenta attached to the head is not only expressive of the attachment to the mother as a life-line, it is also reminiscent of the 'Siamese twins' and the sense of mortal attachment. This image strengthens, somewhat, the evidence for the conclusion that Green Eyes was one of a pair of twins in the womb.

Plate No. 8:

(Upright position; 6 seconds)

(in whisper) "It's colourful.
Two bears on the sides - polar bears.
The pelvis again:
(S. turns the plate around; upright position) "Altogether it doesn't look like anything.
These (top grey) look like two cave men with their clubs; their one hand is up, ready to throw a rock. They are with their backs to the wall.
Here is another female reproductive system (beneath the grey middle).
This is all I can see."

Inquiry and Brief Interpretive Remarks: 'Polar bears' - signify a greater isolation than, say, a teddy bear. In the inquiry they were seen walking on ice and very cautiously looking for remote companionship. ("They are looking for something. For each other maybe. Each went in his own way. They went in the same general direction, but there is a lot that still separates them.")
'Cave men' - an expression of what aspect of Green Eyes' self which feels itself base, uncultivated, and threatened ("their backs to the wall").

Plate No. 9:

(Upright position; 34 seconds)

"It's got that pelvis shape again. The green one."
(turning plate around; upright position) "Baby rabbits. They are looking at each other. Here are their heads and ears (orange and part of green), it's vague.
(upside down) Roots of a plant.
Eyes and a skinny, gross-looking nose of a strange animal (middle)
Here are corals [of the sea], hard with pores.
The pink looks like the inside of a woman. Soft. In the middle - the vagina.

Inquiry and Brief Interpretive Remarks: 'Roots of a plant' - the graphics of this image portrayed an imaginary point of view, from which one could see the upper line of the earth and beneath it - descending into it - is a great entanglement of a plant's root system. "What are our roots?" I asked

Green Eyes, and she said, "People. The family tree." Thus, the image was found to represent most clearly Green Eyes' sense of the sisters' society. This society was so dense and complicated, that no outsider would stand a chance of comprehending it, or even suspect that it exists. Green Eyes always felt that sisters' society to be underground and private, and she would feel squeamish about any boyfriend who would come home and witness its existence. The life of that society consisted of plots, sub-plots, exchanges of clothes, quarrels about improper use of borrowed items, back-biting, squeezing arms, etc., etc. At one point, one of the sisters began a spontaneous construction of a bizarre language that caught on, developed, and, in time, threatened to cut a separate existence for the sisters and their friends. Only a strong parental intervention, in the form of a taboo, prevented the complete privatization of the sisters' sub-culture.
'Skinny nose of a strange animal' - this turned out to be a mosquito, that sends its needle through the flesh. Green Eyes as a member of good standing in her sisters' club, expresses with this metaphor, among other things, her capacity not really to harm, but to needle.
'Corals of the sea' - seen as something that originally was part plant, part animal. It was attached to the soil (of the sea), and it is now seen as dead, submerged in water, and, consequently, hard and porous. The pores were referred to by Green Eyes as the place from which the coral originally fed itself. This metaphor uneasily evokes the phantom of the womb, and connects it directly with Green Eyes present existential misery. The coral is, here, a symbol of an early fetus that is still partly plant-like and is attached to the soil (= mother). This coral clearly underwent a mortification, a trauma, and is seen hard and dead. ('hard,' 'stiff,' unresponsive to human touch.) The pores of the dead coral that are experienced on the surface as scruffy can be seen to be a graphic presentation of Green Eyes' eczema. Green Eyes felt this image as an accurate representation of her sense of herself before and after the marijuana experience, but we should, I believe, be justified in regarding it as a replication of her earlier trauma in the womb.

Plate No. 10:

This plate is redundant to all the motives that were already discussed and I therefore omit it. The image consists of a garden - the self - full of bugs and flowers, and the scene looks quite busy. It includes a small naked figure ('he or she') that swings with everything else. In the middle of the garden, and in contrast to everything else (pink area of the ink blot), there is an image of "blood, guts, and gore." Thus, we have here, again, the spectre of a mortal trauma to the self.

* If the sense of the material object is, as we saw, symbolic, then the material world cannot, with justice, be presumed to be anything other than a symbolic world, and every category in it cannot presume to be but a symbolic category. As a private case, the body is conceivable only as a symbolic body and its internal composition is a symbolic composition. This is the material of the body.

/ When it came to the anatomical assessment of the body, the human mind 'discovered' a symbolic classification of various entities such as organs, tissues, blood vessels, bones, tendons, skin and the like. This was a true discovery, for the body is not something other than that. It is not that the body is composed differently or that it is composed of some secret material, and we are merely representing to ourselves that 'something' which we can never comprehend. What escapes us, however, is that this anatomical classification, being a symbolic classification and composed of symbolic entities, should be accorded the full meaningful power of a symbolic system. The endemic mistake, so far, has been to assume that, if the classification is anatomical, it is not symbolic. The consequence of that loss of meaning is very close to a certain pathological malaise of a wounded person, when he is horrified to discover that he is 'merely flesh and blood.' A similar mistake occurs with certain grammatical approaches to language, which induce us, temporarily, to think of language as 'merely words.'

/ Think of tears.

Think of the symbolic value of tears. The graphics of the physiological function of tears hide their symbolic meaning. Tears wash and clean the eyes - this is a physiological fact. It masks the symbolic meaning of tears, which consists of 'self-cleansing.' More particularly, the self-cleansing of our vision.

This treatment of tears opens them up for meany obvious and not so obvious investigations. A friend of mine - I shall call her Ruth - underwent an analysis, which unearthed the fact that, as a very small girl, she was implicated, out of jealousy, in wishing death to her older brother, who eventually died. Nearly forty years after the fact, she was tearful each time she mentioned him. Not untypically, we have, in this case, tears flowing in a symbolic gesture of remorse: cleaning away a sin by seeing it; and we have seen already that vision implies a moral vision. We understand this gesture because we deeply comprehend the symbolic equation between 'sin' and 'dirt.' We are, therefore, in a position to know what these tears are washing. (We shall see later that there is a subtle, but an all important, symbolic difference between 'tears' and a 'running nose,' although they appear together frequently, in the act of crying.)

This symbolic operation of tears leads us to compare the various occasions on which tears are shed. Once I set my mind to it, I was surprised to find how often tears are associated with 'seeing one's guilt.' But they do not exhaust all the gamut of instances. There are other instances that can be expressed by such phrases as: 'feeling bad,' 'feeling hurt,' and 'feeling sorry for oneself.' All of them are tearful occasions. Rather than throwing our understanding out of the window as a frustrated generality, we should, however, apply it more strictly. Note the phrase, 'I feel bad,' as an expression of 'physical' pain. Does 'being bad' involve pain? - Yes. Does 'feeling bad' involve pain? - Yes. Then have we not stumbled upon a symbolic identity between 'pain' and 'bad,' in which case 'feeling pain' is 'feeling oneself bad?' In such a case, it will be quite clear why, and when, we can shed tears when we are in pain. Note again the phrase, 'I feel sorry for myself.' 'Sorry?' Why 'sorry' if not guilty? Note the etymological affinity between 'sorry' and 'sore' - both come from the Old English: sār. And see now the use of it in such terms as a 'sore leg' or a 'sore throat.' We can now sense that 'feeling sorry for oneself' is also a case of 'seeing one's guilt.' In fact, one cannot feel sorry for oneself if one does not see where one is 'wrong.'

It is of some clinical importance to know the existence of the symbolic identity between the 'pain' and the 'bad' and to know also the general term of what we are tearful about.

/ The Face.

The face is a piece of anatomical architecture - that is true.

But, we cannot deny it a symbolic meaning. Otherwise, we will have no sense as to why a face is unforgettable. We will not be able to account as to why it is the most memorable piece of our anatomy unless we concede that each of its features and any tiny curve of its very outline, is expressive of multiple symbolism. That all this is a truism does not make it insignificant. There is a very good reason why a face is memorable. Norman O. Brown, in Love's Body, brings the fact that the slaves in the Roman Empire were considered non-entities. They were said to have 'no face.' We also know that to 'lose face' is to lose everything. We are thus entitled to place a symbolic identity between the 'face' and the 'public self' on the one hand, and the 'public self' and the 'man' on the other hand.

Note first that we cover our face - not any other part of our exposed body - 'in shame.' Our public self seeks shelter when it is disgraced. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in The Scarlet Letter, had the insight and compassion to mention that the greatest pain experienced by any man, held for public exposure in the pillory, originated from his inability to cover his face. Since the face is identified with the man by identity with his public self, the pain in the pillory must have been very close to a mortal one.

We are now in a position to understand such physiological facts as 'blushing' and 'paling;' why do they occur in the arena of the face and no other theatre of the body?

We blush in embarrassment as a consequence of a temporary loss in our social position, or respect, or dignity. This is where the public self is, and by virtue of identity, any injury to it is an injury to the man. Thus, our 'physiological' blood rushes to the place of the social trauma - identified as the face - and expresses the entire meaning of the situation in the colours of a wound: 'red in the face.'

When the impending sense of the situation involves a significant threat to the existence of the self, our very real blood leaves our face, thereby giving it the pale imitation of a dead corpse. Note that the threat to the 'existence of the self' can originate from a variety of directions. It can be a threat to the integrity of the body - with whom the self is identified, or to any other entity with which the self, at a given time, is significantly bound. When, say, the insult to the public self is much more serious than a mere injury, threatening it with total dishonour and disintegration, it will give rise to mortification rather than to any sense of wound, and this is expressed by turning 'white in the face.'

The landscape of the face is too stiff a challenge for symbolic analysis. The only approach that can do justice to it is a case study; but here, there are ethical considerations which forbid us to match a thoroughly intimate analysis of a person with a disclosure and a minutely-detailed analysis of his face. Thus, the only avenue left is the use of biographical analysis, together with the familiar face of an historical personality. (I think, for instance, of the intricate pattern of lofty motives and bestiality, which are revealed by the face of Martin Luther, in association with the excellent analysis of his persona given by Erik H. Erikson in Young Man Luther. I think more particularly of Luther's numerous uses of the metaphor of the 'pig' in his public addresses, and the faint, but distinct, touch of his half-lofty, half-piggish nose.)

Since I cannot attempt anything of the sort here, I will just content myself with an analysis of a very small detail of the face and I have no choice but to characterize it, outside of any particular personality, with very wide strokes of the brush. I shall, moreover, confess that it is always a dangerous practice to attempt an impersonal analysis of this kind, since, without the richly contradictory motives of any given personality, it is easily open to abuse.

With this precaution in mind, let us look at the 'bridge of the nose.' Prior to any other consideration, I find it instructive that there is, in the first place, such a symbolic entity - as it was thus named and given the metaphorical term 'bridge' - notwithstanding the fact that it does not obviously constitute a distinct anatomical existence in contrast to the nose at large. But I am faithful to my philosophy and I reason that, if the symbolic entity exists in the word, then the reality of it exists, and that includes its anatomical reality. I then ask - since it is, so to speak, a bridge - what does it bridge? And the obvious answer is that it bridges the nose with the brow. Now comes the critical question: why should the nose be bridged with the brow, and what are the symbolic terms of such an operation? In truth, nothing equips us to answer this question, except if we intend to adhere strictly to what seems, at first, the rather ethereal ways of symbolic analysis. But in taking the first steps in a domain, with no familiar paths, we are obliged to turn to the most obvious and common meaning of both the 'nose' and the 'brow' as a starting point. Here we find very simple and straightforward answers. The nose is an organ that senses through the act of breathing; hence, in symbolic terms, its scale of sense is intimately bound to the dimension of necessary survival. Thus, it is, as we have seen, both basic and base. The brow, by contrast, has the universal significance of higher knowledge, and this meaning is readily confirmed in the colloquial language by such expressions as 'high brow' and 'low brow.' But what - you may ask - does 'high knowledge' consist of, and to this I would ask, in return, what higher knowledge do we have than conscious knowledge?

Thus, it becomes clear what the bridge should accomplish: It should bridge what we 'basically sense' with what we are 'conscious of.' But since the bridge does nothing by itself, but only *expresses* what is already an existing reality, its feature on the face becomes instantly a diagnostical clue. Provided that we understand all the thousands of other facial features, it may tell us how close the man in front of us is to being conscious of what he senses.

We, ourselves, have now undergone a similar transition between 'sensing' and 'consciously knowing.' When we look at the face of a baby, part of what seems to us 'baby-like' is that there is hardly any bridge between its nose and its brow. The noses of all babies that look like babies practically seem to emerge and uplift themselves from the centre of their faces, without any apparent bridge to their This is as it should be, for babies sense everything, but are hardly conscious of what they sense. But we, normally, are not conscious of all this structural significance and we just sense it. When we look at the face of a man whose nose has hardly any bridge to his brow, his face appears to us to be 'youthful,' although he might be sixty-four years of age. Something in his face seems 'babyish' to us although we cannot say what. This we only sense. And the same process occurs when we gaze at the face of a chimpanzee and find it 'endearing' and 'baby-like' (we do have a great attraction to pre-conscious innocence, whether child-like or animal-like), for no animal has any direct bridge between its nose and its brow.

But, when we are made conscious of that, the chances are that we will soon encounter another sign of high knowledge - a theory. We are already conscious of the possibility for a new evolutionary principle of a kind that Darwin never dreamt of.

This analysis of the nose brings us naturally to the ancient Greeks, with their famous classical noses: a nose which is amost a straight line extension of the brow. Is there a better metaphor for the old glory of Greece than this nose? It seems not, but I want to add here a word of caution which will demonstrate just how treacherous such an analysis can be if we neglect the most minute detail in the over-all context of the face. The high notability of the classical Grecian nose is qualified in my mind by the fact that its very (anatomical) prominence caused it to become a slight barrier between the eyes, thus causing a slight interference in the field of vision. We already know that any interference with vision has a potentially great significance and we know that the partial or total separation of the field of vision by the formation of two side views is almost the rule in most of the animal kingdom. (The owl, I suspect, became a symbol of wisdom because, on top of his night vision, he can see 'straight.')

Since I am not convinced that I have grasped fully all the intricate complexities of the classical Greek culture, I will tentatively propose the following analysis of the Greek nose: There is a great peculiarity in the Greek culture which centred itself in Greek mythology, and, more specifically, in the constant habit of mythological gods mating with human beings. I believe that this is the heart of the matter, for several reasons: The concept of a deity is of absolute central importance in the entire life of a culture because each deity, and most certainly the super deity, is invariably the moving symbol of 'the law' and thus, the essence of all morality. That the Greek gods, and above all, Zeus himself, were believed to be copulating with Greek mortals, had the following consequences. Firstly, the symbolic significance of a sexual link with the gods made the Greek man 'God-like' in a deeper and more fatal sense than was the biblical intimation of being 'in his image.' Secondly, that particular and unique sense of being 'God-like,' formed the groundwork for the unprecedented sentiment of the Greek man which implied that it is up to him to 'conceive' the world. No other culture ever harboured such a sentiment, and it was this frame of mind that can be seen to be responsible, more than anything else, for the birth of that strange and astonishing endeavour called 'Greek philosophy.' The philosophical enterprise was based on the previously unthinkable idea that it is within Man's immediate power to reason and to see what the world is like. Thus, the Greek culture became mightily potent in all of its creative domains, which, in turn, were formed on the basis of the certitude that the world is given to one's senses, and whatever one senses is legitimate and even divine, and that, moreoever, one can consciously conceive of what one senses. This was the basis, not only of philosophy and the sciences, but also of the arts, inasmuch as Greek artists thought it reasonable to take the stuff of everyday life, to replicate it, and to exhibit it as if it were of divine importance. What other ancient frame of mind could have conceived taking a despicable and shameful mistake such as Oedipus' and making a public play out of it! Sophocles' Oedipus Rex indeed represents this point of cultural achievement, where what is the most deranged is transformed to the most elevated plane because it is made conscious through art. This play is not an arbitrary one. In his tome, Aristotle's Poetics: The Argument, Else mentions the fact that the Greeks had an obsessive horror of the murder of a father. Whenever such an act occurred, there were extensive rituals of purification conducted throughout the Greek Isles, so as to thwart an impending plague. The symbolic meaning behind this is quite clear: the hands of all of us are dirty, and we are all implicated in any such act, therefore, if we do not clean up, we will all become polluted. (The peculiar bearing of the father in the ancient Greek family, which kept the temptation both to learn from him and to kill him so much alive among his sons, was, in all likelihood, the symbolic source of both the irreverent treatment of the gods in the mythology and of the mass rejection of paternal identity, which resulted in the pervasive and normative sense of homosexuality in that society.)

This brings us to the basic flaw in the Greek posture. To presume to be God-like involves an insidious fatality in moral evolution, which, in time, cannot help but manifest its deadly effect. To use Norman O. Brown's terms again: the existence of 'the law' is predicated on a subordination and equality under the law. This reality of the law is symbolically derived from the family standing as a metaphor of society and, furthermore, from an ideal of society as a family of sons, equal under the father. Thus, for the enduring existence of the law and of morality, our 'Father in Heaven' should carry some measure of distance from us; and when this distance is eroded - as was the case with the Greeks- there is a festering sense of corruption that will not go away. In the modern era we had a small-scale replication of this Hellenic splendor and predicament with Nietzsche's God-like concept of the 'super-man' who is the master of his own laws. We know, too, of the explosive, but brief, career that this concept enjoyed when young Nazi intellectuals experimented with it in reality. It is the subversion of the father, in the same act of taking his place, that gives rise, both to the sense of unlimited power, and of criminality.

I offer the rather abbreviated description of this aspect of the Greek culture so as to bring out more precisely the way in which the very conditions that were the basis of the Hellenic greatness in loftily embracing and conceiving whatever they sensed, where the same that were the basis of an unwashable sense of adopted criminality. I see in this a streamlined symbolic parallelism to the Greek nose: in its structure, too, the very straight and lofty line that connects it to the brow interferes somewhat with the integrity of vision.

Thus, neither was the classical Greek culture, in my belief, destined to remain indefinitely alive on the face of the Earth, nor was the classical Greek nose meant to remain a permanent fixture on the face of Man. Their blossom and disappearance was not an arbitrary historical affair.

/ The pubic hair, its timing of onset, and its special appearance, is distinctly human. Its symbolic meaning has to be sought, too, in the bearings of humanity. But what are those bearings which give the pubic hair its peculiar expression? Once again, we should proceed from a determination of the graphics of the situation as they are given to our sensibility. On the most obvious level, the pubic hair exists as nothing but a gesture of the cover-up of our private parts. The hair itself has a distinct appearance, unlike any other growth of our hair. We, in fact, begin our symbolic analysis by stating that each individual pubic hair has, by its characteristic twists and coils, the uncanny symbolization of a snake. Add to this its springy resistance and surface toughness, and the picture is indeed complete. Having said this, we have practically exhausted everything that can serve as a symbolic clue, and the door is open for our analysis.

The first appearance of pubic hair, sometime in early adolescence, has a great effect on each boy or girl involved. It is, in fact, a deep signal for the 'parting of the ways.' No more is the youngster an exposed member of the family. As the graphics of the 'cover-up' inherent in the pubic hair emerge, it is simultaneously accompanied by new rituals of all manners of cover-up. Great precaution is taken to prevent any accidental exposure, from that time onwards, and a distinct sense of secretiveness extends and often pervades almost all of the domains of the youngster's life.

This very familiar process is bound up with the recognition that the pubic hair carries an 'adult' significance. On one level of analysis, the status of adulthood is necessarily predicated on the status of the 'private citizen.' This is so because adulthood is not possible without moral accountability, and moral accountability is not possible without the symbolic construction of the individual as separate, distinct, and, in fact, a private citizen. Thus, the pubic hair is, on one level, what J.L. Austin would call a 'performative utterance:' it creates the 'private parts' by the act of covering them up, but, I would like to contend, in addition, that it is actually expressive of the 'moral coming of age.' Out of the many varied rites of passage that are enacted in various cultures at this age, the Jewish ceremony of 'Bar-Mitsvah' (enacted at age thirteen for boys and twelve for girls), expresses most clearly the clear-cut investment of moral accountability in the growing adolescent, by the act of ceremony. On the plus side, it is expressed by the term

'Bar-Mitsvah' - meaning, literally, 'capable of virtue' or 'possessed of a good deed' - and, on the minus side, the father expresses it by voicing the traditional saying on this occasion: 'Bless Him for ridding me of his [the son's] punishment' meaning, in effect, the unburdening of the father's conscience of any wrong done by the son from the onset of the Bar-Mitsvah, onwards.

This analysis does not exhaust the pubic hair's significance. There is at least one more level of symbolic reflection that is no less important to illuminate and is expressed by the special texture of the pubic hair. One would be wise, here, to start again from the obvious and to note, first, the sense of 'sinful attraction' that the sight of the pubic hair commonly evokes. It echoes with the same proverbial themes that are represented by the snake and the biblical and Freudian burden of sinful temptation that it carries with itself. My patient, C., who was especially alert to the finding of the 'bad' would be possessed by revulsion at the sight of a single pubic hair of her boyfriend in the bathtub. The snake is bad, of that there is no doubt in any human mind. I am reminded, too, that children in Israel very seriously refer to the private parts as the 'rude parts' and, as adults, they may still jokingly use that phrase.

The sense of the bad, the rude, and the vulgar, that needs to be covered up to be 'decent,' is of central importance to humanity.

Whatever is explicit, raw, and naked, is bad; whatever is clothed and only symbolically suggestive, is refined and good. These truisms are inescapable by anybody, but the reason for them is not so clear. It seems that they are embedded in the very process of symbolic transformation which can make, say, a chess game to be a 'good game' although it is symbolic of war. Perhaps, one can say, everything is ruled by love and, most particularly, the terms of 'good' and 'bad' are governed by it. In that case, the 'good' is a love that is not naked, and the 'bad' is everything that is otherwise. But, then, the very nature of a fine love is equated with symbolic transformation.

But why is the designation of the naked organs of love as 'bad' a distinctly human act? That, we have not yet answered. Here, an intimation of an answer is provided for us in the biblical story of Adam and Eve. We are told that, after they had eaten the forbidden fruit of knowledge, which made them capable of distinction between right and wrong, their eyes opened and they saw that they were naked, and they were ashamed and they covered themselves with belts of fig leaves. In other words, full vision is based on moral consciousness, and, in turn, moral consciousness - a distinctly human attribute - is at one with self-consciousness. The shame, the seeing of one's badness, is as human as is consciousness. This emergence of moral consciousness, which appears together with the consciousness of self, and defines the naked self as a 'bad' self, is the symbolic operation most clearly articulated by the pubic hair in its prohibitive appearance of badness. Only conscious human beings can have their pubic hair so expressive when they start to emerge as morally accountable individuals.

/ The height of human beings is governed by an all-encompassing symbolic operation which is designated by the phrase, "to raise children." This is not as simple as it sounds. Raising children implies the whole peculiarity of the identity process, which can be comprehended only by a great fondness for paradoxical thinking. But speaking in broad terms, the following process is apparent: if we divide the life of a person at the point at which his age of adolescence ends, and the age of his adulthood begins, two things become clear. Firstly, it is of the first period that we say that he 'grew up' or was 'raised' by his parents, whereas, of the following age, we say that he 'matured' or simply that he 'grew older' and finally, reached the 'ripe old age of....' Secondly, it is of the first period that a person grows taller, whereas in the following age he does not increase in height.

Behind all these fundamental symbolic terms, lies the reality of childhood and adolescent development, which is basically the reality of an 'identity with an ideal ego,' or an 'identity with the law.' There are some considerations that have a bearing on this reality.

The most important of them involves the evolution of moral consciousness. A child can be said to possess a sense of 'right' and 'wrong ' but not a moral consciousness. In other words, it is not possible for a child to do something wrong without paying for it by an accumulative sense of 'being bad,' even if he was never caught in his acts. But an undeveloped moral consciousness means that, when alone or unguided, the consciousness of a prohibition that can prevent him from doing wrong does not exist. That situation puts the life of a child in danger. Unguided, and with any constitutional sense of badness in him, he can easily get involved in a long series of wrong acts, which will accumulatively submerge him as a criminally bad child, and thereby, define his identity. In an early phase of his evolving moral consciousness, a child facing the prospect of doing wrong and having an alive sense of the danger for himself does not emerge with the judgement of the badness of the proposed act, but instead, says to himself, 'My Dad will kill me if I do it.' As long as the symbol of the conscience is the face of the father, a child can be said to be 'raised.' But the time comes when the strangely dialectical process of 'identity with the hero' ends up by having the hero established at the core of 'self identity' and, when 'self identity' is, thus, fully realized, the terms of 'self' consciousness can become truly appropriate; we have already seen that they will coincide then with the full constitution of moral consciousness. Only at this point does a young man stop 'growing up' and begin an altogether different process in which the already fixed terms of 'self identity' proceed to mature. But, at this point, one does not talk about growing up any more, and one does not get any taller.

It will be a great sin to create the impression of a unitary symbolic process that is responsible for the regulation of human heights. The above discourse was only designed to form the first path in what I can see is a very dense forest. But, in this, there is nothing like a case study to illustrate how complicated things can get. At this point, I am presenting here an extremely fragmentary side of a case study - an unfortunate practice which I can only amend by stating that I profess to know the man - I shall call Halevi - as nearly as I know myself. I will, therefore, present the matter from the point of view of the subject:

"I was the eldest child in my family which consisted also of my sister, Rachel, who was three-and-a-half years younger than myself, and my brother, Oded, eight years younger than myself. I was my mother's favourite child and I was also very important to my father. When I was born it was already quite clear that all of my father's family was wiped out in the Holocaust, but my father still had not reconciled himself to the fact. However, the Jewish tradition forbids naming a child after a live relative, and my father had to decide whether he would name me after his father and, thus, put a memorial to his existence, or still persist in the meagre hope that his father was, somehow, alive. Finally, at the time of the ceremony of my

'Brith,' when my name had to be determined, he faced the situation and named me after his father, Halevi. When my name was announced by the Rabbi, my father broke down in an uncontrollable, hysterical cry - according to my mother's testimony - and he could not be contained for a long time. This symbolism of the name, determined, I believe, much of our relationship.

On the whole, I believe that I genuinely loved both of my parents and, in many ways, I resemble both of them. But this overall sentiment towards them made it hard for me, for many years, to detect any of their shortcomings. I know today, with great certitude, that my mother has strong oppositional tendencies, which can make her quite annoying in a debate because of her habit of instantly taking an opposing point of view. I know, too, of the comical effects of this tendency which often make her take the wrong turn in a crossroad, and result in great disorientation. But, even after securing this knowledge in my mind, it leaves hardly any negative impression on me. I know that I have a great tolerance for much that is difficult in her nature.

This attitude, on my part, I relate to two main effects. Her love for me was never manifested in any apparent way, and it was completely unsentimental. Its only outward sign consisted of our numerous conversations, throughout the years, in which I was often a listener. And then, above that, there was the great effect she had on my moral consciousness. She achieved this effect in several ways. First, and quite early on, she deliberately staged two or three big, mortifying scenes, which had the calculating effect of scaring me out of a stray act, such as concealing the truth. This she did in spite of the fact that I was, on the whole, a good little boy, and very well behaved. I still remember the sense of ominious doom that was associated with one such scene, in which it was discovered that I had covered up and lied about the loss of my pencil box. Second, as I grew older, she acutely analyzed the few odd occasions when my behaviour was inconsiderate of others. I still retain the sense of pain that was associated with my belated insight on those occasions. Third, and quite decisive, were the numerous real-life stories that she told me. I still think that stories are the best way to teach morals to children, because each story has a moral, and when you listen to a story, you embrace its moral as an act of your own free will. This is critical in the development of an autonomous sense of morality. Fourth, and most important, was the fact that she, herself was an inspiring example of moral conduct. Whenever she encountered human distress of an acquaintance, or of a stranger, she went forward quickly, effectively, and wisely, and her commitment was total. When she was needed, she never forgot, never made a mistake, or a blunder, and was one hundred per cent trustworthy. She was simply the best friend that one could ask for.

My father affected me as strongly, but in a different way. He was always a warm and friendly man, and full of life. This much I know today, but, as a child, I did not retain, or recall, that sense of him but, rather, I was very impressed with his power. First, he had a strange power over my mother. She never - it is true stopped criticizing him, and tried always to improve his conduct, but she obviously was much taken with him, and her loyalty to him was absolute. My father, notwithstanding all my mother's instincts for leadership and strong virtues, was the true patriarch of the house. I was also struck with his winning charm and power over men and women alike. I used to accompany him on his short business outings and it was clear to me that no door was ever closed to him. His vitality, energy, and potency acted like a charm. His sense of humour was infectious. There was nothing - it seemed to me - that could stand in his way. But probably the real source of my sense of his legendary power came from the awesome power he had over me. His word was the law and I can still hear, ringing in my ears, his dictum to me: "When I say no, it's a No!' Hardly ever had he any need or reason to discipline me. It never occurred to me to contradict his wish, and the mere thought of it filled me with dread. Moreover, he most probably was never unreasonable in his prohibitions.

My father was not as perfect a moral example as my mother was. He never arrived at an appointment on time and he could let people wait for him for a long time. That was probably his biggest vice. In many other areas, too, although he was a law-abiding citizen, he never behaved as if he felt the full coercive weight of the law on him. There was something left to be desired between him and the 'categorical imperative.' Sometimes he appeared as if he feared the law rather than embraced it. These faults of his, which were a cause for my annoyance in my adult years, hardly penetrated my critical judgement as a child and adolescent. He was my hero and I was happy when people said that I resembled him. More than that, his image and his style stood before me as a model on many occasions when I was about to confront difficult situations.

At the same time, there was a difference between my relationship with my mother and that with my father, which I do not know quite how to describe. I can only say that I feel the relationship with my mother has to have been simple in the sense that it was solid, above-board and uncomplicated. But with my father, it was somehow a different story. There was a hidden dimension which never quite came to light. It was as if we had a secret agreement between us, which was not meant to be put into words. I know that I am committing an act of indecency by actually saying these words, and I am somewhat ashamed of it, but here is the essence of the agreement: I was to have a free and unhindered access to my mother as much as I wanted, and he would not be in the least jealous or angry, provided that I, in turn, would never grow taller than he. This sentence sums it all up, and I have nothing to add to it. When I think of it now, it seems to me to be a fair agreement, and both of us never violated it, although neither of us was, of course, conscious of it.

The consequences of this silent agreement, or rather the enactment of it, called for a curious ignorance of me by my father. I believe that, to this day, he is not cognizant of my abilities. I always chuckled over the fact that my friends in my early adulthood sensed that fact the instant they entered into the presence of my father and myself together. Something about the authoritative way he positioned himself around me, and my reciprocal position, must have disclosed the fact, for, invariably, each of them, at one point, would take him aside and would ask, 'Do you know that your son will one day be very good in his profession?' My father would usually respond to that with the air of somebody who was just told that the familiar hat that he wore on his head was actually made of gold. He would be genuinely surprised and somewhat skeptical. In fact, as a 'realist,' he in his heart, would not believe it. With him as an audience, I was my least impressive self, and, moreover, accepted this situation as given, without ever thinking about it. He always, no matter how busy he was, volunteered to take me, in his car, to my destination, but then there would be twenty places where he had to stop on the way, and I would end up always waiting for him patiently for hours. The intriguing part in all this was the fact that, although my time and my self were consistently devalued by him, and I was never really recognized by him, he was clearly affectionate with me, and I, for my part, never seemed to have consciously born any grudges toward him for that. It is true that today, the realization that, if I will let him, he might still continue to devalue my time, is annoying for me to contemplate, but, as for recognition from him, to this day, I genuinely do not feel any need for that. I will love him no less if he will continue in blissful ignorance of my achievements in the world. It is this kind of improbable reaction on the part of each of us that convinced me of the reality of this secret agreement.

The way this situation of identity with my father affected me was somewhat disorienting for me in one respect. Some part of me felt utterly weak in contrast to him. The idea of taking the responsibility of life upon my shoulders terrified me at times at the end of my adolesence. On the other hand, some other part of me felt as strong and potent as he was, and ready to conquer the world. I carried this twin feeling of total weakness and total potency with me almost up until this very day, although it is not noticeable to others. Each step of my progress, I was on the verge of conquering the world, and, at the same time, giving up in total defeat. I became too heavy for myself.

My father's relationship with my younger brother was an entirely different matter. Oded was his baby and there was nothing that he loved more than to indulge him. They were always very close, and my father's affection for Oded was really remarkable. At the same time, it was more an egoistic love, because my father hardly assumed any leverage of discipline over him. It was my mother who stepped in and handled his discpline with the same uncompromising ethics that she did everything else. But, here, her task was more complicated because Oded was a demanding child. With the exception of early childhood, where Oded was very much taken with my mother, their relationship, up until the end of his adolescence, seemed quarrelsome, but it is now becoming more and more clear that my mother is the shaping force in Oded's life, not my father. With my father, Oded took liberties that were incredible to me. For one thing, Oded had a recognizable stage of rebellion during his adolescence (whereas I never had any such thing), and he could shout at my father over any of his inconsiderate habits in a way that was totally foreign to me. Later on, they worked in business together. If I leave here the impression that Oded was somewhat of a 'bad boy,' it is a very wrong impression. Oded has a golden heart and he is truly one of the most unselfish and generous people that I ever saw. Thus, any of his angry outbursts dissipated in effect against this background of his sweet nature. Nonetheless, there was one ritual that he would enact with my father, which I could never get used to. While we all would be sitting in one room in a good mood, Oded would come behind my father, embrace him with one hand, and, with his other hand, would teasingly and gently massage him on the bald top of his head and call him "Baldy, Baldy...." This spectacle would send, each time, chills down my spine, but my father, my awesome father, would just sit there, his face reddening, and he would laugh in embarrassment with everybody. Oded's strange act seemed to say, 'I am on top of you and you have no power over me.'"

This is the end of my monologue, the reconstruction of Halevi's many intimate discussions with me. But there are a few more significant details that I should add. Halevi, interestingly enough, grew up to be exactly the same height as his father, not one millimeter more. Their coincidence in height was uncanny. Moreover, Halevi could borrow any of his father's shirts, pants, suits, and shoes, and they would fit him perfectly. Such coincidence of all body measurements is almost beyond belief. Oded, on the other hand, grew up to be quite tall and he was taller by head-length above them. It seems to me, that Oded was indeed allowed to be taller than his father, but whether he really profited from that, apart from his height, is doubtful, for the following reason: a father, when he fulfils his paternal role, confronts his child in a position of a teacher. It is a mark of this role and the love of the son for his father that the son is willing to listen and to take a lesson from his father. Only when a son whole-heartedly embraces his father is he completely open to learn from him. These symbolic terms of identity between a son and a father are absolutely critical to the intellectual life of the son for the following reason: the ideal statement - 'I love to take a lesson from this man, my father' - begins to have a life-long power by symbolic transformations. In the first phase, any adult, and most particularly an adult in the role of a teacher, who, therefore, will enter into a 'father-like' relationship with the child, will find him, at the outset, as open to his lesson. In the second phase, 'lessons,' per se, come to symbolize the father and come to be loved as much. In that way, the entire intellectual life of a child and his love of studies are predicated on his acceptance of his father as a teacher. Oded was deprived of a 'father as a teacher' precisely because the undisciplined love of the father meant the absence of any teaching of lessons and morals. (Note, in this regard, the phrase, 'I'll teach you a lesson!' placed as a moral warning.) Oded, as a consequence, developed great resistance to studies in any form, and hardly ever read books. He, also, and despite his good nature, developed consistently antagonistic relationships with every teacher and authority with the exception of his brother, Halevi, to whom he had a great affection and to whom he was open to listen and learn, most likely because he was dealt with sternly by him as a child. Oded, on account of his generous love, had an informed heart and his human understanding was superlative, but any substantive academic education for him was out of the question. A few years after he began a business career, he was disenchanted with it and started to show a growing preoccupation with the writing of songs and poems, and the performing of them. I believe that the power of his mother's moral force finally start to show its open stamp on his identity.

Halevi, on the other hand, showed a curious attitude to his studies. Since early childhood, he always consumed prodigious amounts of books on his own, but there was always a partial rejection together with an even stronger embrace of his studies. He could hardly, and with great difficulty, bring himself to do his assigned homework; at the same time, he would happily engage in any other studies, and reading provided they were not assigned. His reading speed, in general, and of assigned material in particular, was very slow, and he often had to read the same passages a few times to comprehend them, but he had an iron grip on any of his reading material, no matter how frustrating or difficult, and he never let go without finishing it. Moreover, his reading process was his most creative time. Any bit of a new idea that he encountered in a book stimulated a very long and deep chain of thoughts that often led to far-reaching conclusions. When he finished a book, he could consume it so thoroughly that he would have a hard time distinguishing the book from himself. The same curious process he would accord to any thesis, argument, theory or school of thought. He would mercilessly cut to pieces anything that had a soft belly, no matter how popular or fashionable it would be at the time. But he would never simply reject it, but would take care to thoroughly comprehend it, and assimilate it. One can see reflected here the same kind of qualified embrace of the father, whom Halevi took as his hero, and criticized for being less than an ideal self. But over and above that, there was, in Halevi's life, the victory of his name. His father possessed a great fondness for feeding children (he also, by the mother's complaint, used to ruin all the plants in the house by constantly over-watering them) and he would have loved nothing better than to indulge all of his children, including Halevi, the eldest. But the father's father's name forbade it. Halevi's name was too important for an indulgent love. One had to take a great care of the only living memory of a strong father who disappeared without a trace. One had to provide an appropriate authority for a son that bears such a name, and an appropriate discipline. One had also to make sure that such a son would never presume to be taller than a father's law. So, all in all, it seems to me, that Halevi had a better father than Oded had.

/ The preceding case study can be used to illustrate a few other of the phenomena with which we are dealing. I am concerned here first with one aspect of the symbolism of hair.

The hair, like anything else on the body, has a multitude of symbolic values, but I will focus here only on the question of baldness.

Here, the Bible again is of immense help to us - in the narration of the Samson and Delilah story - otherwise the symbolic value of manly hair is not so plain. The biblical story tells us that God's angel came to Samson's parents while the mother was considered barren, announced the forthcoming of a child who would be consecrated to God, and instructed them to refrain from drinking wine and eating any abominating food until the birth of the boy. As for the boy, the angel instructed them to refrain from ever applying a razor unto his head. In the biblical account, the usual Hebrew term for a razor, 'ta-ar' was not used, instead the rare term 'morah,' with its double meaning of 'razor' and 'terror' was used (according to the Gesenius' Hebrew - Chaldee Lexicon of the Old Testament). The angel, lastly, proclaimed that the future child would begin to save Israel from the hands of the Philistines. With these preliminary words, Samson was conceived and grew up to become a man of legendary power. The biblical narrative presents, at length, Samson's exploits and the enormity of his wild power and also his demise at the hands of Delilah. We are presented with the surprising notion, or rather belief, which the Philistines held about Samson, that there was a secret to his power. Delilah is given the mission to discover this secret so that he can be undermined by them. In that way, the story conveys, firstly, the idea that power resides in a symbolic code, and secondly, that this code is not easy to decipher. The Philistines do not even try to define the secret, and it is the indefatigable Delilah who, after much labour, manages to coax a weary Samson to tell her that the secret lies in his untouched hair.

The idea that an awesome brute force can reside in hair that was never cut, is an interesting one. The secret code can be discovered when we note such an expression as 'He let his hair grow wild.' It is clear from this expression that untrimmed hair is wild hair, and we understand 'wild' to be an uncivilized force. Note, however, that this expression applies to the hair on a man's head. It does not apply to a woman's head, or to the hair on any other part of the body. Thus, we are permitted to sense here that the hair on a man's head is a stage for a special kind of play, in which the forces of barbarism and civilization have a dramatic meeting ground. The head is the seat of consciousness and the most elevated part of the body in the full metaphorical sense of the word. The hair on the top of the head is, thus, a 'top stage.'

Indeed, it is also a top play, because the nature of the dramatic conflict in it brings out the fact that the effect of civilization in the face of wild forces is a taming one. It is a civilized procedure of man to tame nature by outting it (e.g., to prune trees and cut the grass) and we are here reminded of one origin to the act of circumcision. The act of cutting is a horrifying one, and it is, thus, no coincidence that the Bible uses the term 'Morah' to connote both 'razor' and 'terror.' We are now made to understand that a child who has never had a razor applied unto his hair to trim and cut it is a child who has never been made to fear any discipline. He is, therefore, a wild child and his powers are unchecked. This kind of child is, of course, in grave danger to his existence as a human being and something in him senses it. A patient of mine, Tom Killearn, whom we shall meet, remembers with fondness the first time that his grandfather took him to the barber and gave him a chocolate afterwards.

It was a symbolic gesture, in which he was asked to shed his wild nature in exchange for which he was made to taste the sweet fruits of civilization. His memory noted the event with gratitude.

Our short discourse makes it plain that the cutting of the hair is a vivid metaphor to one aspect in the larger reality of education: the cutting edge of the human law. There is a fear that is involved in discipline, and there is a palpable sense of trade-off between a native sense of wild power that is given up for an acquired sense of strength through discipline. The cut tree will be made stronger in the future for being cut now, but, at the present, it is made weak by being cut. On the other hand, our wild Samson does not fare very well in the real world. He is not seen to obey any law, even Jewish law. It is the prerogative of his wild power that, contrary to his parents' wishes, he goes first to marry a Philistine girl. There is no restriction or law that can be placed on him, and the moral of this story is that he will not be faced with a 'happy end.' He will destroy his entire enemy's world by meeting his violent end. Samson can only exist temporarily as an agent of divine intervention, but he follows clearly his tragic human destiny.

The law that Samson evades through his unruly power, is the same law that, in the life of all other human beings, determines their relative sense of strength and weakness. And it is here that the phenomenon of baldness becomes instructive.

Since the cutting force of the law is the source of human potency, it is made, firstly, to have a symbolic identity with the signifier of potency - the penis - and thereby 'the law' becomes the 'man' and the 'man' becomes the symbol of the law. If a woman is to embrace the law, she is to become 'man-like' or a 'mentsch' (which is being a Man in the Rudyard Kipling classical sense of "Be a Man, my son."). But we have seen that 'the law,' depending on one's dialectical position towards it (and reflected commonly by one's position towards his father), has the capacity to inflict both a sense of strength and of weakness. The law can give potency or the law can cut down and emasculate, depending on whether one has embraced it whole-heartedly or half-heartedly.

The inverse of Samson's brute masculine force, expressed by his hair, is the sense of emasculation and enfeeblement that is expressed by the loss of power in one's hair. We have to be careful, here, to adhere strictly to the graphic terms of our situation. When the sense of enfeeblement becomes overpowering, all-pervasive, and existential, the entire hair of the body can be expected to express its weakness and to shed. But, we are talking, here, specifically of the head's hair, and the head has a masculine identity (e.g., 'the head of the family'). Thus, the enfeeblement of the hair of one's head is a more specific expression of enfeeblement. It is the emasculation versus one's father, and versus the 'law.' It is a corollary of these symbolic arrangements that the phenomenon of head baldness almost exclusively belongs to men, not to women. A man can be emasculated; not a woman. A woman can be hurt, but if she shows signs of weakness versus the law, it is not experienced, by her, as the sensation of being 'unmanned.'

Having said this, let me state again: no conclusions that are reached outside the study of an individual person should be taken more seriously than a dogma. It is not at all easy to elucidate what the precise bearings of a sense of emasculation are in a man. In the case that we have reviewed before, Halevi, in his late thirties, was partially bald due to a slow process that began in his mid-twenties, while Oded, in his early thirties, did not show any loss of hair. We know that Halevi carried both the sense of manly weakness and the sense of even greater manly potency in him, and we can, thus, regard the growth pattern of his hair as an accurate metaphorical expression. But to anybody who knew Halevi, and were not privy to his confession, this idea would be unbelievable. Halevi, with his intellectual power, intuition, and the integrity of his personality, was intimidating to almost any man around him. Any idea that this sublimated macho would harbour any profound weakness would seem preposterous. Yet, this certainly was the case. We have to be very careful, then, in ascribing blindly the diagnosis of emasculation to any bald man. The dialectics of a man's position versus his father and the 'law' can produce a sense of initial weakness, but can also, eventually, produce a very forceful man. Much of the danger of a facile diagnosis can be avoided when one applies an artist's eye to the entire sensibility of the object under consideration - in this case, the hair. One then would note, not just the relative absence of hair, but all other characteristics such as the strength of the remaining hair, its feel to the touch, and many other symbolic values.

As for Oded, we have only a partial picture of him. He, too, had weaknesses and fears that were chiefly expressed through a great anxiety about any injury to his body, but he certainly did not have that distinct sense of emasculation by a father which affected Halevi, and he had a gentle-looking and generous flock of hair.

/ Halevi's entire body was expressive of him. He tended to be rotund if he was not careful, but more interestingly, the weight of his body, compared to his height and volume, was unusual. He could easily weight eighty-six kilos with his short stature without looking it. The body seemed to say, 'I am a heavy weight.' And, indeed, Halevi was, metaphorically-speaking, a heavy weight in every sense. His wife often complained that "this man was too heavy for anybody to want to be around him for too long." In a physical power contest, he would stand on his two feet, slightly apart, and he would be practically immovable. This is another metaphorical statement:

Halevi was not a man to be 'pushed around.' Halevi hated to run, and jogging was, all his life, a 'physical torture' for him (and that despite the fact that he was very agile in tennis). This, needless to say, is another metaphor: Halevi aimed at a great distance, but went very slowly to it; he "hated to run."

/ Grey hair.
The shades of white in graying hair.
'White' = 'Good'

There is a sense of distinction to white hair, and there is also a sense of suffering that is associated with it. Those two symbolic values combine in the varied expressions of grey hair.

Here, it seems to me, it is possible to find the mark of the most potent of symbolic identities: the one that rules the logic of 'crime' and 'punishment.' Generally speaking, the most discordant affair in the symbolic world, is an unfulfilled symbolic equation. A symbolic equation is composed of two entities that share a sign of identity between them, and they give rise to a sense of a pair. The symbolic world is thus constantly paired off and anything that is found not to be paired - like a bachelor - seems to us to be 'odd.' There is a sign of morbid anomaly about anything that is 'odd,' since it can 'impair' and destroy the universe.

But these sentiments are slight compared to what awaits anything that is odd in the sphere of morality. When an unpunished crime is being witnessed, it disrupts a moral equation, and the rallying cry: 'to get even,' can turn the world around.

This is as it should be. The rule of contradiction saves the world from total disintegration by ensuring that what is good is good, what is bad is bad, and that bad cannot be equated with good, unless the whole world will go mad instantly. Only the devil is ascribed with the power to make use of bad for a gain. (I am reminded, here, of one of my patients - I shall call her Libbi - who was, previous to her coming to me, a 'hooker' for two years, and who taught me a basic lesson about the rule of contradiction. It so happened that she was a desired object and was able to 'earn' substantial sums of money each night. I asked her why she did not save some money. She looked at me with an uneasy self-conscious smile and, with a helpless shrug of the shoulders, said, "It was dirty money." I felt, then, as if somebody had just restored my temporarily dislocated head to its place.)

The hair that turns white is one of the signs that moral equations (and any other symbolic identities) are never violated, even if they appear to be. The comparative evidence that I have leads me to believe that the suffering that turns hair white is of a special kind. Not any kind of pain or anguish qualifies. Only suffering which constitutes - for deep symbolic reasons - a 'punishment' of a 'crime' will do. White hair is a metaphoric statement of the following: 'your punishment has expiated and whitened your sins.' (This statement can be heard repeated endlessly by the prophets of Israel.) This is the reason why white hair is associated both with suffering and a sense of distinction: 'This man with the white hair has paid his dues.'

It is usually thought that the 'physiology' of the whitening of the hair renders it to be a very slow process, but this is not a necessary truth. We have a sufficient number of clinical and historical episodes that show that the whitening of the hair is ruled by a different logic. The painting of Marie Antoinette by David in her procession to the guillotine, after her year in prison, shows her with her hair completely white. She was then thirty-eight years old. We know of Damiens, the man who made an assassination attempt on the life of Louis XV of France (and succeeded only to make a minor stab at the king with his pen knife), that his hair turned completely white in one night while on the torture wheel. But I have documented far more clincally-interesting instances for our case - and they are not very rare - of people whose hair turned white overnight, without any punishment administered by others. Rather, it followed the onset of a dramatic condition - usually brain hemorrhage - and I have every reason to believe that the stroke answered, in these cases, the symbolic code of 'punishment.' We will have more occasions to elaborate on that when we touch the issue of the symbolism of diseases, but for the moment, I will just posit the following, as an opening statement: I find it the most recurring clinical phenomenon, the institution of punishment as a concomittant of a sin and the formation of both of them in a symptom. It is when the usual pair of crime and punishment do not come together; when a patient manages, by a very dense and complicated symbolic network, built on partial blindness, to present his sin as a justified act, and when the ensuing 'messy' situation does not hold a punishment that fits the crime, then my sense of danger becomes alerted, and I have sufficient reason to worry about a momentous event that will put my patient's life in danger. In a classical example of this kind, I have learned about the father of a friend of mine, who had endless extramarital affairs, which did not prevent him from living his entire life with his wife. The situation is classical because marital relations are notorious for the fact that the sins of the 'other' are such that make the subject's sins justified. The man in question, like most others in his situation, had sufficient grievances against the wife, which made whatever he did understandable. But this symbolic construction of his reality starts to break down when the subject became aware of the fact that he had remained married all his life to the same woman. At this point, he was ready for a punishment that would fit the crime. The man in question suffered seven brain hemorrhages in one night, which incapacitated him almost totally, inflicted immense pain, and his hair turned all white, in the same night. We will be in a better position to appreciate the nature of such a narrative when we understand, later, the meaning of brain hemorrhage. At this point, I have to resort to this rather facile intimation of a case. However, the story line follows such a common pattern of tragedy that other instances of it will be found everywhere. They all bear the mark of the rigorous logic of crime and punishment. The case of Tom Killearn, which will be presented later, will demonstrate inter alia the more mundane phenomenon of the greying of the hair of a young man. In his case, his exquisite self-punishment, which so admirably fit his crime, was the component part of the same symptom. It is a startling part of the symbolism of this whole syndrome that, in English, the term 'temple' found its use to denote the two locations on our head (midway above the eyes and the ears), where the most ample expression of greying hair customarily finds its place. It is an apt name. A temple is a place where one's pain and sacrifices have whitened one's sins.

/ The question whether symbolic analysis subsumes and abolishes physiological descriptions is a misconception. I will demonstrate this quite readily in the phenomenon of the woman's menstrual cycle. Here, the physiological facts are very clearly a story. Firstly, the woman's body prepares everything for the conception of a baby. Not only is the egg produced and carried through the tubes, but great enlargement of the womb's (not the uterus') walls are created in preparation for the hopeful lodger, as well as all other conditions of

moisture, nutrition and so on. This part of the story we shall call 'the promise.' The second half of the story has, as we know, two possible outcomes: one, 'the fulfilled promise;' two, 'the unfulfilled promise.' We all know that a story, whose main plot involves an unfulfilled promise, is actually a sad story, if not a tragedy. The egg is dissolved, the rich juicy walls are broken down, there is bleeding and pain.

If one views it in this way, the great scientific mystery known as 'menstrual blues' becomes readily understood. I have seen it quite often that when I present it to a woman that she is, in fact, in a short period of mourning, that an immediate change in the symptom occurs as a result of the fact that the perplexing irritability is given its sense. The improvement is correlative to the change that occurs when one passes from an unrecognized funeral to a public one (relatives in a funeral always remember who came and who did not come). It is not difficult to see that, what would be considered physiological facts, are part of a symbolic story.

In addition to the general outline of the story, there can be subplots which may end up giving a very different tone to the story. We should be aware that this is a cyclical story, and, as such, should not generate - in the normal course of things - greater sadness than a coming winter, after which one can expect the spring again. But there are instances where a woman, say, is becoming advanced in age, and is still unmarried, or while married has a great desire for a child, which, on the strength of other considerations, has to go unfulfilled, and on such occasions, our cyclical story becomes disconnected and each cycle becomes a painful symbol of a larger reality of unfulfilled promise. We can expect, then, an intensified drama. The woman may complain of excruciating pain, or morbid depression, or excessive bleeding, or all of the above. In each case, there would be a different and unique story. I have seen a few instances where the entire question of femininity and motherhood, as an expression of troubled relationships with the mother, were symbolized by exacerbated bleeding and general agitation. Countless such women often end up undergoing hysterectomies instead of psycho-therapy. They are victims of a belief that physiological descriptions do not constitute a story.

/ The idea that an enormously-detailed process, which can be minutely traced in endless pages of physiological description, can be summed up by one or two themes in a symbolic scheme, seems quite incredible. But let us use an analogy. We can describe an enormously detailed operation, which will involve hundreds of pages of minute description of the movement of vehicles and men in uniform, the transportation and storage of food and equipment, drills, exercises in formation, etc., etc., and which we will sum up by three words: 'preparation for war.' Let me use another example. Felix Deutsch reported, in the journal Psychosomatic Medicine (July 1956, xviii),

about the phenomenon of false pregnancy in a dog, which he personally witnessed happening to a friend's dog. Here, we have unmistakable evidence of the fact that, under one theme, called 'assumed pregnancy,' there was total simulation of a fantastically complicated process, which implies the coordination of myriad sub-processes that can all be described in the language of physiology.

It is the infinite mystery of the symbol which we have to face.

> * "Freud wrote a short, but significant addendum to the Schreber essay in which he linked Schreber's acquired power of staring at the sun without harm to the old belief that eagles can do this and will disown any offspring that cannot. Many similar folk beliefs show that the idea is based on the faith that one's ancestor (really one's father) will do one no harm if one treats him well: children of a cobra totem must not injure the animal and he will not bite them."
>
> (Ernest Jones, Sigmund Freud - Life and Work, Vol. II p. 305)

Staring at the sun is a symbolic test of moral integrity; of clear conscience. It is a very real test. The sun is a big eye - God's eye - from whose strong and searching light nothing can hide. He, whose conscience is not clear, any stare of eyes can scorch him. When two people quarrel, each one is convinced of the other's guilt and their stubborn dispute does not resolve itself, they may, as a last resort, stand silent and stare at each other's eyes. It is a truth test that cannot be compromised by pretense or brazen impudence. The guilty party will always avert his eyes first against the other's steady stare. The conscience is the 'other,' but also the vision is a moral vision. It is, therefore, a light. It can illuminate the dark; the dark is bad; and the bad is painful. Therefore, a stare can burn - it can drill holes in one's back - and the eye is like a sun. Children with very troubled conscience paint a big eye in the sky. Children in Israel engage in a contest game of 'one against one' known as 'look me in the eyes.' They stand close to each other, face-to-face, and stare at each other's eyes. The pronounced loser is the one who giggles first. (This giggle is the foundation of humour. It is the temporary intimacy with one's conscience, symbolized by the eyes of the 'other.' It is equivalent to the operation of a joke with double meaning: if you understood only the clean meaning, you remained perplexingly serious. If you understood the bad or the dirty meaning, too, your understanding revealed the existence of your dark side and, in a flash of illumination, revealed it to yourself. You are then faced with the impossible task of contradictory integration of the 'good' and the 'bad' and you 'crack up.' Sometimes you laugh so hard that you are 'in stitches.' But the pleasure is derived from the improbable and healing act by which the 'bad' has been made 'good' by being made conscious. The joy is derived from a self that temporarily found itself whole again. When a joke too brutally forces us to recognize an aspect of us that has to remain unacceptable, it produces uneasiness and even sadness, and we are not illuminated. We call such jokes 'off-colour' jokes or 'smutty' jokes. We remain with it in the dirt and the darkness.)

The Schreber case is a cause celebre in the psycho-analytic movement since Freud wrote his analysis of the case based on Schreber's autobiographical account of his suffering and recovery. There must have been a sense that the final word has not been written on the case, because the most creative people in the movement continued to add their analytic contribution to it. I do believe, however, that Freud intuitively, touched the heart of the matter in his addendum. Schreber's rare human power, at his recovery, to stare, unharmed, at the sun, holds the secret code of the case.

God is perhaps the central actor in Schreber's drama. The symbolic identities between 'God,' 'father,' (our "father in heaven"), the 'law' and the 'conscience,' gives us a further hint that Schreber's case is a morality play. Schreber was a man of the highest moral integrity. The break-up into his consciousness of a homosexual wish precipitated the crisis which very clearly drove him insane, and wrecked his life and career. The question is why. Was it because Schreber was a prude who lived in a period of outdated values? This, I believe, is a facile answer, that can be given all too easily these days. Schreber desperately fought to win his integrity, this much is very clear from any acquaintance with the case. Let us stay, then, with the logic of the case, and let us assume that there is an immoral element in homsexuality, without assuming that Schreber was simply deranged. What is immoral about homosexuality? To that I will say: what is immoral about homosexuality is the essence of homosexuality.

'The sin that dares not speak its name.' Why did this phrase achieve such currency? Why does it still seem so strangely appropriate? Out of all the heinous crimes, why does this sin, alone, dare not speak its name?

The critical element in homosexuality is not, as we tend to think, the identification with the mother. My study of a five-year-old boy, who shows early signs of homosexual tendency, convinced me that it is, rather, the decisive rejection of the father by the son. It is the rejection of the son of being his father's son. It is, therefore, the rejection of the father's name. And it is, for this reason that homosexuality is a sin that dares not speak its name. Without the father's name, there is no name to be named.

I have before me the current case of Don Strong, who was raised exclusively by a tough-minded mother, and who shows a very considerable degree of identification with his mother, but who nevertheless grew up as a robust man, with very normal sexual appetites, and is happily married. Cases like this confirm negatively what one learns by direct observation: that to be a homosexual, one needs a father to reject.

There are several consequences of this situation. The rejection of the father, and of the terms of masculinity with which he is equated, is not an independent operation. It occurs under the terms of inescapable identity between a father and a son. A child is not at liberty to eliminate, in himself, any quality which he dislikes about a parent. A child is inescapably identified with his unique instance of a parent, and, when he chooses to reject any attribute of his parent, that operation does not constitute elimination. Rather, it constitutes a conflict of rejection of what one has been otherwise identified with. That is why, to become a homosexual, one needs a father to reject. But, this is precisely what makes a homosexual a 'minus one' (-1) symbolically-speaking. And, one cannot be a 'minus one' without needing a man as an object of desire so as "to make oneself whole."

The other consequence emerges as a result of the identity between the 'father' and the 'law.' Man, as a generic symbol for the human species, is a product of the law. When a child is affectionately identified with his father (or, more rarely, with what is 'man-like' in his mother), he often develops a liking for machines; a machine being the embodiment of the law. But, when a son has rejected his father, together with the law that identifies him as a man, he becomes an inverse man, an abusive and teasing parody of what is fundamentally symbolic of man, and a walking provocation to the entire social order. This is not a side effect but, rather, the core sense of homosexuality. Rejecting the man he is, is a betrayal and an assault on the foundation of society, which is based on the law.

How could Schreber, who was a judge and the very agent and symbol of the law, accept his emerging homosexuality as anything but the deepest moral challenge to his integrity?

Here, then, was his crime against the name of the father, and it occurred some time before he was to be given the post of Senatspräsident - presiding judge in a Division of an Appeal Court. This is a capital violation of a moral equation: to be rewarded for an immoral term of existence. Three weeks before he was to be given the new post, he was catapulted into the six years of his devastating crisis. During these six years, which were often lived in acute agony, Schreber tried unsuccessfully to reach a workable integration and he finally ended up bringing together the lofty with the ridiculous, in a constructive delusion. God himself - claimed Schreber in his final version - is his (homosexual) lover and he - Schreber - would become a feminine Saviour of the world, and breed a new and superior race of human beings. This grand delusion is a symbolic code: God (- conscience) is his lover. Schreber professes, here, his love of the law. But, on the other hand, to conceive of God in sexual terms with the self is clearly sacrilegious and abusive. Thus comes Schreber's need to lift himself to the position of a Saviour to justify such profanity. The turns and twists of an impossible symbolic integration results in a delusion. But this delusion is the best integrative construction that Schreber, or any man, could hope to achieve, without compromising his genuine identity. It is an honest labour, and Schreber insisted on retaining this belief when he was discharged. All his years afterwards, while exhibiting the most normal manners in every way, with a fine touch of civility and good will, Schreber was adamant about his adherence to his belief, and he also insisted on his full acceptance as a normal human being.

But, behind all this drama, and outside any direct human observation, I think I can sense the rigorous logic of crime and punishment in a superior, controlling position. Schreber paid such an unbelievably steep price in the irreversible wreckage of his promising career and fine marriage, in the public shame, in his insanity, and, above all, in his profound torment for six years, that the scales of justice finally stood even. In fact, his conscience was made so scrupulously clean by his punishment, that he could stare at the sun unharmed.

I suggest that we should designate this phenomenon 'the Schreber test' to honour this man, who demonstrated to us, in the material world, that we can actually live in a different world. And in such a world, if our conscience is spotlessly clean, even the direct glare of the sun cannot so much as touch our sensitive retinas.

Post Script:

During the early seventies, it was reported, by an AP release, of three college students, who, after taking LSD while on a picnic in the meadow of a valley, lay on their backs and stared at the sun. All three of them were found afterwards, blind.

* The symbol of Medicine is composed of two snakes entwined on a pole, at the top of which there is a pair of wings. It is an ancient symbol from the early Roman period, and its Latin name, by which it is known today, 'caduceus,' is, according to the Webster, a modification of the Greek term 'karykeion.' The source of its etymological derivations stems from 'kēryx' meaning 'herald' which is akin to the Old English 'hrēth' meaning 'glory.' But, before we are going to explore any ancient meanings, let us observe that the symbol of the caduceus is still used today, and there is something about it which seems strangely appropriate. It speaks to us and it deserves that we halt our pace for a moment and contemplate it.

The caduceus seems, to me, to be a messenger from the outer reaches of the land of the symbol, and it states its appearance without giving us any explanation for its existence. I doubt very much that we will ever be able to understand its genesis, but, as for its meaning, I believe I read it in its perfect simplicity. The 'snake' is 'bad.' 'Two snakes entwined' are 'two bad agents acting upon each other.' Now, let us think carefully: do we really know why 'minus' times 'minus' deserves to be a 'plus?' We do not know. All we know is that the mathematics of negative numbers would not be possible if this would not be the case. And do we really know why medicine is such a blessing, when it is exclusively specialized in various brands of poison? Why does it sometimes heal while cutting people up, and removing 'bad' tissues and organs? All we know is that the wisdom of the ancient medical art of bleeding, the bitter herbs and the bitter pills, in between, and the modern antibiotics, vaccines and radiations are based on the same perplexing symbolization: 'bad' acting on 'bad.' A poison made innocuous by another poison. One snake bite applied to another snake bite. But look at the wings on top and witness the glory. It is not unlike crime and punishment.

/ Rabies is a viral disease. When it is untreated, it is, without exception, fatal. But, whatever is the exact viral determination, the entire course of this disease, untreated, carries the unmistakable symbols of the 'bad' in a most accentuated form among diseases. First, the source: the bite of a wild animal - a rabid wild animal. Consider here the symbolic identity between the 'wild' and the 'bad.' Then consider the term 'rabid.' It is derived from the Latin rabidus meaning 'mad.' Its use in English, according to the Webster, is the 'extremely violent,' the 'furious.' The term 'mad' in English denotes two apparently different meanings: one - angry, two - insane. But are they really different meanings? Have we ever witnessed good-natured insanity?

The legendary source of rabies is a mad dog. Consider this metaphor 'mad dog.' Does it apply to our affectionate dog, or do we use it ever to refer to any friendly man that we know? 'Mad dog' is 'bad.' Mad dogs are the most accessible walking symbols of the bad - they constitute sixty per cent of all sources of incidents of rabies in humans - but they are not the only ones. Most other incidences take their source from the other legendary figures of benevolence: bats, skunks, racoons, and foxes. Those are the most likely candidates, but physicians warn us that any wild animal should be considered rabid.

Now, let us consider the critical event: the bite. One of my patients told me of a childhood incident in which a bat touched her on her shoulder. She never forgot this touch of badness, and, when she told me about it, her whole body underwent a shudder. A 'touch' obviously is not a 'bite.' A bite of an evil agent is magically definitive. It is with a bite that Dracula converts his victims to his dark kingdom. In the symbolism of the bite - evil has penetrated the self.

The reaction of the victim is consistent with the symbolism of the act. One is not converted instantly to evil. Dracula's victims show only very gradually the deadly effect of the bite; there is a passage of some time before the first signs of their condition appear. The same is true for the real victims of rabies. The incubation period shows a very wide range of individual difference from six to one hundred and eight days, and, most frequently, about forty days. When the first signs appear, the patient is depressed and irritable, but not very long afterwards, he loses control and becomes excitable and wild. Out in full display, is the original mark of the wild, mad bite. The patient, at this point, is struggling desperately and the marked symptoms are profuse salivation and drooling. These symptoms are not without their moving expressiveness and meaning. Note the expression 'foaming at the mouth,' but more than that, in the graphic terms of physiology, it is a hopeless struggle to expurgate the self from the accumulating poison. (Note the colloquial: 'slimy bag.')

Perhaps the most heart-wrenching of the symptoms associated with rabies, is the phobia of water, which appears in the advanced stage of the disease and constitutes its other name: hydrophobia. For the meaning of this symptom, one should turn to the children's story The Wizard of Oz. For there, one shall find the early passage where the little heroine overcame the "Witch of the East" by throwing water on her, and thereby causing her to vanish. (After I finished reading this story to Bouey, the small boy who showed early signs of homosexual identity, he reappeared after a few minutes in the dining room - where both his parents and myself were having a conversation - and performed the following ritual. He came out and teasingly cried to his father, "I am a witch! I am a witch!" and then proceeded to ask him to throw imaginary water on him. The father good-naturedly obliged and Bouey, reacting to the symbolic splash of water, fell on the floor and cried, "I am vanishing! I am vanishing!" This whole act he repeated over and over again without diminishing enthusiasm, and with great animation, in front of his perplexed audience. It is dramas of this kind that confirm, in my mind, the nature of male homosexuality. For little Bouey obviously felt troubled about his treacherous rejection of his being his 'father's son' and tried to solve his difficult situation. He teased his father often enough before, calling at him, "I am a queen! I am a queen!" But, here, he moved to a higher moral plane by confessing himself a 'bad queen,' that is to say, a 'witch,' and asking his father to annihilate his bad self by throwing water on it.) The symbolism of water in the context of the 'bad' is both simple and complex. In terms of symbolic equations, 'water' is thoroughly 'good' from any conceivable angle; but mostly as the source of life, and the stuff that cleans and purifies. Thus, the self that fears water is a self that has already turned 'all bad' and fear for its existence in the act of purification. The dense logic that is hidden here somewhat resembles the cartoon that showed 'Garfield the (less than half-decent) Cat' being completely shaken after being pushed to sit on Santa Claus' knees.

The patient not only fears the sight and proximity of water, but he cannot drink water either. Although he may be thirsty, any drop of water in his mouth triggers an agonizing pain. From this stage, the path leads directly to paralysis, coma and death. The self, indeed cannot exist as a bad self.

Facing this prospect, the vaccines (collected from either a nerve tissue anti-reaction to the agents of rabies, or from duck embryo anti-reaction), are themselves a potent poison and have serious side effects on the nervous system. They are administered in fourteen daily, and painful, injections and two additional boosters, ten and twenty days after the end of the series. We should here tip our hats to medicine; for there is, indeed, no other way - when 'minus one' threatens to become an exhaustive description of the self - than using another poison. The touch of the rabid wild is indeed experienced as the ancient sense of pollution and the plague, and it is important to note that the violence of the plague is part of the symbolism of the source. In rabies, there is actually a distinction between two variants of the disease, although the virus is invariably identified in the animal's saliva. One, 'furious rabies' derives from the 'bite' the other, 'dumb (paralytic) rabies,' derives from the licking of a pet with the characteristic sign of excessive saliva. The final outcome is just the same, although the course of the reaction to the drooling, licking of a pet (with whom one is identified) that has gone rabid, has a different logic and, of course, different form. I should, perhaps, add one more fact about furious rabies: when the 'bite' occurs around the face, the morbid reaction is significantly accelerated. The location of the face, it seems, from both the physiological and the symbolic points of view, is the prominent location of the self.

/ Behind the objectivity of science, there is a love which lends to the objects of its observation an independent existence. This is always a mark of fine love, and this vision is both moral and indispensable for civilized existence and progress. Nevertheless, there is still the fact that the object is a symbol of the subject and this reality has pushed the boundaries of modern theoretical physics to a very new scientific formulation: an objective account of physical reality as a relative product of the observer. This is a more advanced situation than that which exists in, say, chemical research where, basically, a chemical world is explored, whose chemical entities are presumed to exist independently of the subject who conceived them. In the symbolic world, such a view is an impossibility. We have just seen, in the analysis of rabies, that the account of viral infection in terms of viruses, which presumably have a bio-chemical effect independent of the afflicted person, was made to lose its grounds, even in a situation where the virus seems to have uniformly mortal consequences. That is due to the peculiar nature of the symbolic object. At the same time that it proclaims its reality, it points back to its existence in the subject. Symbolic objects are the only entities which answer Gilbert Ryle's convincing attack in his The Concept of Mind, on the traditional and hopelessly bungled conception of reality, that is conceived categorically, of two theatres: the theatre of reality proper, and the second ghost-like theatre in our mind, which, presumably, mirrors the outside production. This concept of the mind, claimed Ryle, is an insurmountable

impasse and forbids us from solving any of the perennial problems of philosophy. I believe he is in the right. When I examine the nature of symbolic objects, I see them moving back and forth across the subject's line in a most peculiar way, and, while they seemingly co-exist, both as objects in reality and in the subject's mind, they are, nonetheless, one and the same, and, therefore, perform in a unified theatre of reality. But Ryle is wrong in one thing. By exposing the mind as merely a metaphor, he did not - contrary to his belief - make it necessarily less real. In the symbolic world, at least, metaphors have a very real existence. The metaphor of the mind is, thus, a distinct actor in the unified theatre. We shall see that it expresses its existence in the form of a symbolic object, known otherwise as the 'brain.'

In the meantime, it is our more urgent task to illustrate in what way chemicals exist in the symbolic world, and whether, indeed, they possess independent existence. I will choose, for purposes of demonstration, a very famous group of organic chemicals: alcoholic drinks.

> From Bullfinch's mythology:
>
> "Bacchus (Dionysus), the god of wine, was the son of Jupiter and Semele. He represents not only the intoxicating power of wine, but its social and beneficient influences likewise so that he is viewed as the promoter of civilization, and a lawgiver and lover of peace." (p. 7)

Why would the god of alcoholics be also viewed as the god of civilized conduct? Dionysus, very clearly in this case, symbolizes, in his personality, the wine and its double signification for humanity. On one hand of the scale, the abuse, infantilism and recklessness that is associated with being 'drunk;' on the other hand, the cultivated use of wine for celebration, for honour and for the fine sense of what is worthy and good in life.

What is the source of these senses about alcoholic beverages in general and wine in particular? We have, of course, the usual chemical analysis of the molecular structure of alcohol, the bio-chemical description of the unusual speed of its metabolism in the body, and entry into the blood, and the account of its quick effect on the brain. We know that alcohol is being absorbed through the digestive system even faster than the various sugar molecules. When one follows these accounts of the nature and effects of alcohol, one is immediately pervaded by their sense of objectivity and definitiveness. In fact, there is nothing that is essentially wrong with these accounts, except for the peculiar way in which they project their independence from the subject in whose body these very processes actually occur. But one should expect this to happen. Whenever a description of any entity is objective, it imparts a sense of independent existence to its 'object' and that remains true even if the object is a given process in the body of the subject. We have only one way to break this spell that makes our body feel like an object; and this, by going back to the original sense that we commonly share (in this case about alcohol), and begin again from there.

When one contemplates the process by which wine is made, it is possible for one to notice its remarkable parallelism with a distinct symbolic dimension of human development that is expressed in food. The infant baby begins its life by consuming the mother's sweet milk. (Note here how readily the chemical and physiological terms can be substituted by manifestly symbolic terms: 'sweet' is a taste, and a taste is a sense. 'Sweet' thus possesses here its full metaphorical value: 'mother's milk is sweet.' My son, as a small boy, sometimes referred to my wife's breasts as "Kol toov" in Hebrew meaning 'all good.' Whatever is good tastes sweet; e.g., "My sweetheart." Moreover, the fact that sugar molecules are most readily absorbed by the body correlates accurately with a more profound phenomenon; the one that underlies the fact that we most readily assimilate what we are affectionate of.) As the infant normally grows up, he undergoes a process of refinement that touches all of his activities and skills, and his 'appetite' for more involved and complex challenges grows stronger. His other appetite, for food, reflects here its metaphorical existence, and it, too, shows its gradual movement to the more complex and refined. When the process of maturity and independence is relatively unproblematic, the direct link in appetite to the sweet foods of the mother undergoes such modifications and refinements that, at some point, it begins to be barely recognizable. That is to say, there is hardly a desire for explicitly sweet foods. In all this developmental process, the wine can offer itself as a perfect analogy. It begins as a 'sweet fruit' and, by a slow process known as 'aging,' it undergoes delicate modifications of taste, in which the original fruity sweetness is gradually, but not wholly, replaced by more 'mature,' 'full-bodied' and 'dry' flavours. The wine is, thus, a living metaphor to the process of maturity and, consequently, to the refinement of sublime and adult love. It is, preforce, a symbol of civilization and Dionysus, a law-giver and a lover of peace.

Once this is understood, we can begin to appreciate partly what is involved in alcoholism, and other phenomena that are associated with 'drinking.'

When a relatively _good_ child, at the stage of adolescence, is invaded by a particularly vivid sexual fantasy, he may become alarmed and very often may bring himself to order by remind himself that 'sex is for adults.' This idea that sex is for adults is critical to the question of love. We have seen that naked sex is 'bad.' Thus, by definition, only as an expression of real love may it become 'good.' But what is 'real' love? The 'real' is that which consistently endures, and endures consistently. Real objects are 'real' because they turn out to be the same objects upon any further examination. An object that becomes each time a different symbol is not real. A 'real nice guy' is someone that is found to be nice in every observation. One judges that he was deluded in his love, that his love was not real, or that it 'failed' when it did not endure.

Consider now that adolescent love is 'adolescent.' It cannot yet be trusted to be 'real,' otherwise it would be regarded as 'adult-like.' Thus, it can be understood now why a good adolescent boy or girl would fear sex as 'bad,' notwithstanding their cultural or sub-cultural norms. (I put this in contrast to Margaret Mead: all questions of 'right' and 'wrong' that pertain to love are absolute and universal; they are not normative.)

These considerations show their full power in the domain of alcoholic drinking. A culture that wishes to endure puts an age limit on drinking, as well as on sex, otherwise it will turn its own children 'bad.' The main effect of drinking - intoxication - can now be viewed, not as an incomprehensible effect of an objective chemical substance, but as a meaningful expression of the subject: can he 'take' the substance of love, or will it lift him from the ground, destabilize, poison, and intoxicate him? The famous tests of drinking prowess appear meaningful and comprehensible as well. Who is man enough to consume the 'love potion' and remain steady on his feet? And the visceral admiration for a man who can drink unharmed. Note also the term used to describe a good wine: 'it is a heady stuff.' Note the expression, 'it can go to your head,' as a warning against both drinking and infatuation (since they both may cloud someone's vision). Is it any wonder that drinking may be 'good' for some people and 'bad' for others, notwithstanding the fact that it may be the same drinking? The truth of the matter is that individual reactions to drinking are extremely diverse and highly revealing. That it exists as part of a larger symbolic domain may be illustrated by the following (and not untypical) anecdote. A Russian friend of mine related to me the story of his first incidence of being thoroughly 'drunk.' He returned to his home, late at night, 'completely drunk.' His older brother opened the door for him and, when he saw his condition, punched him hard and fast in his face. Then he told him that he could drink as much as he wanted, but that he should never return home drunk. The effect was instantaneous: he lost all trace of intoxication, upon receiving the blow, his vision was restored and he remained, instead, feeling utterly 'miserable,' and pained. Thus, in this new branch of symbolic chemistry, the following perception is imperative. A substance (e.g., wine) is put in the subject's mouth and he senses it. What he senses 'makes sense.' Objective chemistry is suited for objective conditions (i.e., when the subject is presumed not to be involved), but it cannot be allowed to objectify the subject without a challenge. Note, however, that the subject makes perfectly good sense. He tastes the wine and he senses its entire essence and development, whether he is conscious of it or not. The subject, by the act of sensing, performs, as it were, symbolic chemical analysis.

There is a second complex of motives which is involved in drinking and, while intimately bound to the question of wine as a metaphor of sublime or abused love, weaves its pattern around the immorality of abused drinking. Reaching one's hand to the fruit while it is still unripe is a forbidden act, and the fruit is a forbidden fruit. That particular aspect of the question ties it with a heavy symbolic net to the morbidity of the original sin: the Oedipal criminality. In this, the criminality of drinking shares with any other symbolic act that which constitutes a short-cut for 'cheap,' unearned maturity. (For this reason, smoking cigarettes at an early age is also, universally, a sign of the 'bad.' The 'adult' aspect of smoking inheres in it bitter 'intake' and corresponds to the sharp break from the infantile 'sweet.' It makes it then somewhat on par with bitter 'hard' liquors, which are all 'manly.' Smoking has many more layers of meanings.)

The motive of unearned maturity, which marks juvenile delinquents, among other things, with early sexual activities, is highly and immorally charged and, therefore, 'asks for punishment.' It is, therefore, a pathogenic complex. The myth of Prometheus is particularly apt in disclosing some of the motives that are involved in this complex. Prometheus embodies the figure whose very act constitutes a 'short-cut' for maturity. The fire that he brought to Mankind is a very loaded mixed metaphor. The fire is a symbol of love (note the phrase, 'an old flame'), it gives 'warmth,' but it can also 'burn' and can even 'consume.' Very much like wine, it sits on the border between beneficient use and abuse; between 'enlightenment' and 'burning up.'

(The American Indians referred to alcoholic drinks everywhere as 'fire-water.') Prometheus reaches for what is a forbidden fruit for human beings (the fire belonged to the gods), and gives it freely, with no strings attached, to Man. No hard labour and slow maturing and growth was involved in bringing the act which, thus, was made to be 'unearned;' an act of theft. Prometheus is also in a subordinate relation with Zeus. The fire was, in that sense, not his to give and, consequently, Prometheus, himself, is morally implicated as an Oedipal son who exceeds his reach. The sense of treading in the forbidden zone is palpable in this myth and, consequently, Prometheus' punishment is an integral part of his story.

But why, did the specific nature of his punishment take the form of his liver being endlessly eaten away by the eagle?

This question opens the door to the symbolic analysis of internal organs.

Once again, if we study the physiological description of the liver and its function, it can readily disclose the symbolic value of the liver in an unambiguous way. The liver is not a uni-functional organ. The Harrison's Principles of Internal Medicine dryly describes some of the very diverse activities of the liver in the following way:

Amino Acid Metabolism: Through a variety of anabolic and catabolic processes, the liver is the major site of amino acid interconversion...

Ammonia Metabolism: Ammonia, a toxic product of nitrogen metabolism, is converted rapidly and almost exclusively in the liver into the non-toxic end product, urea...

Protein Synthesis and Metabolism: The liver synthesizes all the proteins required for general cellular function, as well as certain proteins for specialized functions. Many plasma proteins are synthesized in the liver. Other proteins are produced by the liver include many of the blood clotting factors: fibrinogen (factor 1), prothrombin (factor II, and factors V, VII, IX and X...)

Enzymes Used in Clinical Tests: In connection with many biochemical reactions performed by the liver, this organ contains thousands of protein catalysts or enzymes.

Carbohydrate Metabolism: The liver plays a vital role in glucose homeostasis. Unless given intravenous glucose supplements, patients with acute massive liver injury (viral) or toxic hepatitis) die quickly from hypo-glycemia....

Biochemical Oxidations (Energy Production): ...In energy production, the liver is unique, because it is rich in both mitochondria and enzymes which feed large quantities of substrates (carbohydrates, protein, and fat) into the tricarboxylic acid cycle...

Detoxification Mechanisms: The liver plays a key role in the detoxification of many substances, both endogenous (e.g., hormones) and exogenous (e.g. drugs or ingested substances). This is accomplished by numerous mechanisms, such as oxidation reduction, hydroxylation, sulfoxidation, deamination, dealkylation, and/or methylation, which reduce pharmacological activity of these compounds.

In addition to this list, the metabolism of bilirubin, porphyrins and the production of bile salts, the liver performs countless other operations, which have not yet been identified.

A survey of this list of operations makes it quite clear that they are completely diverse, independent, and that they bear hardly any thematic consistency. The liver, is very simply a factory, a busy place of production and manufacturing of any conceivable kind of goods. (The Family Medical Guide: "No man-made laboratory could possibly equal what this four-pound human organ can do.") In short, the liver is, very simply, the perfect symbol of industry.

That this symbol is in direct contrast to the motive of unearned maturity achieved by short-cuts, is quite evident. And it is here that we can see, with some justice, why Prometheus' liver was constantly eaten and how his punishment is expressive of his crime.

But much more importantly than this is the clue that we were given here of the connection between alcoholism and cirrhosis of the liver. It is quite possible to sense when an alcoholic, by an act of cheap maturity, reac[illegible]r the bottle to 'fortify' and 'strengthen' himself, how the organ of his enterprise and industry loses its power and wastes away. Cirrhosis of the liver is a very gradual process in which most of the liver cells die and are replaced by fibrous, wooden-like, tissue. Alcoholism is its major cause. The Harrison's Principles of Internal Medicine describes the transformation undergone by the liver thus:

> "As alcoholism continues and the liver disease advances, hepatocytes are destroyed, fibroblasts are found at the sites of injury, and collagen formation is stimulated. Web-like septa of connective tissue appear in periportal and pericentral zones. These fibrous septa become denser and more confluent, connecting portal triads and central veins. The fine connective tissue network contains small vessels, lymphatics, and other remnants of portal triads and surrounds small masses of liver cells.

> These lobular remnants undergo regeneration and form nodules. Inflamation is usually minimal and transient, but may be a prominent morphologic feature during acute exacerbations of alcoholic hepatitis. As the liver cell mass diminishes, the liver shrinks in size, acquires a finely nodular (hobnail) appearance, and becomes hard. (p. 1474)

There are other specific symptoms in this condition which indicate that the motive that we have identified - the weakening of the power of industry and production - is in operation. They include general signs of enfeeblement, such as loss of body hair, and more specific signs of emasculation in men, in the form of impotence and atrophy of the testicles. Most instructive is the occurrence in some cases of the loss of pubic hair. It notifies us, in symbolic language, that the subject was left naked of his civilized powers. If, in that condition, he develops, as one often does, spider angiomas (enlarged blood vessels in the form of red dots from which fine red lines spread out, spider-like), over his chest and shoulders, we might be justified, I believe, in assuming that the subject, indeed, has found himself in a fatal symbolic web of another kind.

/ The situation of French Canadians in Quebec before the rise to political power of the Separatist movement in 1976 would be very hard for an outsider to understand or appreciate. They were a culture under siege. Everywhere in North America, they were surrounded by English-speaking people - a fact which still, today, makes English the normative language. Their language and culture were felt, by them, with justice, to be a devisive force in the country, whose geopolitical

context made English otherwise natural. They were, thus, in a defensive position as an existential mode, and it was exacerbated by the fact that their dialect did not constitute, by definition, 'proper French.' On top of that was the fact that they were not masters in their own yard. A city like Montreal, with a majority of Francophones, was dominated economically by English-speaking Canadians. The situation was obviously humiliating, but what could they do? Create a riot? About What? Nobody maliciously wronged them. Should they cut up this big and beautiful country? For what effect? To remain an enclosed, rather than an open, island of French in an English-speaking continent?

When I went to Montreal in September of 1976, it was my first visit to Canada, and I was, of course, bombarded by the many novelties of the place. Gradually, the effect of most of these new sights faded into fond memories and what remained with me most, today, out of everything that I saw is a very small peculiarity, which I am almost ashamed to admit. I seemed to have encountered, a bit too frequently, the sight of people with bare gums. I even witnessed twice, the sight of two young women, attractive-looking, in their early twenties at most, who were completely without teeth. This made a disturbing impression on me. When I came to the University of Alberta, I befriended Professor Bruce Bain after a while, and, at one point, I asked him about the validity of my odd impression. (Professor Bain was born and raised in Montreal and knows everything about the city.)

He told me that the problem with the loss of teeth was a recognized problem in French Canada, and that it was written about extensively in the press. There were various studies that were conducted by the provincial government of Quebec to determine the source of the unusual wide affliction of it among the young and the old Francophones, and that there was some consensus that held the quality of water to be responsible. Calcium insufficiency was also implicated in the opinion of some experts.

I, however, hold a different view. I believe that French-speaking people in Canada felt 'toothless' in a very profound way. And for people who are inarticulate, this unmistakable and unsettling symptom was the only expression of their human condition.

/ Menopause - Hot Flashes - Osteoporosis

> Harrison's: "Hot flashes occur in 80 to 85 per cent of menopausal women. They generally begin before the periods cease and may continue, though with diminishing frequency and intensity, for many years. Their patholotical physiology is obscure. Subjective sensations of warmth are confined to the chest, neck and face and may be accompanied by diffuse or patchy flushing of the skin and sweating. Hot flashes are characteristically brief, lasting only a few minutes. The severity of menopausal symptoms is affected by the rate at which involution of the ovary takes place. In women experiencing a sudden (not necessarily surgical) loss of ovarian function, hot flashes are likely to be severe, whereas in women experiencing a gradual decline of ovarian activity, amenorrhea may be the only indication of 'the change.'

> Mild depression is not uncommon in menopausal women, its frequency tending to be inversely proportional to the patient's understanding of menopausal physiology....
>
> Osteoporosis is the most serious sequel to the menopause. The incidence of this condition is estimated at approximately 25 per cent of elderly women or approximately 8 million individuals currently living in the United States. All bones of the body are involved, but fractures affect primarily the cancellous bone of the vertebral bodies, femur, humerus, distal forearm, and ribs. Severe pain, with loss of height, results from vertebral fractures. A mortality rate variously estimated from 20 to 30 per cent is associated with hip fractures, and disability is appreciable (13 per cent of survivors are unable to walk). Estrogen treatment cannot restore lost bone, but it diminishes the rate of bone loss. Such loss is most rapid during the first three to six years after the menopause, and the response to treatment is greatest during this period. (p. 1783)

The capacity to produce life in her womb, to be a mother of Man, is an attribute of such weighty consequences for a woman that one despairs from even attempting a description. But, whether or not this ability is exclusively central to a woman's life may depend upon other symbolic arrangements. A modern woman can, of course, be 'creative' in other ways; she can be 'pregnant' with ideas and projects and her work might be her 'labour.' The common symptoms of menopause, nonetheless, suggest that a symbolic event of considerable trauma is involved and the attendant symptoms, as always, are the most eloquent in expressing it. 'Hot flashes,' symbolically speaking, is a close family relative to 'blushing.' A woman with hot flashes seems to be saying: 'My existential essence is embarrassed. I am ashamed in my femininity and I am ashamed against others.' The hot flash is experienced, not just in the face (the public self), but commonly spreads to the breasts. A woman may feel ashamed of her breasts, too, in menopause: with the sense of loss of the core metaphor for the breasts' generous existence. These sentiments are common enough to encompass more than eighty per cent of women. One might say, then, that they are fully understandable for the situation of menopause. But, the fact that nearly twenty per cent of women manage to make the transition gradually and gracefully suggests to me that the motive of 'embarrassed femininity,' although widespread, is still not benign.

The second symptom, osteoporosis, also strikes me the same way. The symbolic operation that is responsible for it seems, to me, straightforwardly readable and very expressive. The loss of height voices the sentiment: 'I lost my stature as a human being.' The loss of bone mass intimates a sense of vulnerability so deep as to be mortally expressed by the fragility of one's bones. I have witnessed such reactions in men, too, who underwent a crisis whose humiliation could not be overcome. But although one can conceive of some women for whom menopause might be such a devastating event to their sense of womanhood (note that the femininity-inducing estrogen treatment can sometimes lead to a reoccurrence of a woman's periods), still one should ask, is this a reasonable reaction? Most likely, I believe, one would find, in the life history of such women, something that may suggest the reason for such a heightened sense of fragile femininity.

/ I feel obliged to describe here a very small fragment of a case because of its demonstrable value with regard to motives that affect babies in the womb. Discretionary reasons forbid me from any

elaboration of the identity of the participants.

The family set-up bears the relatively unusual arrangement whereby the three children (two boys and a girl) are all extremely attached to the father and hardly at all to the mother. This, however is hardly apparent to an outsider. The mother is a pleasant and considerate woman, a hard-working professional, who excels in her work, and is very obviously feminine, with excellent artistic taste. There seems to be nothing wrong with her. The father is both a high moral authority for the children and a continuous source of affection and care, and there is no wonder at all as to why the children are attached to him. But there is hardly any explanation of the fact that the mother plays such a small role in the lives of the children, and has such a minimal importance attached to her effect on them. The relationship between the children and the mother, with episodical exceptions for the adolescent boy, does not appear hostile.

One apparent symptom is the mother's acute fear whenever she goes with any of the children to a crowded place, such as a shopping mall, that they may get lost. Like all fears, it is a symbolic fear and it seems to convey a more generalized fear of 'losing the children' in a metaphorical sense. That is to say, 'losing them as her children.'

I decided to bring up this aspect of the case when I learned that the mother, in all three pregnancies, was hospitalized for a duration of three to four months to provide her with complete bed-rest. By then, she had already had a few abortive pregnancies and was diagnosed for a condition known as 'placental insufficiency.' The symbolic value of placental insufficiency is so clear, and its thematic continuity in the later and life-long relationship between the mother and her children so striking, that I need not add any further analysis.

But the case opens up a possibility that is entirely consistent in the symbolic world: that each off-spring (human and non-human) is born, not as a tabula rasa, but possessed with knowledge. The knowledge is not naturally articulated, but is expressed in his 'make-up.' It is, therefore not a deviation for some lower creatures on the evolutionary scale, which are hatched and grow unattended, 'to know' what to do in their lives. Their make-up is a symbolic program.

Plato, therefore, might have been correct in saying that all learning is in some sense a recollection. For the human baby is, in a full sense of the word, 'conceived.'

* **The Premonition of Diseases**

Apart from the phenomena of diseases proper, there is another, less conspicuous, category that consists of the experience of a disease in terms of the future. That is to say, the fantasy and the fear that one will incur a certain type of disease somewhere 'down the road.'

It is an open question whether this premonition of a certain disease is indeed a herald of such future disease. I should think, at the moment that the association is not a necessary one, and even, most often, counter-indicative. I am supporting myself in this on the experience of hypochondria, although it is somewhat in a class by itself. Nonetheless, it points to the symbolic possibility of experiencing a disease on the plane of the imminent future, without a present symptom. I am inclined to view the premonition of diseases as a half-way victory of consciousness and, by this, I want to state the following dictum: A disease is only possible by the blindness of consciousness. Thus, the premonition of disease shows our consciousness struggling with the preliminary stage of articulation that transfers a future proper disease from the submerged symbols of the flesh to the explicit symbols of consciousness, from the life of the flesh to the life of the mind. Yet, this stage is still very far from enlightenment.

For the analysis of symbolic processes, the particular nature of the disease indicated by the premonition is of great diagnostic value. Let me demonstrate it with the case of Professor Hector Wale.

Professor Wale was brought up by a formidable mother and by a father who was a quiet, but impressive, man with handsome and regal bearings. The parents were a devoted and solid couple who always presented a united front to their children.

Hector was the eldest, and, until the birth of his brother when he was three, there is consistent evidence to suggest that he enjoyed a great bliss, with his mother being the central figure in his small paradise.

The arrival of the brother was a turning point for the young Hector, developing into a pathological nucleus, responsible for all of his misery in life.

As a young man who came for therapy, he enjoyed a prestigious professional position in which he performed competently, and there was much evidence of his sweet nature. He was also a good father to his young son, and it was his matter-of-fact custom to appear well-dressed everywhere. At the same time, his marriage was all but ruined; he had an ongoing affair with another woman, and his relationship with his wife was marked by very aggressive blow-ups, in which he would be engaged in vicious beatings of her, followed by great emotional distress (heart-wrenching crying and lying in a fetal position under his desk).

All this was very incongruous in the same man and especially so if we consider that the couple continued to enjoy their sexual relationship. He tended, in spite of his initiation of most of the physical assaults, to see himself as the victim of the situation, and, in terms of the overall power relationship between them, he saw his wife as the 'queen of chess' and himself as the 'knight.'

The evidence of the Rorschach suggested the view of the mother as an uncompromising and formidable force. One of the images was that of a battleship (a 'she') that is coming straight at you.

The aim of the therapy, was, accordingly, a reconstruction of the turn of events at age three. The associative sequences on the Rorschach strongly suggested signs of explicit sexuality, intimately bound up with the onset of the great explosive themes that marked the trauma.

At that time, I was not yet sufficiently aware of the later discovery that explicit signs of sexuality in a child towards his mother are, invariably, a consequence of some failure of love. I had still taken the universality of the Oedipus complex to mean that one should regard manifest sexuality in a child as somehow natural. Consequently, the following scenario suggested itself: Hector at age three - at the onset of the genital period - presented his mother with some unmistakable signs of open sexuality. The mother, who was, until then, a loving and perhaps slightly indulgent mother, reacted with moral horror to the new face of her son. Perhaps she reacted with guilt to what might have been an unconscious seduction on her part. But, whatever the case, our scenario called for an abrupt and merciless about-face, which, coinciding with the coming of a rival brother, amounted to a traumatic fall from grace.

The Rorschach certainly provided us with ample evidence of an onset of a trauma with nuclear explosive proportions. And, side-by-side with images of pain and anger, there appeared symbols of religious authority.

In the course of many sessions, we revived, in full, the rich associative dimension that enveloped the Rorschach images. Our constructed scenario stood in front of us attaining more and more evidence, gaining more colours, and becoming almost palpably alive. There was no question that the reality of the early trauma was the central motive of Hector's life.

After many months of hard detective work, we were able to trace practically all of Hector's pathological themes to the trauma of his lost paradise. But then, that which I was expecting to occur never happened. There was indeed some noted improvement in the domestic scene. There was even the termination of the love affair. But the main voice of the symptom - the physical assaults on the wife - continued to occur, with much of their devastating effect. Thus, the reconstruction of Hector's childhood stood the test of coherence, but did not stand a more important test: making a symptom fully explicit should have led to its disappearance; more accurately, to its transformation from the plane of action to the plane of conscious symbols. The entire world view of symbolic processes is at stake if this dictum is refuted.

Could the whole elaborate reconstruction have been wrong? When I thought of it, I had to admit that I had failed to heed another signal. Hector never did show any emotive sign of recognition or recall of his supposed expulsion from the Garden of Eden at the hands of his mother. Although everything in his life seemed to have originated from it, he reacted to this early chapter in his life as if it was irretrievably lost in the past.

At this point in the analysis, I had already realized that the shared psychoanalytic wisdom involved some serious theoretical mistakes. There was no way that the genuine early scene of love between the mother and her child could have led to explicit manifestation of sexuality on the part of the boy. This amounted to a contradiction in terms. Something was wrong with the entire sequence of our reconstruction. Moreover, if there were some early signs of explicit sexuality, there must have been some process at work that made the good boy somewhat less than thoroughly good - to put it in blunt terms. What was it? I had to follow here another dictum: the only way by which a human being at any age becomes bad is by acting bad.

How did young Hector get to act bad? The answer was in front of my eyes the whole time: the same way that he was acting bad the whole time up until the very present. Namely, the enactment of vicious temper tantrums. Hector had done it all his life. But how was it possible, with a no-nonsense disciplinarian like Hector's mother. I asked Hector the crucial question: Did he remember ever getting punished by his mother for his raging outbursts? He looked at me puzzled. No, he couldn't recall. He could recall that his father, who could never be moved out of his self-composure and serene quiethood, was moved to miffed reaction by his son's wild outbursts. But it was the mother who was the disciplinarian in the house, and - we discovered - when it came to these tantrums, she displayed strange tolerance.

Once again I was deceived by the image of a parent of seemingly solid principles, who, nonetheless, left some innocuous-looking corner for her child to get away with murder and destroy his life. But isn't this criminal negligence by itself a failure of love? Hector's younger brother and sister formed a united front of disgust against their elder brother for the explicit reason that he got away, unpunished, for his tantrums. And what about Hector? He retained his love for his father intact, but, clearly, his love for his mother was more than a little poisoned.

What happens in a temper tantrum? You are allowed a nihilistic assault on a love object and, by primary identity with your love, you harm yourself. To harm a love object is to be bad. The pain is the pain of losing one's world by one's own hands. The trauma is the trauma of self-destruction.

In the session in which we clarified all this, Hector had no trouble, this time, in recalling the trauma. He brought one after another, episodes of his childhood and early adolescence in which relationships with people whom he loved turned sour or mysteriously cut off after some outburst of his. Hector, it turned out, lost his world many times. And then, without any seeming connection, he started to talk about his fear that, like his grandmother, he will contract Alzheimer disease (senility), when he gets old. His grandmother, through senility, lost, without impairment of language, all memories of her relatives, attachments, and the people she loved.

I suddenly understood the particular symbolism of the grandmother's kind of Alzheimer disease, and why it was such an expressive condition of Hector. In it, too, one loses one's world while one is still alive.

Addendum

Hector fought his badness with his work. He was a thorough-going workaholic and while he worked he was good. Early in his life he had a recurring scene that would appear early in the morning, usually in time of vacation or Holiday. In the scene he would have the sensation of very hard polished wood inside his mouth and there would be a whisper in his ear which repeated only one phrase - "Whatcha going to do today?" An analysis of his association to the hard wood uncovered two symbolic objects: The hard polished wooden bannister in his grandmother's house and wooden blocks like the ones he used to construct houses when he was a child. Hector loved his grandmother dearly and so the two motives of love and work combined in the wooden sensation in his mouth and the phrase, "Whatcha going to do today?" instructed him to work, and to do something good with himself, i.e. to make his self good. Nevertheless, it was only when he was infused with a very live sense of his own badness in the protected atmosphere of the therapy that he was cured.

* The Case of C.

She is a good-looking, 25-year-old girl. (I say 'girl' because you certainly cannot consider her a woman or even a young woman.) She has no interests - cultural or even semi-cultural - in life. She is, on the other hand, obsessed with sexual preoccupations. (It is not suggested that she is constantly engaged in sexual activities, but rather, with thoughts, and the arrival of almost any new man on the scene may be a cause for sexual fantasies.) She was - when she arrived for treatment - also preoccupied with thoughts of suicide.

Behind her was a two-year marriage and a divorce - altogether a traymatic affair in which many times she was close, in thought, to stabbing her husband with a knife. She is, I might add, red-haired, and although there is no outside manifestations to the proverbial hot temper that is associated with that hair colour, anyone who has shared her thoughts knows that her temper is quick to flare below the surface. She is very quick to suspect and to find faults. At the time of the writing of this account (March 16, 1984), she had been living with a young man for three years. This young man is, by his own admission, bi-sexual, and is, as is common with people of that kind, hardly attracted to women. Nonetheless, and although C. cannot conceive of their relationship in terms of total commitment, Ben - the young man's name - is probably the first friend she ever had. (As for childhood friendships, C. told me about a somewhat older girlfriend she had had for many years during her childhood, who dominated her completely, put her down and used to treat her as 'dumb.' C., of course remembers this relationship with anger and bitterness.)

As far as occupation goes, C. has engaged herself solely as a waitress, although she has not shown stability in any one place. She has either left or been fired numerous times.

C. never felt close to any member of her family. One can sense a detached hostility in her sentiments toward her two brothers and sister. Not once have I detected any shade of warmth toward them - she hardly referred to them at all - and evidently they have not played any important role in her life.

The emotional scene is much more stormy - although not warmer - with regard to her parents. Her father was described as a sad and troubled figure. He used to scream at her and she described to me the peculiar symptom that she had developed in response to that. A temporary hearing distortion. Whenever he began to shout, she would hear him only insofar as noise level, but she would not comprehend what he said. The father occupied a very minor position in an office and never advanced. (It was secretly related to C. once, by her mother, that the father's life-long agony stemmed from catching his mother with a lover in his parents' bed.) Through her parents' stories, C. reconstructed herself in infancy as a quiet and withdrawn child who was not quite emotionally approachable. C. in turn reflected this back to her mother and reported to me that she always felt her mother to be distant and in some sense inaccessible. However, the mother was also described as a gay woman and in spite of C.'s prejudice, there was not much fault that she could find with her.

The parents seem, on the whole, to be a couple who care about each other; there certainly is no question of their stable loyalty through the years. Nevertheless, that fact by itself did not endear the mother to her daughter. The mother is a hateful figure to C. and on one occasion she referred to her with an olfactory adjective: "She stinks." Needless to say, there is no objective reason for this description. The mother is a feimine figure and C. could never come up with anything with which she could fault her. C. was always torn between some derogatory description of her mother and an admission that the description in question is not really justified. Thus, on one occasion she referred to her mother's flirting with other men and said that she behaved "as if she is a slut." But soon enough she admitted that her mother was just gay and her conduct harmless and not at all tasteless.

On another occasion C. blamed her mother for being happy in a house where everybody was miserable. The dimensions of C.'s attitude were slowly revealed to me in the analysis. She came one day with the story - disclosed after much hesitation - that she had found one of Ben's pubic hairs in the bathroom and was disgusted by it. One could quite justifiably use a colloquial term and say that C. was in the habit of 'picking on people.' Soon enough I had ample evidence in her attitude towards me. In fairness one should add that C. was quite quick 'to own' her disgusting observations of other people and to correctly refer to herself as the author of it.

As for her mental life, it was based inter alia on the belief that she could trick herself to be in the 'right mood' (e.g. happy) whenever she felt otherwise. The consequence of this was always an endless and exasperating series of sharp inner dialogue with the inevitable increase in self hate. Quite early on in the analysis when her struggles with wishes to commit suicide produced much anguish and anxiety, I suggested an interpretation which reduced much, although not all - of the agitation. I told her that her suicidal wishes (which she experienced almost in the form of commands), were actually secret commands that had been issued by her father.

As for signs of morbidity in childhood, they centred mainly on an obsessive fear of a demon who might come out from under the bed and take her with him. She guarded herself by not sleeping on her stomach. C. was mainly an isolated, feminine-looking, small girl, who could be easily victimized without reaching out to others, without fighting back, and without expressing herself. This picture has some bearing on the adult sexual scene.

Although her mental life was obsessed with sex, she could never open herself fully to anybody in a real sexual situation and was always reserved. And, although aching for fulfillment, she had never had an orgasm in any love-making. She did, however, reach orgasm in such situations by masturbation and it is quite revealing that the only figure she used in her fantasy in such occasions was always herself. She would picture herself in a completely liberated sexuality and thereby achieve orgasm.

The classical description of narcissism as a statement of a lonely love is therefore fully applicable in the case of C. It can be quite clearly seen that with the withdrawal of any affectionate love to others, C. became the object of her own love. How such a mysterious process happens we have not yet deciphered and we may come back to it in another place. (I will only make here the general suggestion that it is tied up with the feminine reception of love and that narcissism amounts to the reception of love without a love object. But that is far from elucidating the entire process.)

What really interests me in the case of C. is, first, the special light that it sheds on the processes of sublimation. Secondly, I am intrigued as to the source of her beauty. And thirdly, I want to give an account of the origin of her demon.

As for sublimation, it seems, in C's case, that when the road to the love of others has been frozen in childhood, the role of naked sexuality becomes very prominent. The obsession with sexuality takes the desperate note of lonely love. Naked sexuality very obviously implies the bankruptcy of love. Nevertheless, it is still - unmistakably so - a search for love. In fact, the entirety of mental life is devoted, in a case such as C.'s, to a fantastic struggle whose aim is to achieve true love. And since love is to be gained for C. through sexuality, it is only natural that it will be at the centre of her life.

In other words, the lack of sublimation - the main vehicle of civilization - which is so manifested in C.'s case, is brought about both by a passive and an active process. The original failure of her love - her narcissistic isolation - is expressed by a near total lack of cultural or professional interests; she is bored with herself; and that is the passive side of non-sublimation. At the same time the channeling of all interests to sexuality is an active process which robs any other things of all value. It is as if the individual knows that he has to win love if he is to win anything else. He therefore is focussing his entire being on the conquest of love.

On the other hand, we may conclude, when love has been secured from the outset, that the symbolic processes of sublimation issue effortlessly from it. "True love is sublime" as they say.

There is now the interesting question of the Oedipal situation in C.'s case. The main insight to be derived from her case is that the classical formulation of Freud of the Oedipal situation can be seen to approximate its pure - or rather naked - form under conditions where love did not prevail. This point was the crucial point in C.'s analysis.

First, there was the obvious issue in her therapy of the endless stream of things which she found hateful in everything and everybody. Her agony was in checking this tendency, owning her hate, and hating herself for being hateful most of the time. Then, it also became apparent that any interpretation that made even a distant allusion to the Oedipal relationships made a great impression on her.

She was visibly groping to learn more about it. I was then faced with a dilemma. Should I present her with a full and naked interpretation of her early Oedipal situation, do I alert her to the universal nature of these relationships, or do I present her with the interpretation in a way which will mark her as a unique case; that is to say, the only person in the world who carried the criminal sentiment of Oedipus Rex. I chose the latter course. I felt that although her case corresponded to the classical description, it was by that fact quite unique. Moreover, nobody lives his life as a universal case. But most important was my feeling that she has to be faced with her personal guilt, in all its severity unaided by the recognition that 'everybody may be like that.'

I remember that I looked at her with dead seriousness and charged her with: One, the fact that as a child she wanted her father to have a sexual relationship with her. Two, the fact that she resented her mother for possessing her father. And three, the fact that she wanted to get rid of her mother. At each point, C. reacted with a startled move of her hand after which she noted with surprise that she, indeed, remembered such a thought. Speaking on her actions at the session, she said afterwards that she couldn't utter a word; she felt she was nailed, and she felt also that the source of her torment had been revealed. That, however, was not the extent of her reaction. For a few days after the session a voice - not her voice, but one that sprang from 'inside' here - came forward and uttered one statement again and again: "You are a bad girl." "You are a bad girl." "You are a bad girl."

Corresponding with this process, she started to feel differently about herself. She felt calmer. She felt stronger - as if she could go and do anything; as if she were up to any task. These sentiments were certainly a product of euphoric exaggeration. No doubt she felt free from being harrassed constantly by flare-ups that had to be checked and rechecked, but there was also one unexpected outcome. She reported that for the first time in her life, she took into her hands a more serious book - a novel - and read it unusually fast. Up until then - it turned out - she, on rare occasions, read slowly, and with great difficulty, cheap, romantic stories. Along with this she reported two happenings which I very reluctantly, will call 'hallucinations.' First, she reported that she had had an often-repeated visual sensation of "things that are moving" at the periphery of her vision. This was a visual illusion. I put forward to her the possibility that it reflected her feeling that "things were starting to move for her" (in a symbolic visual form). She agreed and then reported on another visual hallucination. While taking a bath, she saw - again sideways from her - a slightly opened door that allowed a crack of light to enter. When she would turn her head toward it, the image would disappear. But it would recur again sideways from her. So it was confirmed that a "crack of light" had indeed entered her life.

At this point, a couple of implications are in order, with regard to the famous Oedipal situation. First, it appears that, apart from C.'s case, the classical account of the Oedipal relationships hardly ever exists in a literal sense. When it does, it leads to human depravity, for it seems clear that the naked Oedipal situation exists for the child only in the absence of love. The literal Oedipal description is really a description of a family of apes (or alternately, human criminals). It is exceedingly rare to meet somebody like C. who can remember such thoughts, as a child. It was a basic misconception, then, to think of the Oedipal situation as a product of the child's love, whereas in fact, it is a product of the absence of love. Here is also the origin of C.'s demon. It is indeed a startling discovery that, in the absence of love, the Oedipal situation by itself can consolidate the sense of a live demon in a child. C.'s bitter resentment toward her mother, her 'picking faults with her' carried the unmistakable Oedipal complaint against a rival who deprived her of an object who was not an object of love but with whom, at least, she could 'make love.' And very much like a rival in an unholy triangle, she was very much ready to regard her as a 'slut.' By way of transference - that is to say - symbolic generalization - C. had been picking faults with every human being. C.'s badness resides: a) in the knowledge that her mother was innocent of her criticism, and b) in her unavoidable identity with her mother that had brought inner antagonism, the suspicion that she herself was a 'stinking slut,' and her picking faults within herself.

Please note that all of this had happened without C. ever being anything but a good girl who hardly gave offence to anybody. She heeded her mother's advice with regard to premarital sexual activities and the confessions of her 'crimes' made a very short list, comprised mostly of masturbation and one episode of oral sex. Other than that, she had noted, in herself, an attraction to "guys who are bad in some way." She herself never did anything bad. Her minor transgressions always assumed an air of innocence (i.e., ignorance) and were soon corrected. Thus, when she went to see a show in Las Vegas, she was hugely attracted to the glamour life of the dancers and she went backstage to inquire of one of the ladies how one becomes a dancer. This lady mentioned to her that she would have to dance, like everybody else, bare-breasted, whereupon she noted to herself with shame that she didn't realize that. This ignorance of evil, known also as childhood innocence, had been an attribute of C.'s But even this learning of the bad, after the fact, had not carried C. to any great excesses. She was always saved just in time.

This at last brings us to the question of C.'s beauty. Granted that the body, and especially the face, are so infused with a person's character, how can C., a person who can hardly love, appear so pretty? Anybody who would not heed the Bible's warning about the vanity of beauty and be drawn to C. would soon find the unpleasant surprise that awaited him. What then is her beauty a reflection of? The Case of C. supports us in laying the dictum that a person's badness is predicated in the final analysis only on his action, symbolic or open, whose aim is to harm a non-enemy. The truth of the matter is that C. never caused any offence. Moreover, her naked Oedipal situation made all her hostilities exposed and open to her. She lived her life constantly checking her every move. She hardly ever made even a false symbolic move. She was thus a really good girl and therefore deserved to be good-looking. But how could that be? To be able never to make a false move means that in one's mind the 'other' exists as a fully constituted object. A loved object? Did C. have a loved object?

With these suspicions in mind, I reviewed with C. once again her relationship with her mother. To my great suprise, C. ventured the opinion, at one point, that her mother was and always had been a good woman. Did her mother have any bad points? No. As a matter of fact, she was altogether good. In light of this revelation, several things became clear: 1) That with human beings - and I suppose with phenomena of life in general - the fact that one may demonstrate a whole line of logical conclusions that are therefore compellingly true does not preclude the possibility that at the same time the opposite inferences are also true. This is an important metaphysical implication and we will have an occasion to deal with it again. 2) If C.'s mother is good, then C. by identity, is also good. At the same time, if C. hates a good mother, then C. is a bad girl. C.'s peculiar behaviour of being picky and hateful and at the same time checking and correcting every step of her way to make it a good step, is much clearer now. It is a paradox in motion. (But then again, paradoxes always seem to move . . . and one has the feeling that life itself was given that mysterious force of self-generating motion.) 3) What becomes now of our profound analysis of the naked Oedipal situation being a product of the failure of love. Is this analysis invalid now? No, I think the analysis is correct. The nakedness of C.'s Oedipal situation was brought about by her failure in love. On the other hand, I want to draw to your attention one thing that we have not included in our analysis so far: C.'s relationship with Ben. I want you to note that it is a highly peculiar move for a girl - to whom sex is such a central thing in her life - to have chosen somebody with whom sex would be almost entirely out of the question. You might wonder what the point is. It is true that in one sense you could say that Ben is not an important object for C. For one thing she couldn't think of him as a life-long commitment. Ben did not mind his appearance and he certainly did not look important. Furthermore, he was open to the possibility of her dating other young men if she wanted. However, C. hardly took advantage of that. I then put forward the proposition that apart from being unimportant and, as a consequence of reduced expectations, he allowed C. a more or less stable relationship. Ben was important in another sense. His relationship with C. allowed her only instrument of sublimation. These relationships, by omitting sex, offered an important corrective to the original failure of childhood. The prohibition of sex ("If you push me with sex - he told her - I might become a homosexual.") allowed the relationship to become the medium of second ordering symbolization of sex; that is to say Ben offered friendship and he was, in fact, C.'s only friend so far.

But the fact that C. could chose such a corrective - the fact that she extended her hand to the proposition of friendship already testifies that she had something in her that I neglected to give her credit for. She had some nucleus of a true love object. But after I noted that, I noticed other things too: her openness and lack of resistance for incisive interpretations; the swiftness of her learning in therapy; and the general success of her whole course of therapy.

* The Allergies of Adam Hellman

Adam Hellman had the following symptoms: 1) As a baby, and throughout his childhood, he had eczema over many parts of his body and face. 2) He had numerous allergies - too numerous to count - to various foods and various organic and inorganic substances. 3) He was plagued, throughout his life by asthma attacks.

I asked him first to describe his experience of the asthma attacks. He said that the actual attack did not consist of any particular sensation in his throat. Rather, the acute assault was located in his chest. "It feels," he said, "as if King-Kong embraces me about the chest in an iron grip. I find then that I cannot move my chest in any direction and, consequently, I cannot breathe. All I can practice then is, at most, a very shallow breathing, and actually, I can barely breathe. Naturally, too, it is a very frightening experience and I am under a great anxiety of complete suffocation and death."

We then went on to discuss his allergies, and Adam said that most of his childhood allergies disappeared gradually through the years. There were, nevertheless, quite a few exceptions of very resistive allergies that continued to harass him all his life. He then mentioned, as prominent cases in point, his allergic reactions to hay and to the vapour that arises out of cut grass.

At this point I became intrigued and began an active search for the possible symbolic significance of these allergies. (I did not, however, allow my interest to overwhelm a friendly but - at this point - almost casual dialogue.) I asked Adam why he was allergic to hay. He did not know of course. I reflected upon the issue for a moment and then asked Adam whether he was aware of an almost universal image that is associated with hay; namely, the scene of two indulgent lovers in a barn on top of a haystack. The scene was used so often by novelists and movie directors that, without doubt, it reflects a popular mythology. Adam smiled and said that he was quite aware of this enticing aspect of hay, but that, contrary to popular belief, the idea of love-making on a pile of hay is not such an attractive proposition. The stems of hay - he told me with a grave look - are quite solid, and can tear at your flesh. Some of them are so strong that they can go clean - at one stroke - through the palm of your hand. I considered this unappetizing view of the old barn, and Adam, studying my face, informed me that the same view holds true for cut grass; especially cut meadow-grass. If you walk bare-footed on cut meadow-grass, some cut stems can penetrate your feet.

At this point, I made three mental notes to myself. Firstly, the fact that Adam was allergic, also, to the vapour of cut grass. Secondly, that meadow and green valley grass are also proverbial places for lovers and love-making. And, thirdly, the fact that Adam spontaneously associated those two with his resistive allergies.

I then told Adam that I thought I understood his allergies. He appeared very skeptical and reminded me again of the large number of allergies that afflicted him during his childhood. "Just about anything was a source of allergy for me." he said. "My mother had to keep the house dust free, had to observe the absence of any feathers on my pillow and so forth. One day - he said - they discovered that I even had an allergy to geraniums."

My interest was aroused instantly when I heard that. I asked Adam to allow us to focus for a while on the geranium, and then asked him to describe to me, in detail, what things he found unattractive about a geranium.

"Many people, said Adam, think that geraniums are nice flowers, but I don't. The first thing that repels me about this flower is its smell. It has a vile smell. This flower really stinks! Especially, ever since they found out that I am allergic to this flower, I always feel that this smell is like a poison to me."

"Is there anything else," I asked, "that you don't like about this flower?"

"I don't like its stem. It has a harsh stem. Not a nice squiggly stem."

"Anything else?"

"I don't like the leaves of this flower. They are fuzzy."

"What's wrong with fuzzy leaves?"

"They give you the feeling that they keep you at a distance. A border. They wouldn't let you get closer."

Needless to say, Adam, through the symbolism of the flower and, in a totally unconscious way, gave me a description of some of his deepest feelings towards his mother. Not one phrase of his (quite casual) description was insignificant. Even the preliminary comment: "many people like the geranium," was correlative of the fact that almost everybody, including Adam's wife and son, found his mother to be a nice woman. Yet, said Adam, this woman's love for me, i.e., her smell, is vile. Thus, the image of Adam's mother stood before me through the imagery of the geranium. Her harsh disciplinary measures were reflected by the harsh stem of the flower; and the distance that she kept from a son, whose love was poisoned, and who directed towards her an explicit sexuality, was represented by the fuzzy leaves. A scene that Adam had described to me three months before, sprang to my mind. In what he called "a typical exchange" that occurred in his last summer visit with her, he went directly to her - upon taking his leave - to kiss her. The mother raised her hands up close to her upper torso so as to keep some distance. Adam, at that time, was a forty-three-year-old man. I asked him, then, how did he mean to kiss her, and he said, matter of factly, that he meant, as always, to kiss her openly on the mouth. He then looked at my amused, but slightly disgusted, expression and asked, "Doesn't everybody do that?"

I reviewed this scene in my mind when I clarified, to myself, why fuzzy leaves should appear unappealing.

I then told Adam that the geranium was his "Mom." He considered it, smiling, for a long pause. We then went back to the hay and the cut grass. "These, too," I said, "are metaphors of your love...Your love tears at your flesh." I then asked him what, apart from his nasal congestion, was his acute allergic reaction to the hay and the grass. He said that he believed that every organic thing has a vapour, such that a dog can smell. When he inhaled the vapour of hay or cut grass, he felt an immediate burning sensation inside him throughout his air passageways and his lungs. It could lead to an asthma attack. This was, of course, another correlative metaphor of his love. I told him that his love seemed to tear at him from the outside and burn him from the inside. This is also the symbolic link with the asthma. Breathing air is a very loaded analogue of love on two main counts. Firstly, as an act of intake, it parallels closely with the act of food intake, and hence, its primary identity with the mother and her mode of love. Secondly, and even more forcefully, is the symbol of love as a breath of life. I have seen, all too often among patients, the many disturbances of breathing that can occur when their love is seriously on the line. The symbolic association is unmistakable. In Adam's case, his particular asthma symptom - the sensation of the iron grip around his chest - is a very condensed metaphor that, nonetheless, evokes, in its entirety, a critical historical chapter of Adam's spoiled love for his mother. When the mother awoke one day to face her son, as a toddler, with explicit and unmistakable signs of sexual arousal towards her, she clamped his initiative with steely determination. Adam found, then, any expression of what was 'his love' in an iron grip. He found the object of his love - his mother - in the new image of a King-Kong, whose embrace could be deadly. He could barely breathe.

Adam listened to my account of his symptoms, evidently cherishing the small freedom that the new insight gave him from his suffering. But the stubborn resistance to learn from anybody who symbolized a parent, the invisible resistance that was the most annoying feature of his therapy (and that nearly cost him our relationship), the sense in which he listened politely to everything that was said to him, seemingly appreciating it and, yet, never learning anything from it, this resistance showed itself, in a moment that was clearly very precious to him.

He raised the objection that one was expected to raise, but not at this point. "Surely," he said, "one must grant that there would be sometimes physical reasons for such conditions." I didn't volunteer a response. He then went on and said, "I sometimes can get an asthma attack on an absolutely clear and fresh winter day, when I am out shovelling the snow. Surely, at such times, it is a response to the cold, to the physical low temperature." He looked at me.

"Nothing," I said, "can escape a symbolic interpretation." I said this as if I was closing a book.

He looked at me again and then started to smile slowly. "You mean," he said, "being 'out in the cold' as a metaphor. Being out of the reach of love. Lonely in the cold." "Yes," I said.

"Yes," he said slowly, "that's the way I feel."

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The Case of Tom Killearn

The case of Tom Killearn is ostensibly a case of impotency. This was his major and only complaint. It was the main cause of his suffering, and throughout the entire course of the therapy it not once stopped exercising its effect, directly or indirectly, on anything that we had done. Such naked singularity is quite rare as far as processes of therapy go and it will allow us to see some critical symbolic processes of pathology in much clearer light than is usually afforded through the thematic density of case studies.

Let me first briefly outline his childhood. From the vantage point of Tom, his mother was, and remained, a very peculiar lady. She did not exhibit any outward signs of eccentricity and no deviation from normal standards of conduct in a small-town Anglo-Canadian society, but nonetheless, it was clear that the mother in some way lived her life in an inaccessible plane of reality. Whether she was aware of it or not it is not clear, for in terms of the principles of raising her four sons, she most emphatically and consistently made sure that they were not allowed to misbehave. And yet at the same time it was impossible for Tom to conceive of her as a mother in the first place. How, you ask yourself, did Tom know that his mother was somehow not a mother (since this recognition by Tom turned out to be a very early one)? And how was it possible for a mother who seemingly performed all the duties of her role, to subtly, but completely, avoid being a mother? Yet the evidence of Tom's Rorschach profile at the age of 30 strongly corroborated this impression. My unaided memory readily supplies me with one image of Tom's Rorschach that strongly suggested itself as a metaphor of Tom's mother. It was the vision of the earth as a map seen from great distance of space and partially covered by cloud formations. It takes little more than the symbolic equation between 'mother' and 'earth' to answer my question: How is it that a small child felt that his mother was not a mother? It was a vision of mother earth as a map of a mother seen from a very great distance. I have followed here a classic interpretation of the perception of diffused objects on the Rorschach as signifying anxiety, and we will have an occasion to later see what the substance of the anxiety signified, by the envelope of clouds that partially covered Tom's distant earth. At this point, however, we should not be surprised to learn that Tom never called his mother either 'Mom' or 'Mother.' Throughout his life he called her only by her private name: 'Charlotte.'

I should add here that the term 'peculiar' as applied to Charlotte was not intended to convey an impression of an unattractive woman. Neither Tom's reactions nor the pictures of her that I saw suggested anything but a very attractive woman. There was an air of spunky femininity about her and she had never had any trouble in attracting men. There was, moreover, a sense of power and even confidence that might have derived from it and I will shortly discuss the strange hold she had over Bud - the father. Nevertheless something about her suggested that she was a lost (soul) woman. In a clear case of symbolic memory, Tom related to me an instance when he heard her, one evening, calling one of his brothers home. The "wailing" and "lost" qualities of her cries from the house's porch to somebody who didn't answer had a deep and chilling effect on him that he has retained ever since.

This cry from Charlotte proved to be a premonition. It was one day in Tom's late adolescence that Charlotte packed up her suitcases and left the house and the marriage. "There must be more to life than cleaning bath tubs," was a phrase that Tom heard her utter and whether it fully illuminated her state of mind at the time we do not know. It is clear, however, that her departure was not an impulsive act, for her exit ended the marriage. There never were any pre-warning signs and Tom, in fact, cannot recall that his parents had ever quarrelled. A year before that, Tom can remember looking at his father enviously and thinking to himself that "the man has everything he wants in his life."

This style of doing things, where the real changing drama of the relationships is completely untraceable, is very much the Killearn's style. This was detected clearly in Tom's case where, in spite of considerable descriptive power, Tom could not say anything about his relationship with his wife except that it was "good." Other than that it was, as far as he experienced, completely uneventful.

The parents' marriage ended as if by the single act of closing the door and ended without quarrel or bitterness. The mother moved to a large city and involved herself in a string of affairs with a series of strong, imposing, masculine men who were all amiable enough on one hand, while on the other hand, showed some disturbing signs of involvement with the law, possibly even outright criminality. One of the men met a violent death; the other, to whom she was married, ended his life by a non-violent, but sudden death. Notwithstanding these unfortunate turns of fortune, the mother did not, so far, show any signs of being completely broken or devastated and at the time of my writing she still leads her life in the vicinity of one of her sons in the same city. She has retained, moreover, friendly relations with her former husband who, at one point when she was in acute financial distress, came to her aid with a significant sum of money.

Bud, the father, also cut a strong masculine figure. He was a salesman and was somehow involved in the auto industry, although not in a big way. His small time occupational stability and his physique made him a strong figure in his son's eyes, but not an inspiring one. His stature as a man was critically clouded by the peculiar "hold that Charlotte had over him." "Bud," said Tom, "was hen-pecked by Charlotte." The term 'hen-pecked' was native to the sons and Tom related that in the company of his younger brother, he used to 'joke' about that for as long as he could remember. I should add, perhaps, that my sense as he told me this, was that these jokes did not always involve real merriment among the sons. The essence of that loss of stature consisted of the blind obedience and the lack of independent judgement that was displayed by Bud whenever he was called by Charlotte to exercise his authority in response to an undisciplined conduct of the sons. On such occasions, Bud would bear intently on his sons with the single mindedness of an attack dog that was released on cue. Needless to say, he inspired very little affinity for himself. At the same time it is important to note that Charlotte, who was seen clearly to be "calling the shots," nonetheless attracted very little criticism for her part. I have to conclude from this and from other indications that she had an unerring sense of what was permissible and what was not permissible for her sons. Whatever else was true of Tom, he had a strongly imprinted sense of "Thou shall not" and a healthy respect for the law. We may see later that it was his clear sense of morality that saved his day.

Here we are at the point where we can momentarily halt our pace in order to draw some conclusions. The fact that in this case, the father, because of the loss of his status as an independent agent, was dissociated in his son's eyes from being a symbol for the 'spirit of the law,' had significant consequences in the realm of identity. Let us bear this in mind together with the fact that it was the mother who was in this case, the moral agent. The very simple truism that equates morality with humanity enables us to see why it is the case that the parent who signifies by his actions and demands the moral imperative, is the one - other things being equal - more likely to form the central identity with his child. The process in this case is utterly simple: in one sense, one can say, that the stand a child takes against his parent involves the most penetrating moral evaluation even if it is completely inarticulate, and even if the child is three weeks' old. If, then, the parent is the 'law of the heart,' the very spirit of the categorical imperative, the child embraces him whole-heartedly, and with the same embrace he embraces his own future humanity. To the extent that the parent violates the spirit of the law, a moral stand is involuntarily formed by the child and the embrace becomes more tentative. This is the embrace of identity. The terms of child/parent identity ensure that the child, on the one hand, and in any case, will mirror the flaws of his parent; and on the other hand, the qualified nature of his embrace or even outright rejection consists of his judgements of these flaws. Both go to form him and become the axis of his internal identity conflicts, crises or harmony.

Is it any wonder that the child will prefer to embrace his ego-ideal? The one to whom he can look up or wants to be like? It is in the nature of the case.

How do we assess the identity of a grown up man? First we look at his appearance. Tom appeared to be tall and with a firm constitution. This is both a physical and a metaphorical description; for his manners were strong and decisive with even a touch of amused, ironic royalty. In this, his person reflected the robust masculinity of his father. His voice, too, was deep, rich; of handsome masculine resonance. This, then, is one statement of masculine identity (I: - "Weren't you, in fact, closer to Bud than to Charlotte?" Tom: - "Yes, although I hate to admit it."). On the other hand, there were moments in the sessions while Tom was - somewhat awkwardly - trying to express some delicate feelings, that his hands accompanying his speech assumed an airy femininity.

There is, though, another dimension in which one can assess a man's identity, which is very often not easily read in his appearance. It is an immense dimension of human existence composed of human talents and incompetencies, favourite activities and hateful activities, what a man loves to do and hates to do, and what he wants to be or avoid being. These numerous attributes come up, to form, in every individual, his unique structure of intelligence. And this 'iceberg' structure may often be revealed by one's 'occupational identity.' In this complicated field we would have lost our bearing if it were not for the mark of stability which is magically stamped all over it.

This thematic stability which touched everything in our childhood that we loved to do, and sealed our young adulthood by giving permanency to everything that we desired to be, is obviously the field of enduring love. It is the testing ground of whom we loved and how much we loved: reflected both in the femininity and masculinity of our favourite fields of action, and in the permanence and intensity of our interests and consequently the talents that we develop. I have mentioned somewhere else my belief that civilization is founded on human love. It is in this domain of interests and talents that the march of individuals and civilizations is the same. (As for my proposed identity between talent and interest, it is far from an obvious one. What makes it hard for us to detect their synonymous relationship is the fact that a given talent is the other side of a sometimes complex thematic structure of interests. This is what is known as the 'strengths' and 'weaknesses' that an individual brings with him to a given task. But granted this complexity, there is still no reason to assume that talent and interest are two different things. There is no such thing as somebody who has certain talents but has no interest in pursuing them. It is a myth founded on the kind of consolation given by teachers to concerned parents: e.g. "If only he would show more interest.") If we need a sign that the field of occupational identity is the field of permanent love, we can find it in the exact correlation that we find, in terms of age, between the formative beginnings of adult love and the same beginnings of professional identity. Both are formed by the verb 'to be' and both mark (somewhere between the age of 18 to 22 for most of us) the end of adolescence.

In this field of "interests" Tom showed the other side of his identity with his father: his rejection of it in the field of Vocational Psychology. On what is known as the 'Holland's' factors ('Realistic' [i.e., tool-oriented]; 'Intellectual,' "Social,' 'Enterprising,' 'Conventional' and 'Artistic') which are, in effect, six symbolic dimensions that are in widespread use in the field for the classification of occupations, Tom showed no interest in any occupation that was coded by the interest test I gave him, as 'Intellectual' or 'Realistic.' Such a categorical rejection is somewhat unusual for a man. He indeed showed no interest or talent in using tools and showed no interest in pursuing any academic studies.

I would like to tell you that in previous work of mine, I demonstrated, with the aid of that grand whore of science - Statistics, that young adults who showed, as children, positive identity with a 'father figure' also showed corresponding inclination towards Intellectual and tool-oriented occupations. A positive identity with a 'mother figure' came together with a corresponding inclination towards 'Social' [e.g., a school teacher] and 'Artistic' occupations. A situation of positive identity with both father and mother 'figures,' but with no subjective preference as to whom one would prefer 'to be like,' resulted in a corresponding inclination towards 'Enterprising' [business] occupations. Finally, a significant conflict in the classical terms of 'to be (like) or not to be (like)' with regard to the 'mother figure' came together with a predilection for 'Conventional' occupations (I hope I will be forgiven for such instructive but facile remarks as: 'Hamlet would have loved being a Bank-teller.').

Now, you ask, why should I condemn such a study, which throws an unsuspected light on the psychology of occupations, just because of the sin of using Statistics? Firstly, let me say that the only valuable part of the study was the symbolic analysis that allowed me to search for those statistics. Secondly, I might add, that my statistics, for the most part, were particularly impressive and convincing. But lastly, let me say that in spite of 156 subjects that were carefully interviewed and scientifically manipulated by me for this study, it recently took me only one (1) well-placed case study to harbour a deep suspicion about the veracity of the entire enterprise. A patient of mine - Green Eyes - who had a father who was always weak, noisy, and impotent in her eyes, and had, at the same time, a subdued, but very potent, mother whom she came to love, has shown me on her Rorschach Plate No. 3 the image of two African women working together. The image suggested the close identity and harmony between mother and daughter; the sense of rootedness and acceptance of their feminine role and the calm shouldering of whatever life dishes out to a woman. She then proceeded to make the airy remark that these figures could also be men (!) and she pointed to a feature of the blot that, with some imaginary displacement, could be construed as 'penises' (which these figures wore near their knees). I then had to face the possibility that a 'father figure' can, in principle, be a mother and vice versa. This is a realization of fundamental importance for the processes of symbolic identity and it has a major implication for our troubled time; nevertheless, I cannot begin to understand how, with this confounding factor, I ever got my impressive statistics, which were based at least partly on the perception that 'a man is a man is a man.' This experience has become a good demonstration to me of why statistics is a promiscuous art. It should be clear that a few case studies would have served the truth much better than my 'scientific' game with probabilities. I seriously believe now that the philosophy of statistics gives us a pretty cogent reason why we shouldn't draw conclusions based on it; if we only care to listen. What statistical experiment, after all, could have given me that unique set up of 'variables' that would have allowed me to arrive at such a far-reaching conclusion as the one case of Green Eyes. And without this conclusion, what other statistical results of thousands of studies can be considered true? In psychology, we can only be assured of a real 'control of variables' in one single well-mapped case study at a time; which is why Freud was right once again in the choice of his investigative methods.

Let me get back, then, to our neglected case study: Tom Killearn.

In his case we needn't consider that confounding symbolism which we just raised. His father was certainly not a 'mother figure' in any way, nor was Charlotte in any sense a 'father figure.' Tom, in fact, referred to some softness in her which served to make her somewhat a human 'court of appeal' that operated above Bud's rigourous 'nit-picking' justice. Above all, she was, as I said, a woman and in the cosmic world of the family she was the woman-above-all.

We have to bear in mind this peculiar scene that constituted both a family mythology and a world unto its own so that we will not be surprised to learn that Tom, secretly and in spite of the insurmountable distance at which Charlotte placed herself with him, extended towards her an embrace of identity.

The first sign of it was to be discovered again in the same realm in which he rejected his father: the realm of his aspects of identity projected onto his interests in occupations. Here, Tom showed definite inclinations in lines of occupation which were subsumed under the symbolic dimensions of 'Social' and 'Artistic.' His inclinations were not overwhelming; that is to say, not every 'Social' or 'Artistic' occupation seemed attractive to him, but they were definite and were reflected by his real life choice of occupation.

I should add here that this seemingly total rejection of Bud in contrast to the remote embrace extended to Charlotte was not a clear-cut affair even in this hidden dimension of occupational interests. For there was one other dimension - the 'Enterprising' sphere - which together with Artistic and Social were the only dimensions of interest for Tom and, moreover, his interest in it was at least as healthy as in the other two areas. I have already stated in my previous work that Enterprising, unlike the other five dimensions of occupations, is, symbolically speaking, not an occupational dimension at all. "The businessman may be a busy man, but he does not strike us or himself as having an occupation." The reason is located in the symbolic verb of occupations, which is fundamentally - 'to occupy.' It is the position of sexual identity - the paradigm of all identity - which is occupied by an occupation. And it is precisely this position which is somehow not occupied by a businessman.

The symbolic fusion in which the two distinct signifiers of masculinity and femininity have lost their independent existence and have to be embodied in one figure, is the distinct quality behind either a businessman or a businesswoman. It is demonstrated by the "African women" of Green Eyes who "could also be men." (Indeed Green Eyes showed a significant Enterprising inclination as well.) But what all the various conditions are under which such metaphorical fusion can happen, is not yet clear to me. In Green Eyes' case, it was evidently brought about by the single figure of the mother, for she clearly couldn't find anything about her father that she 'wanted to be like.' But in many other cases that I have seen, the fusion was more likely brought about by some measure of embrace of identity that was extended by the child to both parents and the inability to show hierarchial preference to either of them. "Whose child are you?" was the question. "Do you want to be more like Dad or more like Mom?" and one voice in the child said "Both alike."

I have used here the term 'one voice' advisedly for as profiles of interests readily show, every strange configuration of the six dimensions is possible. I have seen for myself, first-hand, the rare predicament of people with significant inclincations on both the Artistic and Conventional dimension and their life-long frustration. It is clear that a child can come with several voices about his identity with his parents and these voices become the basic and somewhat distinct modes of his identity 'make-up.'

Thus, it is far from a rare performance for Tom to reject his father on the Intellectual and tool-oriented dimensions, to extend a half embrace to his mother on the Artistic and Social dimensions, and then to show separately that he fused some of their elements together on the Enterprising dimension in a manner that says: "I am no more Charlotte's child than I am Bud's."

I am approaching now that part of the analysis that will lead us to Tom's central symptom: his impotency.

First, let me describe the graphics of the situation. Tom's impotency was essentially associated with what I would call the metaphor of 'entering the gates.' Tom was forbidden from entering the 'secret garden' that was certainly not closed to him by his wife. Any attempt in this direction on his part would invariably be followed by a failure of erection. This immutable situation necessitated an adjustment which consisted mainly of taking turns in reaching satisfaction by the couple, and can be described as solitary love making in close proximity. Tom would typically reach his climax on top of his wife within a minute.

The task of the therapy was to find the meaning of the puzzle. Why impotency? What was it expressive of - in Tom's case?

The wife, Sara, was a good young woman. Raised strictly, to be considerate of others, she developed tact and diplomatic skills in handling people and gradually developed a successful public relations career. It is not an unimportant fact to know that in Tom's symbolic universe, Sara was, without a shadow of a doubt, a good woman.

I posit this as an important fact, first, since Tom's portrait, by contrast, was an intricate design composed of various shades of light and dark. In a curious way, one could find one's self liking him while retaining a bad opinion of him. In the beginning of the therapy my liking of him hardly entered my consciousness since, on the other hand, he was palpably bad. It took me some time to discover that he was thoroughly decent, that he was a 'law-abiding citizen' and that he was not likely to give anybody a bad deal.

Nevertheless, there was an impish air about him even toward the last part of the therapy when he 'became good' and his face acquired a good-natured expression. His face was indeed remarkable in giving him the look of a jeering urchin. He had raven black hair tempered by strands of grey (suggesting that he was not without his own agony in his relatively young age). His ears attained the peculiar shape which was faintly reminiscent of the classical Medieval drawings of devil's ears. The upper parts of the ears were almost glued to the skull, giving them the menacing anxiety-look of a chased fox. (What is the particular symbolism that shapes devil's ears in their stereotypical way may have to do indeed with the animal association which thereby creates a sense of diminished humanity. But that matter is not yet entirely clear to me.)

Most remarkable, however, was Tom's nose. So remarkable, in fact, that I despair of ever giving it an exhaustive description. I will content myself, therefore, with a metaphor and say that it had the formidable, impudent and impermissible projection of an imp's nose (I use here the allusion to the penis' erection with the conviction that, indeed, it is this symbolized erection that gives the devil's visage that challenging, defiant, expression of one who is "looking for trouble." The same expression of defiance executed with the crude but now almost universal hand gesture or pointed finger - pointing always upwards to the one superior being above us - carries the same sentiment of mocking anger and challenge that is the mark of a devil's face.)

It was clear then that not everything was in order in Tom's kingdom. The early troubling signs in childhood were very few but ominous. At age five he dressed himself up as a Nazi for Hallowe'en and went innocently with the costume into the street in broad daylight until the first neighbour caught sight of him and sent him home. A second memorable incident occurred when his parents moved to another location in another town. Tom, who was then already a creature of habits and fixed routines, and who stood to lose all his friends, without being consulted about the move, was frustrated to the point of feeling lost and confused. He then took his hamster and twice (!) pressed its ear to the lamp's hot light bulb while the poor creature squealed. (This story was his most horrible secret and his agonized disclosure of it to me established, strangely enough, the point of complete trust between us.) The last incident of this kind involved the confinement, in a deserted location, of a smaller school-child whom he did not know and who did nothing to deserve it. Tom was eleven years old and his voluntary apology to the child afterwards did not do much to relieve his conscience.

Clearly, his collection of three incidents, in a child's life is not enough to establish somebody as a 'bad boy,' but then we are coming to the awesome question of establishing the hidden terrain of darkness. At what point does it determine who is bad?

Tom regarded himself as a good man and indeed he was not the type who was prone to cause harm by mistake. His law-abiding conduct added weight to his claim. There was, moreover, an indirect sign to which I attached great importance: He was vigorous and healthy all his life and, what is more, his body was extremely quick to heal itself of any wound. This reinforced my perception that he had a very alert sense of morality and it ruled out the possibility that he was likely to stumble unknowingly into something bad.

But what then was bad about him? I could only come up with the following indications. His humour in the opening stage was very seldom good-natured. It was mostly a cutting humour and sometimes it was scathing and acerbic to the point of being not funny. His work in the entertainment world involved the execution of practical jokes which were not entirely without a touch of cruelty. On the other hand, they were 'after all' harmless and in 'good fun.' (It is always good to point out that when one talks about humour it is a capital mistake to make a case for a total reduction of evil. Humour, in the final analysis, is always good fun because it represents, by sheer 'joke-cracking,' the victory of human charity over misanthropy.) Whatever else I will say about the dark side of Tom, I still cannot recall another process of therapy in which therapist and patient spent so much time laughing hard, sometimes to the point of tears, while conducting the serious business of therapy. There must have been an imperceptible growth of affection as therapy progressed.

A typical point was the commotion that he always made about the monthly fee he had to pay me. It would have been very hard for an outsider to detect that he could well afford it. He certainly came close to making me uncomfortable, but he was always an inch short from getting a rebuke and in the end, his ritual of amused despair disarmed the issue. It seemed indeed that each expression of badness was brought in short order under the dominion of his humour. He liked nothing better, he told me at some point, than to sit with some "buddy" and "cut up the world." Such sessions could be dead serious, but at some stage, they would become a farce, and finally a self-parody.

The question, then, of how to apprehend 'badness' in human beings is as tough as it is important. There is no question more important than this in human studies and there is no phenomenon more illusive both to the subject and to his observer. The darkness is as evident as it is, by its nature, invisible.

The only place where one can apprehend the dark side of human beings directly and in a state that is fixed, as it were, forever, is on the Rorschach. It is there for one's leisurely gaze, sometimes even if one is not a deep reader of the symbolism of images. Why the Rorschach? Because the Rorschach is itself an invisible but unshakeable trap. Everything that one sees there is a self-statement, and knowing this will not help one break it even if one deliberately sets himself to do it. One then applies an invisible mirror against another invisible mirror and suddenly sees the phantom. However, it will be a foolhardy exercise on one's part if one tries to make direct inferences from these images to actual conduct. Ghosts are not meant to exist.

Tom's Rorschach, understandably, was populated, among other things, with a heavy load of shady characters. On Plate No. 1, he actually said mid-way: "If I look sideways I see a horrible creature, but I don't have to look sideways." Nevertheless, in the second round of the Inquiry, he remarked, "The whole thing [the blot] is like a satanic face." This was a recurring - although not an exclusive - theme, all through the Rorschach. There were "God-awful insects;"

"Two hideous creatures about to start a war with each other;" "Here, the bottom middle is disturbing. It looks like the skull of a steer, horns are coming out. And here I see a human face with crowns...er...big hats. They are dark looking: The devil's sneering at the steer's skull." etc., etc. There was even, for dessert, on Plate No. 10: "Two spiders munching on black blue flies. Here is the eye [white]; the arm - signalling, 'Hey, it's a great supper.' Here [green] is the insect-kabob that they are about to munch too." This last description is Tom at one of his excessive points where his humour has passed into the danse macabre.

The Rorschach has left little doubt that Tom, although a young man who would do no wrong was -- what in the old days used to be called, with great justice, an 'evil spirit.' (But what does it take, one might wonder, to cross the line into criminality if a man with these kinds of images is still in conduct and in truth a good man? A good question. It is the kind of question that will show one what is so tough in comprehending the question of badness. For the time being there is only one way I can answer: Tom Killearn has hardly done anything wrong.)

One can see now what it means that in Tom's eyes, his wife, Sara, was a good person. (This, firstly, is already an improved answer to the last question: namely, Tom is good, despite everything, because his love is good. A man, by virtue of his identity with his loved one, is good if his loved one is good.) It means that she was an object of reality uncontaminated by his otherwise sinister perceptions. It means that any offence towards her would be unthinkable. And it means that we have indirect, but confirming, evidence for our reasoning regarding Tom's Social and Artistic inclinations. For, despite the distance, there was something about Charlotte which he liked. He couldn't, otherwise, have chosen a good love. The hypothetical embrace that, we believed, he extended from afar to his mother did exist.

There now remained to be seen what the other pieces of the puzzle were.

First and foremost was the question of Tom's sexual development; but here we found very little that was eventful. Aside from a habit of masturbation which began at age 10 and which he never really gave up, there was nothing else of note, since Sara was Tom's first and only love. His fantasies during masturbation were also what one can expect of the stuff that dreams are made of. That is to say, visions of voluptuous young ladies who were all seen to be more than willing and ready to engage in out-and-out sexual engagement. There were a few instances in which these women were seen to be with their hands tied on a bed, but, on the whole, the fantasies were nothing but saucily erotic.

What, then, should one make of this?

I could only note that the age of 10 seemed quite a young age for a career of masturbation; I noted also that the fantasized ladies were either borrowed from the literature of popular erotica or were recent and casual acquaintances of Tom; perhaps more important was the massive guilt that was associated with the entire act in Tom's mind, including what we began to call the 'private movie house,' or the 'private reel.'

But apart from observing these far from extraordinary details, there was nothing on which to go; not even a map that indicated that the puzzle existed. With the absence of any obvious road signs, I could only rely on one general symbolic equation. Impotency is very clearly the core metaphor of the failure of love. It was permissible, then, to conclude that Tom's love was flawed. But what does it mean? Can I content myself, in Tom's case, with this wisdom whose all-encompassing net gives it the status of near ignorance? Can I simply say that Tom betrayed, with his symptom, the impotency of his love, and close the case? The very act of coming to therapy reveals an unconscious knowledge on the part of the subject that there is somehow a way for him to surmount his constant defeat. Even if he experienced great agony, his agitated despair would have turned to resignation and mute acceptance if he did not sense a way out. And what is this way out if not a pinpoint and accurate excavation of the mechanism of his failure in a context of relationship in which this 'bringing to light' is the opposite of condemnation? Granted this, my generalized understanding was nothing other than recrimination in the sense, at least, that such 'understanding' condemns a man to his misery.

Tom himself was the inverted leader of this journey in the dark by bringing us again and again to the scene of his repetitive and constant defeat: his impotent non-act.

Thus, I took it upon myself to review, in microscopic detail, the scene of his 'misconception.'

I will cut a very long story short here and tell you what a comparative analysis of many of such failed episodes revealed in terms of a common plot. You have to, first, remember that Tom never resigned himself to his impotency and each amorous occasion was a new trial in which he carried the ambition, if not the hope, of 'making it.' Nevertheless and notwithstanding such fine intentions, it would so happen that as he would approach his mission his 'private movie house' would turn on and start screening the kind of fantasies with which you are already familiar. An enticing young woman, of say, recent acquaintance, would come, in vivid form, before his eyes and invite him to a most appealing intercourse. But, as soon as that happened, the way to his wife would be lost. A big wall would emerge - as big and palpable as his fantasy - and this wall would signify his end of the road. That is to say, he could see the promised land from afar, but couldn't enter it; his potency would vanish in the very attempt. He could only proceed with his private reel outside of the gates and climax himself with his fantasy.

This basic sequence of events was, in fact, a rigid scenario which resisted change. Very soon, it became the ultimate mirror and the acid test of any significant interpretation. But, more significantly, in the attempt to penetrate the riddle that was at the core of this story line and in the struggle to overcome it, there opened a process which gradually brought a definite transformation in Tom's personality.

There were a few major land marks on the way. First came a bitter complaint that Tom brought against himself. The whole situation, he claimed, had become for some long time a 'win or lose' affair. It is not, he said, an occasion of love making. All he can think of is 'to score.' There was, in this last complaint, an intimation in a slightly disguised form that somehow this impotence was a failure of love. It also opened the way for us to consider his character independently of his 'symptom.' Next came the whole discursus of badness. Tom came to admit that the girls in his fantasies were secretly judged by him to be 'bad girls' in some sense. What, then, was he trying to do? - sleep with his good wife while having sexual fantasies with bad girls at the same time? And what would have happened if his wish had been granted? - a contaminated world in which nothing is sacred. Thus, the 'law of contradiction' whose rule over our mental life is the same as its reign over logic, came to assert itself categorically in an occasion where the subject was trying to construct the symbolic equality between 'good' and 'bad.' The image of the wall symbolized the term of disequality, thus: 'Good ≠ Bad.' (This, by the way, is a good point to note in what way is the classification by Lacan of our mental life (or the Universe) into the 'Imaginary Order,' the 'Symbolic Order' and 'the Real' problematic. For although Lacan used it to assert some fine distinctions, it confounded everybody from realizing that in the final analysis everything is symbolic in terms of its meaning. Thus, to say that Tom's wall is imaginary, is to overlook the fact that, ultimately, it is a symbolic product.)

Where did the 'bad girls' come from? Did they not signify something about Tom? Why was he unable to face Sara directly in a sexual act? These kinds of questions led us to discuss some symbolic aspects of the sex act. I pointed to the obvious - that it was frequently referred as 'to make love;' that it is intercourse with the 'other;' and that its successful execution, when one is operating on these terms, depends on the identification with the 'other' while "making it."

These exercises in contrast inevitably brought the next turning point. Tom discovered that he was 'egoistic.' He was shocked to discover that a whole dimension of reality was opened to him and he suddenly found his 'egoism' everywhere. "I cannot believe this," he said, "it's me, me, me all the time." He soon wanted to know how he became that way and how he could break himself of it. A review of his history from this particular angle convinced us that the mere remoteness of his formative love objects was sufficient to account for a child who, if he did not completely withdraw his hope, found himself in a hungry and insistent search for his love; ergo 'egoism.' Tom, at this point, lost his appetite for insight. He wanted to know 'practical' ways in which he could break the pattern. I suggested that one doesn't take a break to make love; one either does or does not make love all the time. And with this, Tom turned to Sara to enlighten him about his shortcomings. Needless to say, he opened many hitherto non-existent avenues of discourse with his good wife.

All these were very fine developments in their own right; one can even say that the very attempt to throw light on his adverse effect on others was, by itself, an act of consideration for the 'other' and the beginning of the end for the supreme rule of egocentric hunger. We, however, had a sobering mirror to look into at the end of Tom's obsession with his 'egoism.' Did anything change in the 'symptom?' Hardly, I should say. He did manage to penetrate for the first time, but that was the extent of the achievement; for he wilted immediately afterwards. The faithful mirror said metaphorically: 'This is the right way. You have penetrated. But this is far from home yet.'

There was obviously a very keen and stubborn judge who passed those sentences. The same one that kept up his bodily health and ensured that all his torment was a moral one. But what was his sin now? "I cannot help," he said, "from having those fantasies pop up whenever I approach. And then, of course, the big wall is immediately there."

It was becoming evidently clear that something about the combination of the fantasies with love-making was fatally wrong. "But what is this?" said Tom. "According to all the statistics, seven out of ten people are having fantasies while having sex. Why shouldn't I be able to do it?" "Most of us," I said "are getting sick from time to time. A lot of us are chronically sick. Does that mean that any one individual illness is less pathological as a consequence of the statistics? Do you really prefer to be sick in another way?" "But why?" insisted Tom, "shouldn't I be able to pull off what any half jerk can pull off?" "It's a good question" I said, "I have one patient who appears to be consumed with guilt each time he is about to take the top large towel from the shelf on his way to the shower. Now why shouldn't he be able to 'pull off,' as you say, something that, for all of us, is a matter of course? It turned out that, in his home, the top large towel used to belong to his 'Old Man.' Each time, then, that he tried to pick up that towel he was performing an act symbolic of the 'replacement of his father.' There are, then, actual crimes that are symbolic crimes and symbolic crimes that are not obviously criminal."

"Ugh," said Tom after some silence. "What is my crime?" "All symptoms," I said, "and especially stubborn ones, are to be compared to poems. They are composed, like onions, of many layers of meanings. Freud referred to this aspect of symptoms as a case of multiple determinism. Let us begin, in your case, with what is obvious. When a man is having an extra-marital affair, he is, in one colloquial phrase, 'cheating on his wife.' This is a very good term because it alerts us to the comparability of an affair with cheating. What is the crime of cheating? It is a symbolic manoeuver which allows you to avoid giving yourself to your love. Its essence is the use of a lie, and the meaning of a lie is a statement that is not representative of the self. Thus, to give a lie to your love is to, symbolically, remove yourself from your love. In this way and provided it was your love, it's a crime against love. Now, when you are trying to make love to Sara while having those fantasies what is it that you are doing?" "I am cheating on Sara," said Tom. "I know, I feel guilty about that." "But," I added, "you are not cheating on a wife that resembles the wives of some of those others who have fantasies - that is to say, a wife-who-deserves-to-be-cheated. You are trying to cheat on a wife who is thoroughly good in your own eyes, and that is more difficult to accomplish." "I see," said Tom, "but what can be done about that?" "Well," I said, "if you will tell Sara about your fantasies you would stop being considered as cheating on her, wouldn't you? Your private movie house will get to be public and, who knows, you might get to feel a little less lonely as a gratis." "Ooooh," said Tom, "that will be tough. That is not the Killearn's way."

It took him a month to overcome the Killearn's way. He was also positively afraid that Sara would promptly divorce him. When he finally made his confession, Sara couldn't understand what the "big deal" was. She, too, she said, was sometimes fantasizing.

That was a big step; but what was the mirror saying? Not much. Tom and Sara got closer together. There was even the first tentative talk of children between them. But apart from some subjective improvement, Tom was as far from gaining his potency as ever. We began to realize that the 'symptom' was an awe-inspiring, unsentimental judge. Tom began to call 'him' the absolute and demanded to know what could be done. "Our guilt," I told him, "is our only reality principle. Let your guilt guide you."

Faced with the 'absolute' and having explored all the dead ends, Tom Killearn relented and began to disclose what was, for him, the most private and the most painfully sensitive information about himself. But his timing also showed me once again how powerful the patient is in controlling the length and the developments of the therapy. The issue was, innocuously enough, masturbation. "Massive, massive guilt," said Tom. "I would never touch the subject with anybody. I always felt it was wrong. I always considered it a weakness and I always felt dirty afterwards."

Tom felt, in short, that it was the fact that the same fantasies that accompanied his solitary sex acts also 'popped up' in his love making with Sara, that constituted the main criminality.

But why - I asked myself - is there such a "massive" guilt about what is, after all, self preoccupation? "Is there anything that is common to all of your dream girls aside from their seductiveness?" I asked him. "Yes." he said. "Ninety-nine times out of one hundred they have black hair." I had already heard and recorded this fact a long time before that and noted then that black is what marked those girls as bad. But now the photograph of Charlotte flashed before my eyes quite out of the blue. The photograph that Tom gave me and was preserved in the file. It showed, seated, a lion of a man (that was Marlo, Charlotte's second husband) and beside him, a blossoming - not cheap - but erotic woman, smiling with gusto and assurance, black-haired and dressed in black: Charlotte. That was the object of desire! "You," I pointed my finger towards Tom, "in the guise of all those dream girls, made love to Charlotte all the time."

In the week after this session, Tom told Sara that he had been cured. No bearing yet on the 'symptom,' but nonetheless he felt that he had 'turned the corner.' From now on "there are only some minor things to straighten out." he said. It was a somewhat premature judgement, but I couldn't fail to be struck by his idea that he was 'cured.' I suggested again that he tell Sara about the new developments. He did and came back a week later with a dream that made a strong and vivid impression on him. It was a "good dream" with some spectacular "special effects." In the dream, Tom found himself with Sara in a big supermarket. He was about to urge her to move quicker and pass the grocery counter girl. But then he noticed that the whole supermarket was deserted and they were standing there all alone. They looked up and saw an unusual spectacle: a sea of fish flying through the air. It reminded him of the closing scene of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," and both of them marvelled at the magical sight. "The sea of fish," he said "were probably salmon or something."

This last casual remark about the fishes being "salmon or something" which Tom threw in as an after thought, was, in fact, the vital key to the dream. The salmon - as every North American child knows - is the fish marked by his legendary journey from the ocean all the way upstream to the sources of the rivers. The sources of the rivers were consequently both the breeding grounds of the salmon and their grave sites.

Thus, the dream offered itself to the following interpretation: The salmon was symbolic of Tom's primary life motive - the drive to the sweet water and through it to the distant source of his life and love, represented by the hardly accessible mother. That the salmon is a fish makes it a mixed metaphor indicating its fundamental status as a life motive and therefore an 'instinct,' but also signals its capacity to stink. (Note: 'something is fishy here;' that is to say, an odious affair.) And that, needless to say, alludes to the fact that the drive towards Charlotte was not all that "kosher." Nevertheless, the dream portrays the fish as flying through the air, and this graphic scene is an extravagant description of the process of sublimation that occurs when an accurate analytic interpretation elevates a murky 'fishy' motive to the enlightenment of consciousness. The result of my remark about his hidden, but alive, sexuality towards Charlotte had Tom's fishes flying through the air, and the mundane location of the supermarket was not only a place where Tom bought his meaty steaks (= hungry love), but also a place which was transformed, by the power of interpretation, from the trivial to the spectacular. The sharing of the enchanted sight between Tom and Sara in a place which suddenly became all theirs, evidently followed Sara's recent audience to Tom's private secrets. The dream was "good" because Tom and Sara could now share what had been an undercurrent motive that became a marvel.

It was a time then of deep probing and reflection. The first question was subtle but theoretically all important; in essence it was - 'Why were the fantasies a crime?' - but it was complicated by the following considerations. Given that the dream girls were symbolic of the mother, one might say the symbolic proximity made it a crime, using the aid of masturbation, to have sexual satisfaction with them. It was, one might say, too close for comfort in almost having sexual intercourse with the mother. But isn't all love symbolic of the mother? Don't we have innumerable instances of husbands calling their wives 'mother?' True, many of them might be afflicted with impotence (Ernest Jones, in his biography of Freud, tells us that Gustav Mahler was seized with this affliction when he called upon Freud and was alerted by him to his calling his wife 'mother'). But not all of those instances are thus afflicted; far from it. How then, can we draw such conclusions if we have even one case - which I surely witnessed - of a potent husband who calls his wife 'Mom' with no apparent guilt or crime involved.

The only possible conclusion then is that the nature of the love to the mother was by itself criminal. And this conclusion forces us, in turn, to assert that any failure of love, to a greater or a lesser extent, is criminal. Consequently, it is the illumination of this aspect of his 'love' to his mother, rather than the association of the dream girls to his mother, which gave the force of 'cure' to my interpretation. Indeed, Tom later contended that the contemplation of this association did not produce any sense of guilt, and that was so in spite of the fact that the continuation of his masturbatory acts into his marriage produced intensified guilt with regard to the act itself _in toto_. On top of the old sense of wrong, he now had the additional sense of infidelity to Sara.

Significantly, _we do not have to postulate anything with regard to the sense of evil that had begun to take hold of Tom as a child except the failure of love._ In other words, I find no clinical need to postulate the innate or independent existence of aggression, death instinct or any other forces of evil except as they derive from love that has gone wrong.

But here, I am pitting myself not only against the post-World War I's Freud, but also against a certain prevalent perception of the primacy or prominence of the Oedipal stage in the matters of love. For, if the seeds of evil are inherent in a wrong love, then we should be able to trace the signs of pathology past the Oedipal stage and all the way back to the womb. (Here, of course, I am joining forces, at least for part of the way, with Melanie Klein.) At the very least, we should study the breast feeding stage much more carefully.

In Tom's case, the following could be ascertained about his breast feeding stage. By and large he rejected his mother's milk. A particular scene has been transmitted as part of the family history in which Tom, as a baby, in one instance of breast feeding, threw up what he had just then consumed with enough force to spray a fine mess over the wall. As is always the case with such family legends, what is retained and transmitted is an event which assumed its power over time because it was, from the beginning, a symbolic event. That is to say, such events are retained because they reflect a larger reality. Tom, as the case turned out, rejected not only his mother's milk, but any other milk that was given to him as well. Thus, the case was considered serious enough that he was sent to the hospital. There, the baby underwent various examinations (of which I have no direct documentation) and it was finally determined that he responded favourably to a special kind of milk that was excessively rich and thick. From then on, the infant Tom subsisted on that brand of milk until he moved on, at a later age, to other kinds of food.

If you carefully consider this little story and are unwittingly holding on to your symbolic vision, you will find everything that you searched for in it. Think first that the baby is an all knowing subject, and next, warm yourself to the possibility that the entire life story that you have heard so far was already contained, as in a seed, in the peculiar quality of Charlotte's distant love, and you will immediately realize that the infant Tom already made a diagnosis with his entire biological self: he revolted against Charlotte's love (i.e., milk) by combining the core metaphor for all riots and revolutions; that is to say - revulsions. And he asked for more; a richer, thicker milk - a liebfrauMilch. He had to have more -

otherwise, he would have starved to death. We can confidently assert that Tom was already hungry and greedy in his love long before the Oedpial stage. But to talk about love all the time is a great misnomer because true love is never hungry. What we have here is already a perversion of love.

Why, then, the dominance of the Oedipal stage? Because it lends itself so easily to the unmistakable figure and symptom of our collective criminality. Its universality is the inverse sign for the rarity of true love.

Would one then put it, as a dictum, that the Oedipus complex disappears at the point of true love? I am not sure about this point. Love signifies the unity of one. It is an identity with one object symbolized by a total embrace. Total commitment carries total possession. Love carries the symbol 'one.' What, then, can we make of the striving of total possession of the mother by the child. Is it not the mark of love? How benevolent can we expect the child to be at being dispossessed of his first love by the father? And yet, if he were not dispossessed and thereby gently nudged in the direction away from the nest, wouldn't he lose the way onward for his true adult love? These are difficult questions. I can only say that even if you counter me with the assertion that the Oedipal situation signifies the impossibility of true love, I can still counter you with the dictum that the active Oedipal complex is a sign of our criminality, and, hence our pathology. For, suppose the child is the recipient of true love from both parents, isn't it conceivable that he will try to assert the full possession of his first claim of love for the mother and wish to eliminate his rival? And isn't he, perforce, bad, for his wish and for all his symbolic acts that betray this wish? We do know that in homes that are blessed with a love that deserves our merit there is hardly a sign of the Oedipal complex, but can we theoretically conceive a love where it disappears entirely? That I do not know. But let us assume certainty and grant that the Bible is correct about the notion of original sin and that indeed as the Bible says, "Sin hovers at the door" always. I am still correct in my view of the Oedipus complex as our criminal code. Nothing can prevent me from asserting this while everything in our clinical experience points to it.

Consider, for instance, this image from Tom's Rorschach which I included, previously, in the series of Tom's devil motive. We saw there the skull of a steer with horns coming out of its head and beside it was a devil's face mocking it. Let me interpret it for you.

On one level of meaning, the steer's skull is the symbol of the father: Bud. He was formerly a powerful steer who was crushed, devastated and cuckolded by the mother - Charlotte, hence the horns coming out of its head. The devil's face belongs to Tom who mocks him for his defeat. (Tom: "A couple of months before the sudden separation, Charlotte started an affair with some guy whom she took eventually. We had a steep driveway and at 1:00 o'clock a.m. I could hear her car slipping noiselessly down and then I could hear her starting the car in the street. And I chuckled and thought, 'Oh Charlotte, Charlotte.' Strangely enough, Danny and I never felt critical towards her about this." When I asked him about his father's reaction it became clear to me that Bud kept his composure intact, in spite of the soft spot he had for Charlotte. "He once remarked to us that the guy was a 'turkey,'" said Tom, "and the guy did turn out to be a turkey. Other than that he didn't show anything." Bud, apparently with great courage, 'took it all in,' but Tom was not consciously cognizant of this virtuous performance until I asked him. Bud was a defeated man, but that he went down bravely was not noted by his son.

You can see, then, how easily an infant's badness becomes an Oedipal crime and why the devil always seem to mock a presumably dead father. (Tom: "This summer when I go to visit him, I want to tell him what a prick of a father he was." I: "He always kept you from doing wrong." Tom: "Yes, that was his saving grace; but he never, outside of discipline, exchanged any words with me as a friend. He could have saved me if he did that; because I always wanted to look up to him.") Thus, I say, whether or not true love is possible or can only be desired, it is still true that a wrong love is criminal.

Do we not say, then, that all pathology is criminal?

Yes, I say that it is expressive of it. Now, in Tom's case we are not, unfortunately, afforded a wide view of it. Characteristic to his case is that the sum total of his pathology expressed itself in one symptom in the order of what we still call psychopathology; (that, by the way, is what made the symptom so loaded and so resistive to therapeutic change), but we seldom find purity in nature and even in Tom's case we are able to trace some signs of somatic pathology. His infant affair with the milk started as a somatic affair (i.e., 'metabolism' and perhaps a moody stomach), but then, it effected a symbolic transformation which was eventually channelled, too, to his main symptom. Tom developed an unusual appetite for 'meaty' food. He could easily consume three - four very healthy steaks per dinner and would have loved nothing better for the rest of his life. This he always did in extended periods (when Sara was away from home for many weeks on occasional work missions) without any apparent harm to his metabolism. The same held true for chocolate, which he consumes ravenously, and this combined and remarkably rich consumption never made him fat. His system was always starved. This hunger for the 'flesh' in which he took so much delight easily extended itself to his saucy dream girls on the same symbolic dimension: they were the 'meat of life' (Tom: "How can I give them up, they are so much fun?"). But this hungry motive proved to be the last barrier for his recovery.

The other somatic symptom developed during the period of his pre-adolescence. It involved an allergy to a plant that is commonly known in his area, in Eastern Canada, as 'Rag Weed.' This weed grows during the spring and summer (like almost anything else in Canada) and it is composed of a green rod-like stem with leaves, and of a yellow-golden flower. At the end of the season the golden flower turns to white and the season's winds blow this 'white stuff,' made of seeds, everywhere. At this point, Tom's allergy habitually began - in reaction to the 'white stuff' - with the usual sneezing and irritation to the eyes and nose. I asked Tom how he felt about this plant and he said that he "hates this bloody weed." This is always important to establish. It is a different case when someone is allergic to something that he does like. (Note for instance the reaction of quite a few young women to cats. They are allergic to cats while at the same time expressing their liking for them. The cat as the proverbial female is a ready symbol for the identity that is established between 'mother' and 'femininity' and can easily assume the disharmonious duality that a daughter can consequently feel about womanhood.)

In Tom's case, the allergy to the Rag Weed was reflected in the abhorrence that he retained for it. And here, you may wonder what it is that I presume was the voice that was expressed by this somatic symptom. The symbolism is quite straight-forward and is inherent in the 'white stuff.' The white transformation of the flower into seeds makes it an inviting symbol for all seeds in general and for human semen in particular. If you add to this the object-less and indiscriminate mode of dispersion that is assumed by the Rag Weed as its means of reproduction, you will get the hidden analogy that exists there with the equally object-less act of masturbation. In other words, the flower poured his white stuff copiously all over the place in much the same way that Tom's semen was poured pointlessly in his solitary act. That the flower is a weed only enhances the perception of its analogy as uncivilized wild growth, capable of penetrating everywhere and sabotaging any civilized enterprise (symbolized by domestic grass yards and cultivated garden flowers). That the growth and dispersion of this weed can hardly be checked by human effort is a fact that serves to make of the allergy the kind of mute poem that such a symptom usually constitutes.

The timing of the onset of this allergy paralleled closely with the emergence of masturbation in a position of dominance over Tom's sexual life. (I may add here that the general coincidence of most instances of seasonal allergies in the Spring season, is easy to understand in light of what we have already encountered in this work. The spring is the season of the reawakening of life and love, the season of procreation in nature. This fact alone should make it problematic for all our troubled love.)

The last somatic symptom that could be detected in Tom's health profile seems minor to the point of insignifiance, but I, nonetheless, would like to raise it from obscurity. It involved the most invariable form that his 'Cold' took whenever it seized him: he would first be affected in his nose; then mouth; and lastly his lungs would be involved to produce a thick mucous phlegm that he would expel. If we proceed from the understanding that the common expression 'to catch a cold' is metaphorically significant, then what we have in the process of 'catching a cold' is a case where an embrace of love is extended to an object which then rejects it. At this point - quite rare in normal social intercourse - one 'catches a cold.' Now, in Tom's case, the consistency of both Charlotte's and Bud's treatment of him made for a good training in the avoidance of 'catching a cold.' Tom never did embark on a search of love with his mother - it was so clearly out of the question. But in his relationship with Sara he described the process of his attachment as moving from the first stage of 'lust' to a second stage of 'love' (after a few years of marriage) and in this progression there was an increase in the instances of his 'catching cold.'

The involvement of the lungs here is important, for in contradistinction to the heart which is the organ from which love issues and flows, the lungs are a recipient organ whose function is to 'catch the breath.' And although its symbolic identity with love is legendary in terms of survival ("love is like breathing"), the mode of analogy is evidently different than the heart's. In clinical practice one frequently meets with an individual whose own capacity for love is insecure and it can often be seen that when life brings on him the possibility of a geographical separation from his loved one, or the danger of a real or imagined break-up of his, it is quite a usual sight to see 'shortness of breath' or other breathing difficulties. In more extreme cases it may even be accompanied by paroxysmal tachychardia (rapid heartbeat) which can frequently occur without any other abnormality. Over all, the correlation between shortness of breath and heart palpitation exists, but it is not mechanically a necessary one.

The fact that in Tom's case the lungs were involved in his colds is expressive of the greater gravity which this condition signified in his case. Usually, the common cold (which mirrors the social situation that gave rise to it by falling on the subject without warning and catching him by surprise), affects only the area of the nose. Now, the nose is a known stage where all the dramas of irritations are taking place - as in allergies - and its mode of operation is mainly a 'running nose' which, acts together with 'sneezing' to 'chase out' offending agent. After this first stage of the ritual, the nose usually resorts to a second stage wherein the breathing passages are blocked. (Quite naturally, after you throw out an odious guest, you proceed afterwards to close the door.)

All in all, this is not ususally a very serious drama. It is true that the expelling of air that occurs in sneezing has some implication for breathing especially in fits of sneezing that are associated with an allergic reaction or sometimes with asthma, but the drama is still located mainly in the theatre of the nose. When, as in Tom's case, the lungs are regularly involved in the cold, the whole act of breathing is implicated and the drama is correspondingly more serious.

Our language had detected the symbolic connection between the pathology of the lungs and a certain pathology of love in the case of pulmonary tuberculosis. The common term consumption is not readily apparent. But if we trace the symbolic identity between 'love' and 'fire' (Note: 'an old flame') the metaphor becomes clear: tuberculosis refers to a condition of love that burns tortuously, without an object, and consumes itself (hence 'consumption'). [Those of us who may have some difficulty in comprehending such a mode of love may be surprised to learn that under certain conditions masses of people can be afflicted in such a way. It may be difficult, for instance, to recreate now the climate of emotion that pervaded Central Europe during the World War I era - a time when the spread of tuberculosis assumed unprecedented epidemic proportions - but a short glance into personal diaries or personal correspondence from that time may be revealing enough. In the German-speaking countries in particular, it was a time in which the torch of love for one's nation burned perhaps too fiercely, and that love, with its object slowly disintegrating, consumed itself. This was a time of, shall we say, national consumption. For a recent reaction of this kind you may note the light, but significant, rise in the incidence of tuberculosis in some parts of the U.S. following the series of American misadventures in the post Vietnam era. Among Americans for whom the U.S. role has not been in moral dispute, the same fatal combination of intense patriotic ardour and a painful disappointment exists, although due to the fact that the American involvement did not constitute a total war commitment in recent events, the pain is incomparably less severe. Patriotism, like any other love, is a love by identification, but - asks the wise one - is true love a blind love?]

The possibility for the association of the lungs with the more severe conditions of 'catching a cold' is, of course, quite obvious in the various kinds of pneumonia (pneumococcal, staphylococcal and Klebsiella pneumonia) with the exception of 'walking pneumonia.' Here, the usual symptoms are most instructive. One 'catches' pneumonia in much the same way that one catches a cold: the onset of the condition is sudden, dramatic and takes one by surprise. It actually begins with paroxysmal shaking chills, which are the substance of the classical sight of chattering teeth and a trembling bed. The attack can last up to half an hour; this is a violent reaction. The subsequent symptoms of high fever, sweat, flushed face, and a hot and moist skin are a mixture of fire and water (but a far cry from the drenching sweat that is encountered in the 'galloping consumption' stage of progressive pulmonary tuberculosis. There, a patient becomes emaciated in a short time.) No doubt this is an intensified drama of 'catching a cold.' The frequent occurrence of cold sores around the corners of the lips after the first attack of pneumonia is another reminder that the symbolism of the common language can point to very useful connections. As with the common cold, 'cold sores' have very little to do with the temperature and a lot to do with the pain that is commonly experienced by the unexpected 'cold shoulder' of a loved one. In typical pneumonia, the lungs are involved in the major symptoms: a painful cough, a painful chest and rusty brown or red stained sputum. Expelling the offensive agent is obviously more painful. The entire act of breathing is painful and rapid (anywhere from 25 to 45 times a minute).

Why have I gone to such lengths to establish the gravity of the implication of the lungs in a failed love episode? Because this symbolism will help to elucidate the very involved case of cigarette smoking and the identification of images of lungs by Tom on his Rorschach.

I have found, often enough, that the act of breathing becomes a symbolic replication of a drama that occurs previously in the nourishing process of the infant. Both food and breathing constitute an 'intake.' Both food and breathing stand equated, in terms of symbolic identities, with 'mother' and her love. Thus, there is a ready and easy path of symbolic transference between those two modes of survival. And since breathing is often a more versatile and expressive medium for the drama with the love object than sucking or eating, it can easily become the centre stage for many productions. We can see this clearly in the field of asthma where one chokes on air rather than on food, and more particularly, where attacks of asthma are found to be direct allergic reactions to various kinds of foods. (Over all, the general prevalence and fatality of untreated respiratory disorders such as acute bronchitis and whooping cough in infants may show in what sense 'beginnings are hard.')

In Tom's case his formation of the habit of cigarette smoking was again a replication, in the domain of breathing, of motives which we had already encountered in his case. By his own admission, what he liked in smoking was the inhalation of "thick, rich, and aromatic air." This description is, of course, parallel to his description of the meaty steaks and "thick, rich gravy" in which he delighted. Tom, then, displays in his act of breathing the request for more, and in smoking one finds the very appropriate answer: asking for more (than pure air) is poisonous. This indeed is a 'fearful symmetry' to the question of love: asking for more than pure love is poisonous. Thus the act of smoking diverts the scene of the crime from the greedy stomach to the guilty lungs.

It might be appropriate if I present here from Tom's Rorschach profile, all the instances in which he identified internal organs of the body.

From Plate No. 3:

"The red in the centre is a butterfly. I see many butterflies. Here at the bottom centre is an x-ray of upper torso (lungs and ribs). Two human figures here. Actually, they look like those in "Close Encounters:" two humanoids. Here the arms and shoes."

[Inquiry stage: "The two humanoids are pulling at the upper torso as if it was a wishbone. No, actually they are holding it for demonstration."

(Interpretation clues: 'butterfly' - a refined symbol of femininity. It points at the same time to a healthy sublimative strain of love for a woman figure; and to an aspect of feminine identity in Tom. 'X-ray of upper torso (lungs and ribs)' - x-rays = death rays; a sense of fatality surrounding the area of the lungs and ribs. 'Humanoids' - a symbol of diminished humanity. 'Humanoids from "Close Encounters"' - an aspect of Tom's mother: Charlotte. A perception of her as something of an alien creature occupying an inaccessible dimension of reality ("Charlotte was a whacko.") At the same time it points by identity to his own self. 'The upper torso as a wish bone that is being torn apart by the two humanoids' - this is the metaphor of Tom's pathology. The lungs signifying the forbidden wish. The rib cage signifying the boundaries of prohibition. Both are first being torn apart by forces of diminished humanity (referring to Charlotte and Tom at the same time). Then a reversal of these early tendencies, in which the strange forces are now holding the lungs and rib cage "for demonstration." The earlier association of the lungs and ribs as an x-ray representation suggests in summation now a medical pathological exhibit.

One suspects that corresponding to the reversal of the early tendencies, is the double perception of the humanoids as, first, 'human figures.'

From Plate No. 9:

"You are saving the good ones for the end. [A 25 second pause] Down bottom is a piece of meat from Safeway. A steak. I see a lot of things here but they don't...add up. Oh. A couple of lungs. Hearts. More lungs than hearts. The lungs are also, on second looking, rams crushing into each other. Maybe cows. That's maybe why the meat is down there. I also see a butterfly again. The whole thing."

[Inquiry: "I see now the axe blades. The butterfly has faded; I don't see it now."

Interpretive clues: 'Meat' - the symbol of hungry love.

"A lot of things that don't add up" - an experienced difficulty of integration. When things are not 'adding up,' then most probably they are diverse and irreconcilable categories (such, for instance, as the 'desire for meat' and the 'affairs of the heart').

"Oh. A couple of lungs." - The pivotal cue is the "Oh." The state of mind just prior to that, was one of disorientation and loss in the face of things that do not "add up." But now a symbolic dimension was found (the lungs) which will give a unitary display of irreconcilable motives.

"Rams crushing into each other" - Note again: a scene of destruction associated with the lungs. "The lungs are also, on second glance, rams crushing into each other." The ram is a heavy, powerful animal. The metaphor of pathology is, as always, the collision of wild, blind and uncompromising forces.

"Maybe cows" - that the rams are 'maybe cows' is a statement that reveals the secret of the conflict. A cow is a reference to a woman that lost human respect. It is somewhat on a par with 'dumb blonde.' One does not love a cow. Having a desire for such an object is in Tom's parlance: "pure lust." Thus, it is a crime against love and therefore it is humanly degrading. This is, in essence, Tom's struggle. The lungs are implicated in the desire and the immutable opposition to it that is signified by the crushing of the cows. The 'cow,' by being also the source of meat, is also the symbolic link with 'lust' as a hungry love. (Note Tom's statement: "Maybe cows. That's maybe why the meat is down there.")

"I also see a butterfly again." - the clue is inherent in the timing of this statement which came immediately after the cows and the meat. A 'butterfly' in contrast with 'meat' has no substance. It is a symbol of ethereal feminine beauty. It stands for the product of the successful sublimation of true love 'away from the flesh.' The appearance of the butterfly in proximity to the cow's meat signals the other pole of the conflict. [It is of decisive theoretical importance to note that in contrast to the duality of love vs. death instincts proposed in the later writings of Freud, there is nothing in the clinical material that is manifesting itself in the present conflict except the irreconciliation between a motive of sublime love and an aberrant love.]

"Axe blades" - the axe blades were seen by Tom (in the Inquiry stage of the administration of the Rorschach) looming just above and adjacent to the 'lungs/'rams'/'cows' image. Because of this proximity to the living flesh, the symbol of the 'axe blades' signifies here the cutting force that is used to transform what was "one flesh" into two separate pieces. One suspects that this image evokes that distant quality of Charlotte which made her removed and separated from her own 'flesh and blood.' Note that immediately after Tom had identified this symbol he remarked: "The butterfly has faded; I don't see it now.]

From Plate No. 10:

"This is not an unpleasant card. A lot of strange bloody insects. Here are two spiders munching on black, blue flies. Here is the eye [white spot]; the arm signalling, 'Hey, it's a great supper.' Here [green area] is the insect-kabob that they are about to munch, too. They also look like they are going to fight each other, and then the arms are raised for charge.' Here is the trachia and lungs [top grey area], also two animals climbing up a tree. A wishbone [bottom green]. A key [orange, middle], a maple tree key. Lungs. Those are regular lungs [top grey]; and those are smokers' lungs [middle pink-red, large areas]. These are camels' heads [sides, yellow]. And these are sea-horses.

"Wait a minute. I see now the first human face [top grey] It's darkening. The eyes, nose, look like there is evil there. Here is a rabbit [bottom, green] and from his eyeballs are coming horses and dust. It's not real. Here is the Falkland Islands and here is a destroyer [middle, pink-red area], but I'm only joking.

[Interpretation: The first part dealing with the spiders munching on insect-kabobs is suggestive enough of Tom's particular brand of evil fun without any need for us to get into elaborate analysis. Note, in particular, how the motive of greedy eating is depicted as monstrous, and note on the other hand the opening statement that "this is not an unpleasant card." Of immense theoretical importance (the Freud versus Adler dispute) is the way in which the motive of naked indiscriminate appetite (desire) moves through the agency of the spiders and becomes a motive of open aggressive attack ("They also look like they are going to fight each other..."). In chronological derivation of motives, poisonous love precedes aggression and the naked assault of power. Adler, it seems to me, deserves to lose his dispute with Freud.

As for the lungs, they appear twice and each time the pathological association is unmistakable. The same location on the ink blot that was perceived as "trachia and lungs" was also perceived as, first, "two animals climbing up a tree" signifying the vigorous pursuit of animal-like desires), and again as a "human face...darkening...evil." The second location that was identified as "smoker's lungs" was also identified as the "Falkland Islands" and a "destroyer." The symbolic identity between 'earth' and 'mother' enables us to understand the Falkland Islands as a metaphor for Charlotte, who must have been as distant as the Falkland Islands, as inaccessible, and by virtue of her distant obscurity, in danger of becoming an enemy territory (Tom is identified here as England). The destroyer - signifying the British expedition force - is on an aggressive mission to retrieve and repossess the lost islands (very much on the model of the Falkland War). However, in spite of the successive assault one is left unsure of one's possession (in view of Argentinian conflicting claims). Argentine geographical proximity to the Island makes for a ready symbol of Tom's somewhat estranged father. The last statement, "I am only joking," sounds as a forced attempt to qualify an impermissible wish.

This then is a "smoker's lungs." Curiously enough, Tom referred to the grey part of the ink blot as the "regular lungs" while the middle pink-red area was designated by him as the "smoker's lungs." It is a common knowledge that the reverse is true: healthy lungs are pink while smoker's lungs are grey-black. And yet, Tom's comment was unsolicited and he made a deliberate gesture to point it out; it is not, therefore a simple mistake. It is rather, I believe, a straightforward symbolic suggestion that his "regular lungs" are grey and they are darkening like the alternative image of the human face), while his "smoker's lungs" are - judging by the specific pink-red hue of the area - positively inflamed. We have here, in short, a symbolic indication - delivered in the convoluted language of symbolic codes - that illuminates to us why Tom's lungs are regularly involved in his colds.]

Am I flirting very closely to an assertion about the significant relationship between smoking and lung cancer?

No. I hope I haven't made it that simple. We are dealing here with nothing but a non-serious complication of common cold. One may indeed be surprised by the degree of pathology that is involved here. Nonetheless, I have reason to believe that cancer is associated with morbid signs of a somewhat different order. I had an occasion to witness such a contrasting example with one of my patients, who left me with a distinct impression of the difference. In homage to Freud's "Rat-man," I referred to that patient in my private summaries as the ant-woman. Her face still haunts me. Something about the bulging eyes, the protruding lower jaw, which looked a bit both dislocated and menacing, the rolling and darting movement of the head, the narrow neck - in fact the entire structure of the body and limbs - and above all, the roaring joyless laugh which always unsettled me; al this gave the distinct appearance of a human ant. This young woman had some irreconcilable motives about her mother whose hidden explosiveness and locked jaw morbidity was such that Tom's conflict by comparison is nothing but a smooth dialectic exercise. The focal point of her complaint was a ferocious attack on her mother for being such "a slave and servant" for everybody who came along, for "putting up" with so many impositions, for consenting to carry any burden that was thoughtlessly thrown at her, for labouring under the added weight of her mother-in-law ("the parasite" who "had no business settling comfortably and permanently in our house without even asking; and who was never helping around.") etc., etc.

One may infer from all this a deep care for the mother. Indeed there was somewhere a motive of compassionate love for a seemingly virtuous mother. But the above attack was unmistakably hostile. Her entire personality appeared to be a negative image of her mother: "Nobody is ever going to do that to me!" She appeared belligerent and had a way of putting the 'other' 'on the spot.' I asked her to act out a certain phone conversation that she had had with her mother and I was struck to discover how subdued her voice was when she 'talked' to her mother. And yet she was sufficiently burned to be content to stay long years away from home and to wish never to return.

I could never discover any other irreconcilable motive except the one that was expressed by the above terms (the relationship with the father was good enough), but then, this conflict must have started early. There were indications in her childhood that she unconsciously asked herself to die: she used to run to the half-desolated road near their farm and stand there in the traffic lane, with her hands covering her eyes, waiting for a car to come. This habit was soon cut short by some distraught drivers who screeched their cars to a halt at the last moment before running her over, and who made the point of pulling this strange girl to her parents and letting them know. She had a violent epilepsy attack at age 18 which was most revealing of her condition: she woke up afterwards with a peculiar amnesia of identity. She did not know who she was, and she did not know the woman who was tending her and obviously trying to help her. That woman turned out to be her own mother. This condition lasted for a couple of hours. Translated into symbolic terms the entire symptomatic episode carried the following meanings: 'violent epilepsy attack" = 'Grand mal' = 'being violently bad.' 'Loss of consciousness during an attack = 'a wish for ignorance about one's own violence.' 'Amnesia of self and mother' = a murderous wish to eliminate the existence of herself and her mother.' This episode that attests to the logic of identities signifies that even in a case where the identity with the mother is so fanatically denied, the denial is not an undoing and, therefore, a hopeless manoeuvre. Consequently, a child cannot hurt a parent without hurting himself; ergo: the child is the first victim of such a symbolic offence.

The ant-woman had another wish: she vowed never to bear any children. (That was contrary to her husband's silent wish and this devoted man had a way of tiptoeing around his wife's most explosive vulnerabilities,) For her, it seemed to be a question as fundamental as life and death, and yet she could never explain to herself the making of her choice. When she once got pregnant (by mistake?) she went, without hesitation, and committed herself to an abortion. But then she found herself plunged into an emotional chaos. The nucleus of the storm turned out to be a very vivid hallucination in which she saw herself holding a baby. Only at the end of her power to cope with the situation did she come for therapy. It was in the first stage of the therapy that her wish not to bear children was interpreted to her as signifying her rejection of her mother and consequently of motherhood in total. When asked to contemplate the idea of being a mother, she first had a vision of herself as being saddled and put upon "just like mother" and following that, came a very hostile rejection and denunciation of the idea. It was not a very difficult interpretation and indeed she reacted to it by berating herself: "How was I so stupid as to not realize it." But the equally obvious interpretation that her vision of herself with a baby and her entire emotional agitation following the abortion indicated a desire for motherhood, was met with a frosty silence. At a later point in the analysis, I tried to demonstrate to her the two sides of her ambivalence by asking her to tell me everything that she liked about her mother. It was a curious list that was comprised of the mother's infinite patience, her inexhaustible application to duty, her desire to do good, etc. Each statement she made, she immediately countered by stating how much she despised this quality and how hateful this "goody-two-shoes" conduct was to her. I seized this precious moment and pounced on her quickly to point out her contradictions. The result of this was for her to encounter an anxiety attack right in my office. She felt that "the walls were closing in on her." She appeared afterwards a bit more thoughtful and a touch less belligerent. As always, her strong moral decency forbade her from mounting an attack on me when she conceded the validity of a point.

When I took her Rorschach I found a few references to a "fungus growth" on the plates and to "lung cancer." A week after the administration of the test I was alarmed to learn that a growth had developed all over her legs.

I then faced a most difficult decision. Should I or shouldn't I communicate to her my view that she had some likelihood of contracting lung cancer? It was an insane professional risk that could easily have led to my destruction. My perception was based on a world view that was yet to be known, to say nothing of being accepted. It contradicted any present common sense inside and outside of science. There was no reason for my patient to assume that in my humble office inside the most conventional Medical Centre she was to meet somebody whose word had to be taken against everybody else's. I knew that if one word about my prognosis spread prematurely, I might find myself a ruined man. And yet, I had no moral way out. If I withheld my view I would open, to my patient, two possible kinds of danger: 1) she would fail to contact a lung specialist who would monitor her lungs regularly for any early warning signs; 2) I would fail to force into her consciousness the idea of cancer which, once it exists as a live metaphor, has less need to exist in the flesh. Could I live with myself if she contracted lung cancer? No. I had to tell her.

I told her. She reacted with disbelief and questioned my authority. She later went and consulted the medical doctor who ran the clinic as a private practice. He was profoundly shocked and advised her to terminate her therapy with me immediately. He did not even suggest a talk with me himself, although the relationship was always cordial.

The ant-woman acted on the 'medical advice' and terminated what was then a very rewarding progression of therapy. I never saw her again.

Anyone who is wishing to embrace symbolic investigations to their 'bitter ends' in his clinical practice should know that the present is a very vulnerable time of take off. Before the path is conquered and the mass of accumulated evidence overwhelms the critics whose skepticism is their prerogative he might encounter, on his way, moral dilemmas of the most acute type. He would then look into his heart and nothing would guide him there except some lonely certainty. He will find, then, that if he doubts his own sense he will slip and fall from the tightrope.

I should perhaps state the point of my lonely certainty.

It was a curious and most unreliable measure. Each time I sat in the presence of the ant-woman and, even now, when I am reminded of her, I have encountered a vague but unmistakable pain deep in my chest. Although my heart is not with her now, her sense of anguished despair and dread - for some unfathomable reason - still fills my lungs. I sense her and her anxiety attack in my caged breathing.

Was the case then, completely lost for science?

By no means. The fact that she constituted such a clear case of conflict of identity with her mother made her ideal as a test for a particular inference from my symbolic studies of occupational identity. The ant-woman was discovered to have a very marked tendency on the Conventional dimension;

she herself was a secretary by choice, a profession which obeys the description of Conventional by being well-structured and by transforming any human transaction into a pre-existing 'convention' of work. It was thus important to confirm that a conflict of being, of the kind that specifically declares: "I want to be like mother - I do not want to be like mother" does lead to conventional inclination - *inter alia* - in the domain of work. The critical reason, as I suspected, is that such occupations formalize a person out of any feminine or masculine role. At the core, such occupations are constructively asexual.

But what about the all important question of cancer?

From the point of view of the critic at the table of the prosecution who abides by his own rules of evidence: we have lost this case. Do not forget that the only admissible evidence for him is the one that applies to all therapies; namely, the successful cure of people who already have contracted the disease. But here, I might add, we will be in disadvantage to Medicine even in the future. For medicine, as far as evidence goes, enjoys the uniformities of chemicals and radiations whereas we will always suffer from the very uneven performance of therapists. On the other hand, Medicine can sometimes suffer from its uniformities in actual practice. Our hand is strengthened when it dawns on the jury that the public was deceived by the constant barrage of announcements of medical 'breakthroughs' in the news media. Beyond the enormous massive findings that are popping up everywhere, the huge medical research budget, manpower, and spent resources, lies the cruel truth of a collossal failure. At present, the truth that Medicine has reached its limit in cancer is harder to avoid even by the public. And while the medical practitioner who faces the public has no choice but to stick to his reassuring role, no such duty is incumbent on the inner group of researchers who gave up long ago the idea of a uniform cure and who are now throwing their hands in the face of the millions of people who hopelessly die at the same unremitting pace. But while it is the nature of the truth to surface sooner or later, the question will still be decided by the public in the short run. For who, in his right mind today, and faced with his spreading disease, will direct himself to the road of psychological analysis?

Thus, from the point of view of public evidence, I feel the poignant loss of the case of the ant-woman. For the only kind of judicious evidence that we can employ is the fully elucidated case study in which everything - personal history, appearance, character, occupational identity, accidents, symptoms, and diseases - come together in a shared meaning. And while this is the most demanding of scientific-artistic standards, it doesn't require from us, on the other hand, more than one case study to prove a point. Even the most pedantic of judges knows that to truly understand one human being is to understand everything.

The ant-woman came at a most propitious time in my attempt to penetrate the enigma of cancer, and she left prematurely. But this is not a total loss. One should remember that, from the standpoint of the symbolic world view, there is not the greatest divide between having metaphors of cancer growth projected on the Rorschach screen in vivid imagery, and having cancer in the flesh. The difference lies in the ever continuous struggle of human consciousness to salvage these metaphors from the flesh.

Thus, from the point of view of future understanding of the disease, I gained almost as much as I could hope for. In the first place, I could smell the fearful scent of death in this case, which once experienced, reassured me that Tom Killearn's lungs, by contrast, were not in any danger. The morbidity of the conflict was altogether of a different order. Tom Killearn was a small devil who wanted to mock love and abuse it. But the ant-woman flaunted the monster who harbours the horror of all horrors: the murder of his true first love.

At the same time, I could also understand why cancer victims are so consistently described by medical staff everywhere as the nicest human beings. The ant-woman was a scrupulously decent person. She was never late for an appointment, she paid promptly, and she took all her obligations seriously and fulfilled them without a hitch. (And if some immoral psychologist would like to assert that such good qualities are somehow 'bad' he will find me to be a vigorous opponent. I do believe - as a 'psychologist of the obvious' - that what is good is good.) She did confront her psychologist in the same way she confronted the nucleus of her anguish: with terror, aggression, and deathly anxiety. But I had only to listen, between sessions, to the hilarious laughter and camaraderie that developed between her and the receptionist nurse to realize how genuinely friendly and what a 'good sport,' she was. Even with me - her tormentor - she was direct and honest and her anecdotal stories from home were so animated that I found myself, to my surprise, truly liking her.

At the same time, one had only to glance at her Rorschach to realize that something was seriously wrong.

Plate No. 1:

(3 minutes deliberation; card upright position)

"I am supposed to tell you what I see? ... An ink blot. Am I supposed to look at it only this way? O.K. I think it is a head-less woman. A head-less witch."

['head' = consciousness. 'head-less witch' - I am a witch with no self knowledge.]

Plate No. 2:

(3 minutes deliberation; card upright)

"Animals fighting. There is something odd about it." Inquiry: "I don't know; it's like a celebration going on here. ... Makes me think of Christmas."

Inquiry: "Animals: bears - big bears. Bears are cuddly, affectionate, and harmless. I heard them scream at night like a woman. It's a bloodcurdling scream."

[This card depicts the sunny side of the subject. Christmas is affectionately remembered. Parents always made an enormous elaborate play out of Christmas. Bears are still fighting here, but they are cuddly and harmless: a sense of the subject that she is capable of mock attacks but no real harm to the 'other.' She is a bear who is startled to discover itself with a feminine cry at night.]

Plate No. 3:

(Subject deliberated with the card - looking straight at it - for 5 (!) minutes and then returned it.)

"No comment."

Inquiry: (Subject still spends inordinate amount of time with the card) "No, I still don't see anything."

(Here I found myself in a difficult situation. This was what is known as a 'rejection.' But the subject was spending an unusually long time with the card. One does not spend five pregnant minutes each time with the card and simply return it with "no comment." She was obviously provoking me to give her a little push. I deviated here from my normal procedure and encouraged her to try harder. She then turned the card upside down.) "A large looking insect. There are signs of blood. A squashed insect ... Here a crab; lying on the beach."

['Blood' - murderous wish. 'squashed insect' = the subject is an insect who lost its power to harm. On further inquiry the 'crab' was seen as an empty shell. This then is a repeat imagery: a former menacing power which is now a spent force.]

Pla[illegible]

(3 mi[illegible]iberation; card upright)

"A stupid-looking big foot." (subject makes a funny growl and suggests quitting) "How come everything is so threatening?

It reminds me of the forest. I am trying to find something good in it."

Inquiry: "The big foot is in a rotten state." I asked her what is associated with it.) "Woods, dampness, x-rays, disease."

['big foot in rotten state' is analogous to the 'big squashed insect.' Note: repeat metaphors always indicate their centrality and power.]

Plate No. 5:

(3 seconds - immediate response; upright position)

"A bat. I had a terrible experience with a bat." (She turns the card upside down.)

"and dancing; people dancing."

[dark side and sunny side co-exist here. The bad experience with bats occurred in adolescence. She discovered, in the middle of the night, that the basement was full of flying bats. She woke her parents and tried to convince them of the fact. They didn't believe it. It took a lot of persuasive power on her part to make it a reality for them. The bat, of course, is the proverbial symbol of evil, but, interestingly enough, when I asked her to give me words associated with the 'bat,' she responded with the following order: "sticky, fuzzy, black, flying, sun, light, house." This, then foreshadows the fact that after seeing the 'bat' she turned the card upside down and saw people dancing, i.e. sublimated love-making. The order of images, first evil, then human affection that stands on its head, is also of importance. It aptly portrays the way the ant-woman's open manifest hostility is the first reading of her which hides a second reading of unadmitted affection.

Plate No. 6:

(immediate response - 4 seconds; upright position)

"Lung cancer. Every one of these looks like some kind of fungus growth inside yourself that you don't even understand." (She turns the card upside down and deliberates on it for close to three minutes. She carries the look of desperate resignation.) "Escape"

[This very important reaction comes immediately after the previous card where motives of good and evil stood in such close proximity as to be bound like two poles of the same image. There is nothing that is compellingly suggestive of 'lungs' in this card, so the reaction is a forced one. It is important to realize that the reaction of 'cancer' did not come after an *un*ambiguous image of evil, but rather after *the close proximity of the 'negative' and the 'positive' motives.* One can say that such situation, in Hegelian terms, does not afford dialectical mobility; in logical terms, it offers a contradiction; and in psychological terms the following conclusion can be drawn: one can come clean out of killing an enemy, but one is in mortal danger when one directs a murderous wish towards the object that one, *at the same time,* loves. It was the ant-woman's unfortunate destiny that she could not be afforded a dialectical freedom even for a while from *always* loving her Christ-like mother, whom she also murderously hated. Note the very revealing reaction: "escape," after she turned the card upside down and evidently didn't find an escape. Finally, I would like you to note here that the imagery of 'fungus growth' is not in a different category from 'cancer.' I will submit the rest of the profile with no further comment.]

Plate No. 7:

(average reaction time - 8 seconds; upright position)

"I see the ocean. I see animals' heads."

Plate No. 8:

(subject again displays great discomfort about the whole situation. 45 seconds; upright position)

"This picture looks like the inside. Human insides. If you hold it this way [side ways] it can also be a reflection on the water."

Plate No. 9:

(5 seconds; upright position)

"This is even a closer up picture of the insides. ... [50 seconds pause] Could be an explosion." (subject turns the card over and over. Finally upside down.) "Also, this way, it looks like something washed out on the beach; from the ocean."

Plate No. 10:

(35 seconds; upright position)

"This looks like some colony of insects. Pretty colours." (upside down) "In this position it looks like some kind of a flower."

[Note again: 'colony of insects' ≠ 'flower' ⟶ sublime femininity]

Must I try and reproach myself with being a bit too easy, on a crucial point? For have I obtained the slightest indication as to what is the source of the ant-woman's troubled love for her mother? It is true that the same good motherly qualities are also bad in her eyes; but is it without an explanation?

Is the implication of this puzzle that perhaps Freud was after all right in his later thesis of the "Death Instinct?" Do we otherwise have any real explanation before us? The suggestion is that if we are not to assume at least a tiny innate devil inside each of us, the pervasion of pathology is general, and in the ant-woman's case in particular, is unaccountable. But, this is a good case precisely to demonstrate why such an assumption is dangerous from the point of view of the actual understanding of another human being. The ant-woman left before a complete analysis of the case was possible and there are many other instances in which even with full accessibility there remain some resistive puzzles that partially cloud an absolute clear vision of a case. It is very tempting in such instances to assume the devil out of nowhere. It never fails from being true and yet it is, I claim, less than a real understanding.

Let me try to show my point in this case by using the comparative reference of the ant-woman's siblings. She had one sister - four years older - who was the "mother's daughter," but not the "father's daughter." (The ant-woman felt in her mind that she occupied the reverse position.) This sister was feminine and pretty, as is so often the case with strong, positive, and exclusive identity of a daughter with a mother. She also contracted multiple sclerosis in her thirtieth year. She had raised two children, and the ant-woman refers to it as a case of wonder that she was never seen to discipline them and yet the children were good-natured and so very well-behaved. ("They were almost too good to be true.") I might state here, in parentheses, that such a phenomenon, in my experience, is always the sign of a very fine love; for the 'law of the heart' is the most demanding of all discipline. At the same time, the ant-woman was so incensed about her sister's choice of a husband ("the jerk") that the two sisters grew apart. The ant-woman is quite a dependable judge of character and she must have foreseen trouble, for the marriage was dissolved after eleven years. We have, thus, in the case of the sister, a salad of mixed blessings with clear signs of trouble. M.S. is a very serious disease. The mother is more clearly implicated here because she was the older sister's main love and the central figure in her life.

The family had two sons (third and fourth in line). The third in line (four years younger than the ant-woman) was the most problematic child in the family. He was nobody's favourite. He was often sick and suffered a variety of illnesses, including allergies and asthma. He was also troublesome and vicious in his behaviour. ("He used to bite people.") Nevertheless, by the end of his adolescence he must have overcome most of his problems for "he started to be doing O.K."

The fourth son was "the baby" and by this universal symbolic status, which remains, even at age 80, a badge of identity, he was, as is so often the case, everybody's favourite. Thus, he turned out to be healthy, good-natured and loveable.

Taking these various points of view that the children, in terms of their personality, open for us to the parents, what do we see? More specifically, let me ask, of what use is the thesis of the "Death Instinct" here? Each child, from the moment of his birth, and many times - much before that - becomes a symbol for the parent, and consequently, he is loved differently. No two children have the same parents - even if they are identical twins - and yet, they do have the same parents. Each child is another Rorschach card for the parent. You can see across the children that as the parent modifies his love for each child, that child develops differently. You will grant me then that all we need is to discuss the special quality of the special love of the parent for his child and we need no more assumptions than that. On the other hand, you are likely to come up again and say that in this family, the perception of the ant-woman that her mother was too self-sacrificing might not have been of general validity and was peculiar to the ant-woman because, obviously, no other child reacted with her symptomatology. And so, once again, you would have me conclude that we need to assume a constitutional devil inside the ant-woman to account for her hateful perception. But can we really say that the perception by a given child of a parent is completely invalid for others? Let me answer that with one of the stories that the ant-woman told me about her troublesome brother.

At one point, as a child, his biting of people worsened both in frequency and viciousness. Somebody from the rural area surrounding the family house advised the mother that, in order to stop the 'habit,' she would have to bite him back when he was doing it. Then came an incident in which the child, with little provocation, bit his sister - our ant-woman - in the stomach and nearly chewed off a chunk of her flesh. The mother heeded the advice on that occasion and bit the child in his arm. He reacted by crying to high heavens, but since then, the 'habit' had disappeared.

I am in no position to judge how universal the acceptability of this advice is, but the incident is revealing as far as the ant-woman's perception of her mother.

Her bitter complaint against her mother was in the present tense: the mother was willing to carry any burden that was placed on her and to assume any duty that came along. Was this having a corrupting effect on others? The ant-woman always pointed to the hateful grandmother as an example. But when I asked her whether this was having the same corrupting effect on her, the answer was negative: she always helped her mother around the house. Is the complaint, then, directed against her mother's effect on others? What should be wrong with a woman who acts morally, and willingly shoulders the obligations of life without any harm to herself? Should we then dismiss the complaint? I should say not. The complaint is symbolic. It points to a deeper diagnosis which is hard to articulate. And small wonder that it does: the term "goody-goody" implies a certain intangible rot, a lack of moral backbone; an impostor who appears good, but is not really good; a shell; a human-looking insect. In short, one who is a cheat in his love. Who loves a "good-goody?" An inarticulate baby in his first week of life would react with an incomprehensible inner restlessness to such love.

This understanding illuminates the incidents with the brother in an unexpected light. If we grant that a child always fights for his love (since in this, he is, in fact, fighting for his life) we may also realize that he may do so by the strangest of means. That is to say, the strangeness of this means implies that, as is the case with other natural phenomena, their deep wisdom escapes us. Viewed in this way and combined with our understanding of the ant-woman's symbolic complaint, the brother can now be seen to have pushed his mother hard enough to force her to 'show her teeth.' More unloved than others, he sensed the duplicity stronger and teased her in the dark: "How far can I push you until you show me who you are?" "How can you presume to love me if you cheat me out of your self?" His assault on this rot - for the essence of the rot of the "goody-goody" is this evasiveness - did not succeed before. Without timely advice it may never have succeeded. But sometimes, the effect of advice generates self-understanding and in the end, the brother did manage to make a good love of his mother.

Once we understood the "goody-goody" as an impostor of love, we could now see how this quality of the mother modified itself from one child to the other. With the 'baby' who was most truly loved, this quality nearly disappeared. We may assume that the eldest daughter was more than a little poisoned, but not enough to withdraw her embrace of the mother. This embrace, however, was a costly affair. She repeated this destiny of love by embracing, in her married life, a rotten husband, in order to throw him up. More importantly, the multiple sclerosis carried, in the graphic terms of its physiological description, the metaphors of raw nerves, disturbances of vision, and progressive paralysis, all of them apt terms for one who swallowed unrecognizable poison. The ant-woman, on the other hand, did not consciously choose to embrace her mother; she would have liked to kill her, but she also unknowingly, and in spite of herself, embraced her.

Now, all of this is more conjecture than is desired. A solid clinical knowledge of an entire woven pattern cannot be gotten here for lack of details and the existence of a second-hand source for much of these. But this is a plausible possibility and this is enough for my purpose. I wanted to show you that you would never have arrived at considering such a possibility if you could have postulated the death wish at any point in the puzzle; at any place of convenience. In human terms it means that the ant-woman might have been left misunderstood.

Addendum

Tom Killearn did not begin to overcome his impotence until he began to become 'good.' It was intriguing for me to see how far-reaching a basic personality change was needed for the symptom to relax its tight grip on him. In retrospect, Tom firmly held that the point at which his becoming good was possible lay squarely with his decision to discontinue his masturbatory acts. He also held that once he disengaged from this "rotten habit" the sense of the criminality of his fantasies, while with Sara, diminished appreciably. (We were never able to fully understand this symbolic connection. All Tom could say was that he felt less like "cheating on her" with his fantasies, after terminating the habit. I am compelled, then, to conclude that the masturbatory act was the core symbol of his 'lust' and that the very termination of it, in the context of his love for Sara, was elevating.) But the struggle was not yet over. The allure of the 'private reel' only very gradually diminished, and 'the law,' on the other hand, was not satisfied with anything less than total capitulation. It seemed to me that Tom's grey hair continued its rigorous march all over his head, but that started to give him an appearance of distinction. His sense of humour began to mellow and became very funny, and an imperceptible expression of kindness became apparent on his face. Many small things began to change, and he told me that he felt, over all, as if his self has "awakened." The symptom still did not give way. Part of the inhibiting forces were the processes of identity. Too much of the 'old Tom' was changing, and, in his sessions, Tom staged some uproarious scenes about the fact that it is "Canadian to compromise." I congratulated him on his sense of 'tradition' but continued to play the role of 'the law' for his benefit. (Just how much he needed me in that role became apparent to me when I wavered slightly at some point and he teasingly asked me if he could 'bribe' me perhaps.) In one of the twists of mock deapair, Sara and Tom began to cooperate in making Sara a bit 'bad' with some lusty black negliges. It had an incongruous effect on him. He dreamt that he was descending from a big staircase in their home (which appeared as a big mansion in the dream). Sara was in the kitchen with lipstick on her lips. They began to neck with great verve; and, then, suddenly, he realized that the wall between the kitchen and the dining room did not exist; the dining room was full of dining people, and Sara and he appeared to have been exposed to the public in their intimate act. There was a waiter who brought a turkey to the dining room table and Tom, who was perplexed in the dream about the non-existence of the wall, went back and forth to check that, indeed, this was the case. I had the feeling that Tom, indeed, was made to be a 'turkey' (i.e. stupid), when there was any prospect for Sara to be 'bad.' And, even if the wall seemed to disappear, the gain was traded off with public shame. The experiment in making Sara 'bad' was discontinued.

Only when the private reels were reduced to mere 'pictures on the wall' (that is to say, a mere token of their former selves), did Tom begin to achieve real potency. It took two and one-half years of therapy (one session per week), but, by then, Tom Killearn was quite a different person.

*

A Case of Dyslexia

I should like to describe to you as plainly as possible the course of therapy of one boy at the age of 12 who suffered from Dyslexia. The case, unfortunately, did not constitute a full analysis because the cure was effected before this could have been done. Nevertheless, the occurrence of a cure in the course of analysis always entitles us to some confidence in the understanding of the symptom. This is particularly true when the cure is not seen as miraculous, but its timing and meaning are a constitutive part of a very definite story of therapeutic relationships.

I cannot assume false modesty that will mislead you, but, to my knowledge, this is the first case of Dyslexia that was successfully overcome by means of psychotherapy.

But first, let me briefly describe to you what is meant by Dyslexia. It very plainly refers to various kinds of difficulties and disturbances that are associated with the act of reading. The most common symptom, in fact, by which Dyslexia is known involves a disturbance of perception: the afflicted reader does not see his reading material in the normal way, but, in fact, sees the letters or the words in reverse. Of course this way of perceiving his readings is a serious disadvantage for the reader. He has to 'reverse back' each letter or word in order to comprehend it. The consequence is that his reading is painful and slow, his capacity to learn from books or to enjoy them is greatly undermined, and his entire performance in school and in society is very much affected.

This is a serious handicap. It naturally produces corresponding difficulties in the act of writing and the combined effect can easily make school a traumatic affair for a child who has to invest very hard work for very meagre results. Naturally, this disability is discovered first in the school age and its prognosis varies. Most people retain this symptom all their lives. Some improve somewhat as they mature, while quite a few cases show spontaneous recovery in late adolescence.

It stands to reason that until this afflication was described, identified and given a name, many children and their parents suffered a great deal more than they suffer today. The suspicion of being 'slow, retarded, or lazy' was removed once learning disability specialists, school counsellors, teachers and even the public-at-large became aware of the existence of such phenomena as reversal reading and other disturbances associated with the generic term of Dyslexia. In fact, it seems that the very act of giving a name to a condition of human suffering is therapeutic in terms of the anguish, although it may do nothing in removing the symptom itself. (We may have some other occasion to refer to this important phenomenon.)

The many remedial approaches tried with dyslexic children, did not meet with success. Dyslexia proved to be singularly resistant to change and no amount of coaching and compensation reading had any significant effect. Gradually, some children would learn to be more proficient in reversing the letters or words and would thereby gain some speed but the effect would be marginal and the symptom itself would remain intact.

This aspect of Dyslexia - its refractory nature - no doubt suggests some highly specific brain damage. It is easy to understand the initial surprise of researchers in the field when they encountered children who were clearly intellectually alert and often bright, and who, at the same time, displayed such highly regular and well-defined difficulties in reading. The idea of a general disability is most certainly not indicated and, in its absence, the impression of strategically placed, if not highly localized, brain damage is irresistible. Moreover, this impression has gained strength by the realization that dyslexic children are consistently acclaimed as friendly and well behaved. Taking into consideration all these aspects of the afflication, what other explanation can possibly be offered? In the absence of treatment, the prime interest in Dyslexia has focused on the possible insight that might be gained in the understanding of high mental functioning when the brain dysfunction involved in reading disturbance is discovered.

This indeed is the frame of reference for the entire research literature of Dyslexia. Apart from the effort that has gone to the development of proper tests for the diagnosis of this disability, the theoretical debate has centred on the various neuro-physiological descriptions and models that may account for the various aspects of this pathology.

Since not one aspect of this research has furthered either my understanding of Dyselexia or my therapy, I see little point in reviewing it here and I refer you to peruse my list of suggested reading on the subject if you are interested in projective physiology.

I had reasons of my own to approach the subject in a different way and I have to confess that it would not have entered my mind to look into Dyslexia if it were not for my growing irritation with the physiological treatment of so many issues in psychology. The process of reading, of all things, is such a pure act of meaning - it is in fact so pregnant with meaning - that its entire existence as a phenomenon is inexplicable if it is not symbolically conceived. What possible bearing can neuro-physiology have on that? And how does it happen that a whole field of research is united in what I see as goose chasing? The more I thought about the cause celebre of Dyslexia - reversed reading - the more I came to feel that the hopeless inadequacy of neuro-physiological models to deal with what Sherrington called "the facts of the mind" can come down in this case to a simple demonstration of a logical mistake. Nearly ninety years ago, in 1897, G.M. Stratton published in the Psychological Review the results of his experience with special glasses which, as a classical study, became a reference to much of our thinking on the subject of 'learning to see.' Stratton fitted himself with lenses that were so shaped as to make him see everything upside down and, as if that was not enough, in reversed direction as well. Thus, everything that would actually be to his left he would see on his right side, and vice versa. As anybody who would remember his first attempt to cut his hair in front of the mirror can appreciate, his life became very difficult. The execution of the smallest act became a matter for a process of trial and error. He constantly bumped into unsuspected objects, but much more distressing at first was the fact that his world was dislocated and moving in mysterious ways. The sound of a knock on the door would come from the wall, the crackle of the fire seemed disconnected from the fireplace, and, he wrote: "When I moved my head or body so that my sight swept over the scene, the movement was not felt to be solely in the observer, as in normal vision, but was referred both to the observer and the objects beyond." He did not feel, he wrote, as if he was visually ranging over a set of motionless objects, but the whole field of things "swept and swang" before his eyes.

The crucial finding, however, was not inherent in the initial experience but rather in the transformations that took place afterwards. As time passed Stratton discovered that he was gradually reverting to experience normal vision. He started to regain location constancy, the sounds and voices moved back to be issued from their proper sources, and he began to be able to perform simple tasks such as eating and washing himself which were initially next to impossible for him.

When the time came to remove the glasses, Stratton found himself having to repeat something resembling the same process again: a period of adjustment was needed before he could take the world for granted once more.

Fifty-five years after this self study, F.W. Snyder and N.H. Pronko published the results of a close replication of Stratton's experiment in their book Vision with Spatial Inversion and reported a comparable experience.

These studies demonstrated in an unmistakable way that it is a matter of indifference to our perception what the initial given is of the 'things-in-themselves.' (Emanuel Kant would have shown great interest in these experiences.) But then it was always a matter of common knowledge in the field of optics that the image that we get on our retina is inverted and upside down in any case. Those findings should not have been that surprising.

But, if that is the case, why should we contradict it in the case of Dyslexia and start to insist that for a very large group of individuals the rules are different and that for them, in the specific act of reading and only in that it does matter how things are presented?

The whole conception seemed improbable and I was soon thinking of even more irreconcilable examples in the field of reading itself. In Israel I encountered a few Yemenite Jews who could attest to the existence - unknowingly - of living examples of the Stratton experiment on a very wide scale in the field of reading. It so happened that there was a great scarcity of Jewish holy books in Yemen, and as a consequence there would often be no more than one book per class of children from which to study. Thus, a given book would typically be placed in the middle of a table around which both students and teacher would be seated. Each student would be placed at a different angle to the printed material, and each one, preserving his traditional seat would learn to read from that particular angle. No special difficulty was encountered by those who studied the Bible sideways or upside down and they retained their habitual angle of reading when they came to Israel.

But an even more convincing demonstration of the questionable nature of the neuro-pysiological approach existed in the fact that cases of Dyslexia have been encountered frequently in Hebrew and Arabic - the two languages which are read in the 'wrong way:' from right to left.

Aside from this interesting debate there was another philosophical point here of much more decisive importance to the field of science. It was the usually hidden but generally held assumption that physiological explanation for any phenomenon excludes a psychological explanation and vice versa. The idea that if a certain clinical or medical pathology is discovered to have a 'psychological origin' then we should all address it from there on as if it exists only and all 'in the patient's head.'

And conversely, the idea that if we have a solid physiological description for a given patholotical condition, then ipso facto it constitutes a proof that other 'mental' explanation is impossible.

By this time I have arrived at the conviction that this muddle that constantly confuses us and bedevils our life can only be resolved if we seriously and unequivocally adopt one of two very daring metaphysical positions: one, we propose a simple and straightforward equivalence of the terms 'objective' and 'symbolic,' and that consequently, we hold that the entire universe and all its phenomena are symbolic phenomena. Two, we adopt a Kantian position which grants the existence of "things-in-themselves" but holds that in principle they are unknowable. We then add a slight but important modification to the Kantian system by holding that the a priori devices by which we construct our reality out of the unknowables, are symbolic operations. As a consequence of these the following proposition is entailed: Whatever might be the true nature of reality; our world - the world from which we can never break out - is a symbolic world.

The two positions do not differ in their practical applications. Both positions, for instance, will subsume whatever physics has to show us, by pointing to the fact that physics is dependent on mathematics and mathematics is the most pure and obvious symbolic system in existence. But the second position by asking us "not to think of the white elephant," haunts us with the unknowable "things-in-themselves" and finally clouds our minds from thinking clearly. Moreover, I tend to agree with the book of Genesis that God did not create the world by any material act but by a symbolic speech act: "Let there be light." I have found that my path has cleared before me when I could think clearly, without reservation, that whatever is objective - is symbolic.

Once I adopted this position the whole quagmire of neurophysiology and psychology cleared away and resolved itself to a question of two alternative symbolic systems. The situation is somewhat analogous to the several symbolic systems that we can adopt when we refer to 'society.' We can think of society as an economic system; and if we do we can develop a complete analysis of social behaviour in economic terms. We can think of a society as a political system and likewise develop a thorough exposition of society and social transactions in political terms. And the same can be done if we conceive of society as an extended kinship structure, as a legal-moral entity, and so forth. Each symbolic system that we employ stands independently on its own terminology and shows an autonomy of existence from the other views.

This, you might say, is comparable to the question of the 'body and mind,' but this analogy is not sufficient to elucidate the problem. For the problem lies also with the particular nature of physiology as a symbolic system and its particular properties when compared to what is recognized as psychological language. In our use of 'society' as analogy the various symbolic systems stood independently of each other but they were not felt to be contradictory to each other. But in our case, in spite of the best intentions of scientists who represent all of us recognizing the essential unity of the 'behaving organism,' they, like us, are unwittingly but constantly compelled, at a moment's notice to adopt the sense of the mutual exclusiveness of the language of physiology and psychology. The reason, quite simply, lies in the fact that, as two symbolic systems, they are logically contradictory.

I will not enter this issue here, but elsewhere in this discourse, for it will take us too far afield from our business. I will just sum up my conclusions of this problem so that we can finally approach our case. The language of science is ruled by the 'law of contradiction' whose existence guards our sanity. Consequently, all valid scientific inferences have the mark of being 'necessarily true.' The symbolic systems that are an extensive product of this state of affair are known as 'logically coherent' and in actuality they are the famous (or notorious) 'mechanical models' of science. Science does not have any choice about this. The other products of these symbolic systems of science are the machines whose marks are a testimony to the power of all that is 'necessarily true.'

The logical properties of all systems that are 'necessarily true' are equivalent to what we recognize as 'compelling action;' that is why they are the language of which machines are made. The logic of 'compelling action' is the same as the notion of determinism and they also share the sense of necessary sequential action. On the other hand, the same symbolic logic that endows these systems with the power of 'action at command,' defines the limits of their power. Since their action is determined by what 'has past' they are not employable in an assessment of the future. They are not instruments of prophecy. Their logical character is in direct contradiction to any symbolic system whose logical character is defined by notions of 'future,' 'goal,' 'purpose' and 'hope.' This state of affairs has the consequence of shaping the mechanical models of science and retaining them as descriptive systems but not as explanatory systems. In other words, when somebody in our family is sick we can obtain from the language of physiology the description of the course of the disease; we can also obtain what mechanical-like intervention is indicated in his case. But we should not expect an explanation from the language of physiology of 'Why is he sick?', 'Why is he not getting well?', and 'What are his chances?' unless we ask for a deception. This symbolic system is not equipped to answer that and when in spite of that some medical practitioner ventures to answer such questions he would not use the knowledge of physiology to arrive at his conclusions.

The only language that is equipped to offer explanations and to handle the future is the one which carries an acknowledgement of its symbolic nature by using the notions of 'themes' and 'motives.' The reason for that is curious: the notion of 'motive' has the strange symbolic property of existing simultaneously in the past, in the present and in the future. It can be employed in predictions because its existence outside the dimension of time is a testimony to the fact that time as an experienced reality - not as an empty entity - is made of the stuff of motives and desires. Consequently, a man with a known motive is a predictable man. On the other hand and precisely because of this evasion of time, a 'motive' cannot be employed as a term in a mechanical model (and indeed was replaced by the term 'drive' in the early attempts to make a science out of psychology). This means, in the final analysis, that it can be neither a part of a scientific theory nor a part of scientific language. This is really another way of reiterating the fact that scientific theories are descriptive of action but are not explanatory or predictive. (That is to say, they are predictive to the extent that they are manipulative of action, but are incapable of offering interference-free-predictions: i.e. prophecies.) Moreover, since they necessarily exclude 'motives' and all other products of symbolic analysis which altogether carry the meaning of an action, mechanical models are perforce willfully meaningless; that is to say blind to their own meaning.

The moral of all this is something that we all, somehow, sensed: that mechanical models while necessary in all branches of science that deal with indifferent action cannot be offered for human understanding. Not only would they be counterindicative for that purpose, but because the understanding of human beings carries a moral imperative and should not be knowingly compromised, they would be immoral! Furthermore, since the only truly scientific symbolic systems are mechanical theories, therefore the study whose object is to enhance the understanding of human beings, should not aspire to be a science, and should not design scientific theories. It should offer 'approaches' or 'world views' whose 'truth test' if they are successful is that they are retained as a 'vision.'

But all this did not mean that psychological approaches cannot cure. On the contrary, it meant that their cure, if possible, is always preferable to that of medicine because, in the human domain, understanding is the therapy.

In short, I was anxious to lay my hands on a case of Dyslexia precisely because everybody, in the manner of science, was invoking the mechanical models of brain damage, which at most are descriptive, for the explanation of a human condition. I needed this background to make a point: the point - that symbolic analysis is the only road that leads from human conduct to human understanding and that it can thereby cure.

It stands to reason, from the nature of the situation, that no dyslexic patient approaches a psychotherapist, and consequently I was in search of a patient.

It came then to my mind that half a year before these thoughts started to preoccupy me, I was approached by one of our nurses, Mrs. Armstrong, who told me about the Dyslexia that afflicted her son, John-Scott, ever since he began his school years.

Mrs. Armstrong was in many ways an impressive lady. She was of middle age, slim, bony with a somewhat hard but pleasant look to her face; the kind of woman who would take scrupulous care of her professional appearance but would not even think to do anything to enhance her femininity. There was something of the English nurse of the old school in her, although she was Canadian of Scottish descent. Her thoroughness and dependability in fulfilling a job was a marvel, and she did not hesitate to go beyond the bounds of duty when things went slightly wrong. Thus, for example, when she saw one or two instances of patients needlessly waiting, as a consequence of me being unaware of new or changed bookings in the office appointment book, she instituted the habit of presenting me with the book as a 'first thing' when I walked into the office. She was not my exclusive secretary, she had other duties, and it should have been my task to begin with.

I was told by a medical colleague who knew her, that when she occupied her position at the hospital her subordinates were fearful of her, but I am convinced that if it was true, it did not stem from any exercise of meanness or cruelty, but simply from the kind of standards that she took for granted. I never held that such conscientiousness derives necessarily from an 'aggressive super ego' and in fact, think of it as something that is intimately bound with being human. I learned from Mrs. Armstrong that she held her father in very high esteem and in fact loved him very much, so I suspect that her moral rigour came from the loving acceptance of the 'law of the heart' together with the 'law of the father.' There were, in fact, other indications of affectionate currents in her although I have to admit that it was extremely hard to visualize her in a loving embrace. She was open to an earnest and friendly dialogue, and her love for animals and children was very apparent.

When one got to know her a little better, as I eventually did, there were some occasions where one could sense some anxious distress. These occurred, I noticed, whenever the conversation would touch upon instances where people - especially those close to her - were to be judged badly for this or that reason. At such times the anxiety would almost choke her at the throat and her humorous chatter could hardly mask it. Although the tension would be somewhat contagious at such points, I still felt that it was expressive of her decency: I never heard her utter a bad word about anybody in spite of a rather lively sense of judgement.

Apart from that, Mrs. Armstrong was a practical woman with her two feet firmly planted on the ground. She believed in the objective world, in medicine, and she was not prone to mysticism. The fact that she approached me at the time with John-Scott's Dyslexia made me realize that she must have exhausted all other professional sources of diagnosis and help. She must have been in some despair for she certainly could not conceive of getting any real help from me. Her manner of approach then clearly did not indicated that she expected any initiative from me. Mrs. Armstrong was simply her usual thorough self: she did everything that she could do to help her son; and that meant that apart from years of material, time-consuming coaching of his reading and writing; apart from running to all the possible specialists, reading all the possible literature, and going with her son through all the diagnostic tests; apart from all that, she would constantly tap all other possible sources of information on the subject, which included me.

I returned to Mrs. Armstrong and indicated my interest in the case of her son. I had to be careful. I told her that I was interested in Dyslexia from a theoretical point of view; that I was aware that the condition was most unlikely to change but since nothing else worked, I was interested in using another experimental approach that had not been tried before. I did not mention the term 'psychotherapy' and Mrs. Armstrong seemed agreeable to try anything. As for the question of fees for my time, I suggested the following 'deal:' I could not propose that I should be paid from the outset for something that had not been tried before and therefore, was not assured of reasonable success. It would be only fair if the matter of fees in this case would be conditional: I would be paid only if and when we succeeded in eliminating the Dyslexia entirely.

Mrs. Armstrong thought that it was a fair deal. We decided that John-Scott would start to visit me once a week. And at this point I had to stop and examine my thoughts again.

Did I have any inkling how to approach this case? Did I have any idea as to what Dyslexia is all about? The truth is that I had a very definite idea, perhaps too definite an idea when one considers that each case of therapy is a journey of discovery. I thought, of course, about the symptom as a symbolic act. As I contemplated the symbolism it reminded me of another symptom which was encountered in non-reading societies. I had in mind the very vivid image of the Indian youth who would enact everything that he would perform in his life in an opposite mirror image: he would always walk 'backwards' - his back in the direction of his destiny; he would ride backwards - his back towards the head of the horse; etc., etc. One had to be, for some reason, in a locked opposition to everything that is 'right' in order to act like that. I felt that Dyslexia reveals a similar symbolism. I didn't realize then that the analogy was a bit facile, although generally correct. I came only gradually to appreciate that a symptom speaks in its entirety. That in order to fully comprehend its meaning one has to consider all its facets, not just the critical aspect. That there is, for instance, a specific meaning in the case of Dyslexia to the fact that the act of reading was chosen as the stage of the symptom. Nevertheless, I was not too far off the mark when I assumed that for the act of opposition to limit itself to the one sphere of reading, it must not be an openly acknowledged opposition on the part of the child.

I met John-Scott in the first visit and was surprised to see how friendly he was. "Those Dyslexic kids," I thought, "really live up to their reputation." I decided from the outset, in view of the significance of his symptom, that I would not only be completely candid with him, but also give him a deciding role over the process. I told him what, from my point of view, prompted the decision to see him. I said that I realized that he had suffered for many years and that his whole school life was, to a large extent, ruined by his condition. He agreed with me. I told him that my interest arose out of the possibility of trying a new approach. I also told him that the process might involve many hourly visits in which, among other things, I would try to get to know him and that some of it might be upsetting for him, although perhaps it might not. Most importantly, I told him that since this approach had never been tried before, we could not be guaranteed of success despite of all the time and effort that we might invest in it. Consequently, I said, I wanted him, after that session, to think carefully at home and to consider whether he wanted to commit himself to such a process.

John-Scott sat quietly for quite a while. I thought in the meantime of all the testing that he had already gone through, and, on the other hand, of his daily agony with reading. Finally he said that he was willing to go ahead with me. I nodded to him in approval: I felt that it was not a child-like commitment.

In that first session I also examined his difficulty with reading by the most obvious of ways: I opened one of my books at the beginning of a chapter and asked him to read. The choice of the text ensured, of course, that the overall meaning would be beyond him and that his speed would be determined by the sequential reading of one word after another. He surprised me once again by responding with a fairly quick reading. I was puzzled. I asked him to go on with his reading without stopping. After the first few lines his difficulty began to emerge. It seemed as if invisible chords were starting to pull him back and his reading became more and more troubled, hesitant, and he finally had to stop. He was visibly exhausted!

He told me then that he had learned to turn the words back to their normal position in his mind and that he had gotten to be more proficient in doing it. Evidently the act of reversing the words back involved a 'mental effort.' He could attack the first few lines with vigour, but the rest was an uphill battle. I had heard that, indeed, dyslexic children are very embarrassed about their difficulty and that they often devise various ways to hide their problem. This then, was John-Scott's way: an intensive blitz on a few lines which would have protected him in most of the incidents in school and with any strangers who would want to test him and expose his weakness. Since then, Mrs. Armstrong has told me a few times of her first encounter with John-Scott's reading which made it clear to her that something was wrong. They were both sitting together; John-Scott was trying to read to her and his effort was so intense that he was, in a short while, drenched in sweat...This effort, I thought, was an integral part of the syndrome.

In the first two visits I learned from John-Scott the following details about his family. The father was a businessman who operated three clothing stores. Two of them, at that time, were not doing very well and might have faced closure; the other one was doing well. (The time was post-boom depression in the economy of Alberta.) The first born child, Mary-Jane, was seven years old when John-Scott was born, and she died two years later at the age of nine. A year later the Armstrongs adopted a five-year-old girl, named Tamara - she was two years older than John-Scott. Another year later, when John-Scott was at age four, Mrs. Armstrong gave birth to a pair of twin girls;

Megan and Shannon. As for the family relationships, John-Scott declared himself to always have been as close to 'Mom' as to 'Dad.' He also genuinely thought that everybody in the family was in good relationships with everybody else. (He did say, however, that the eldest, Tamara, and one of the twins, Megan, were closer to the mother than to the father, whereas Shannon was closer to the father.) He thought that the twins were enjoying a good relationship between them and the same was true for the relationship between Tamara and the twins. As for himself, he smiled when he said that he liked Tamara "a lot" and he also liked the twins. John-Scott seemed to have liked everybody. He also had had a good friend for two years, although they did not come from the same class or school. Mrs. Armstrong told me at some point that, indeed, they were very good friends and that the boy was unusually good-natured. I saw him once accompanying John-Scott to a visit and I was struck by the visage of a boy who was unusually handsome - in the special sense of the term: good-looking. I thought to myself that there are indeed cases were good nature is so unclouded that it can penetrate all the human paradoxes and shows itself in an 'appearance' which, for once is transparent of the soul.

John-Scott's appearance, however, was not so apparent. His mother, when she tried to portray her son for me, surprised me, by stating that her child was always an enigma to her. She could never, she said "figure him out." I looked at John-Scott's face and could see indeed that his 'appearance' defeated any attempt to decipher it. His smile was friendly, but his oblique, bland face otherwise could not be characterized. They were the first faces to forget: they did not leave any imprimt. I felt, when I saw his face, that John-Scott must be first and foremost an enigma to himself. That, as usual, one's unrealized impression of oneself is the same as others' impression of one's self.

I asked John-Scott whether he had any fears. He answered in the affirmative. He said he was afraid of heights. Earlier, he was afraid of monsters. For one year he had thought that there had been a monster under his bed and he used to cover himself up. He also used to be afraid of snakes but that fear had disappeared. He said he generally liked all animals ("including even spiders") but that his favourite was the Golden Eagle. He was afraid, he said, of the water, and by that me meant 'lake water' where an algae would seize him and drown him. He was also afraid of sea creatures like sharks, piranhas, and eels. When I voiced my puzzlement about the eels he said that they have teeth.

I could not, unfortunately, pursue with him an exact formulation of his fears. The time was still not ripe for that in the beginning of our sessions and I avoided any investigation that might have threatened him. With that I was also shutting the door for a major avenue of insight which the symbolism of fears always opens into the subject. I could only entertain in mind certain possibilities which these fears might have pointed to.

The fear of heights was often more accurately a fear of falling and this fear in turn was symbolic of the more general sense of 'falling' in the arena of object relationships. It represented a fear of making a mistake, a slip, and falling in somebody's eyes. There are, of course, some relationships in which this kind of fear is more reasonable than in others. And in these relationships, the fear of heights is the fear of any place of high esteem from which, if one falls, he experiences the shock of the loss of love. I have often encountered patients who, after an event which represented a break-up of the social fabric which supported them, were visited by the famous 'falling into the void' nightmare.

The fear of monsters is a more obvious fear. Its origin lies in the fact that our dark side is always experienced by us as a foreign land. Among children this fear is more prevalent to the same extent that they are always closer to becoming 'little monsters.' The threat of an alive sense of monster is equivalent to the fear that a child's monstrous side might 'get the better of him.' John-Scott must have felt this threat particularly close to home if he located the monster for one whole year right under his bed. I noted to myself his particular solution to this predicament: to cover himself up.

The fear of snakes, which came and left, might have signified a transitory fear of homosexuality. If that was true, then the question of an exclusive identity with the mother must have presented itself at some point and then resolved again when John-Scott's main pattern of - 'being as close to Dad as to Mom' - reasserted itself. There was, however, an enduring sign of the special place that his mother had in his heart - his artistic inclination - of which he exhibited the predilection for exquisite painting and drawing since a very early age. There were, so far, no other clear talents in him that derived from masculine identification or other inclinations.

His love of 'all animals' was certainly on the plus side. It signified the fact that in John-Scott's world what was 'monster-like' was not equated with all that was 'animal-like,' and that the latter forces could signify positive elemental motives in the child's make-up. The 'golden eagle' as a personal emblem signified the sense of quiet, soaring, regal power that he sensed in himself. The curious statement that his liking for animals included 'even spiders' was significant for the kind of potential ability that I saw much later when Mrs. Armstrong brought to me the most elaborate and magnificent looking drawing of a dragon that I ever saw, with John-Scott's signature. It was the budding ability to extend one's liking and with it one's creative integration to the unappetizing motives one has found in his domain. That this ability was far from victorious at that point was clearly indicated by the fear of all those 'fishy things' with menacing teeth and voracious killer instinct that swam uncontrollably as an undercurrent motive. The fear of the lake water algae reminded me of the other name - scum pond - by which algae is sometimes known. It was clearly indicated for John-Scott then, to keep away from the 'deep water.'

When I saw Mrs. Armstrong at the desk after the first two visits, I was interested in what she could tell me about John-Scott's childhood. In particular, what kind of a child he was. Mrs. Armstrong was again very helpful and honest to the best of her ability. She had no difficulty in recalling a few anecdotes that symbolized the 'early' John-Scott in her mind. With an old perplexity that turned into resigned amusement over the years, she told me that "John-Scott, since a very young age, was capable of pulling, out of the blue, the most contrary act that you can think of." I was of course very interested in what she said, for she just handed to me the hypothetical motive force of Dyslexia as the main characteristic of her son as a child. "I remember," she said, "the time that we went together to this busy department store. John-Scott was not more than two or three years old. He suddenly pulled his hand off my hand, started to run and immediately disappeared from my sight. I started to look for him all over the place and I couldn't find him. I was almost desperate after an hour of searching. Finally there was a call over the speaker system about a toddler found somewhere in the store. I went there and saw John-Scott sitting on the counter. He looked completely undisturbed and he smiled at me as if he managed to pull a fast one, which, of course, he did. I could never understand," said Mrs. Armstrong, "why a child would do a thing like that. There was another time, that I remember very well, when he was even younger and I was giving him a bath at home. In the middle of it I had to leave him by himself for a short while because of something or another that came up. When I returned, the whole white, tile-covered, walls of the bathroom were covered with deep markings of my red lipstick. It took me months to remove those stains. He must have jumped right after I left him and seized the lipstick in order to accomplish what he did. Can you imagine this?"

I still could not begin to imagine what made John-Scott react like that. There was an important question of diagnosis in this case, and there was an important question of therapy as well. John-Scott was not a very talkative child when it came to sensitive issues and his effective blindness to the source of his condition prevented him from moving naturally towards it. Thus the possibility of us sitting face to face and talking 'straight' about various issues was out of the question. On the other hand, he was too old for play-therapy. There was thus only the possibility of using games as the medium of discourse. But then I had an even better idea: I was going to use the Rorschach itself in an unorthodox way. Not only would I administer the test, first, in the usual way, but then we would go over each produced image in the most careful and thorough way possible and establish its exact mode of perception, its exact meaning, and its entire sphere of associations. In this way the Rorschach was to become the medium of discourse, the mediator of friendship and, of course, the instrument of diagnosis. It had happened to me once before in a certain case that the entire process of therapy was couched on the slow and patient deciphering of the symbolic values of the Rorschach images of the patient. But then the Rorschach images were used also as points of narration of the entire life story. I did not hope for that in John-Scott's case, for the simple reason that he was not supposed to know at first what it was all about. If he so much as guessed that the Rorschach can point to him the entire process would have been sabotaged. I simply meant to gradually, but increasingly, saturate his world with the Rorschach imagery until it was but a small step for him to gain an actual consciousness of its personal meaning.

The journey of the Rorschach thus began in the third session and it involved six sessions that spread over more than three months until I was satisfied of the exact meanings of all the images. The pace was leisurely, unhurried, and the summer vacations of July and August disrupted it somewhat, but by the time we arrived at the completion of the Rorschach process, John-Scott and I were good friends. I will proceed now to give you a summary of the Rorschach images together with their further definitions and clarifications as established by the special inquiry. I will add interpretive remarks only if they would be particularly enlightening. Otherwise I trust that you have already gathered the main principle of interpretation on the Rorschach: each image is a metaphor of the self which is synonymous with the critical relationships with the 'other' that was formative of the self.

Plate No. 1:

(card held at upright position; 18 seconds)

"It looks like two people pulling someone." (whole ink blot)

Special inquiry: "They are holding this person in his arms and pulling him apart. Their legs are placed on his." (The image consists of one person between two other people who are holding him firmly between them with their legs while at the same time pulling his hands apart.) Question: Is this person in the middle a man or a woman? "It looks more like a woman because of the dress." Question: Why are they doing it? "They are just mad at her and they are tearing her apart."

[Interp. remark: the ambiguity of the middle person being 'man' or 'woman' suggests the identity with the mother and consequently the conflict being both an acting out and representative of symbolic vicious tug-of-war in the self.]

"It also looks like a monster. These are the horns; the eyes; and the teeth." (whole ink blot)

Special inquiry: Question: What is this monster like? "It is like a dragon." Question: What kind of dragon? "The kind that has fire coming out of his nostrils." Question: Scary? "Yes, scary, it looks scary to me."

Plate No. 2:

(upright position; 17 seconds)

"Two people sticking their tongues at each other; putting their hands like this." (whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "They are mad at each other; There are their tongues (in defiance). They are pushing each other with their hand." Question: Does it remind you of anything? "Two girls doing patty cake." Question: Did you see them as boys or girls? "I saw it as two boys."

[Note again the gender ambiguity.]

"It also looks like a dog: the eyes, the mouth, the nose."

(whole figure)

Special Inquiry: "A big dog; like a big Dane. It has a mean expression; like he is ready to attack." Question: Do you see any of its body? "No, just the face."

Plate No. 3:

(upright position; 12 seconds)

"Looks like two people ripping apart some material." (whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: Question: What are they ripping apart? "It looks like a shirt or something they are fighting about." Question: Are they wearing any expression? "It looks like they are mad at each other."

[Note again that 'people' are neither males nor females.]

"This is also a bull. The chin, the eyes, and the nose."

(three quarters area of the whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The bull. He looks confused. His eyes (red spots) are crossed. He is in a bull fight and he is confused by the guy with the red cape who is jumping all over him. He doesn't know which way to go." Question: Can one see any of it here? "No, just the face."

[Interp. remark: a most revealing reading of John-Scott's frustrated anger: he is being constantly wounded and his elusive enemy cannot be pinned down. Note: the red in the 'red cape' is symbolic of anger here. This is also an 'endopsychic' reading - as most often happens with Rorschach imagery. The 'crossed eyes' make this imagery diagnostically closest to our Dyslexia.]

"Looks like a frog. The eyes, the mouth, the nose and the feet." (whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The frog. He is sitting - squatting in the swamp. He is bored."

[Interp. Remark: The frog is the cursed and ungainly creature who is waiting to be saved by a kiss. 'He is all wet' as the English say. The green colour which marks the frog is symbolically compounded. The green can imply the flourishing of vigorous adolescent life, but it can also signify a quiet and non-apparent malevolence (as in the 'cat's green eyes,' or 'green with envy') which is intimately associated with the symbolism for 'sick' colour (as in 'He looks a little green around the gills' or in 'green-sickness' = 'chlorosis.' Note that the spleen is the organ which admirably fits the symbolism of 'non-apparent malevolence' and note that its colour is green.). Also, a certain manoeuvre in the stockmarket in which a given party secretly buys a large share of that stock of a given company with the effect of forcing that company to buy back those shares at a much increased value, to regain control, has been recently labeled 'greenmail.' The frog itself is a non-apparent aggressor. "Sitting in the swamp" is the metaphorical landscape of John-Scott's world. It is a depressing surrounding. (It has been noted recently that polar bears in captivity have developed green furs.) Being 'bored' is a mental condition that should not be taken lightly It has a sense of falling into one's own void. It is the other side of repressed anxiety. In fact, it is the only emotional condition that we cannot tolerate being in, even for a short while.]

Plate No. 4:

(upright position; 13 seconds)

"Big. Big guy walking." (whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "A monster with big feet." Question: What is the main thing that you notice about him? "The feet." Question: did you notice anything else? You can't make the face, except the nose; no expression in the face. The hands look crooked [deformed]. The hands cannot do anything except hit people." Question: What is this monster up to? "The monster is walking towards you to crush you. He is all black and furry."

[Interp. remark: Note the "no expression in the face." It coincides with John-Scott's inscrutable face.]

"Looks like a fly. These are the eyes and this is the thing they eat their food with." (two-thirds area of the ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The fly's eyes are looking down - he is sad. He is bored and sad." "Here (enter bottom) is his feeler." Question: What's his feeler for? "He eats with it and feels his way around." Question: What is he doing? "He just sits there sad and bored. You see here just his head which is close to the ground so he must be sitting." Question: Why is he sad and bored? "Because he cannot find food and there are not other flies around."

[Interp. remark: Note the empathy with the winged insect. Also note the following definitions from the Webster's Dictionary: 'fly at' - to assail suddenly and violently. 'fly in the face of' or 'fly in the teeth of' - to act forthrightly or brazenly in defiance or disobedience of. See also 'He flew into a rage.' It is clear that the image of the fly here is not involved with flying anymore. It is a defeated fly. The motive of melancholy is based on the lack of nourishment and companionship. But this is not a loneliness of apparent reality in John-Scott's case, but the loneliness of an imprisoned self which cannot get into a satisfactory emotional contact with others.]

Plate No. 5:

(upright position; one second)

"Looks like a bat. The wings, the body, the feet, the head."

(whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The bat has long ears like that. He is all furry and black." Question: What does it do? "It just stands there staring at you." Question: What do you feel about it? "Scary creature; neat creature; sharp teeth. The wings like the devil. An interesting creature."

[Interp. Remark: Compare the phrase "neat creature" here with the statement that he liked "even spiders." It is a tentative attempt for a risky embrace.]

"Looks like a bird swooping down with its mouth open. This is the tail." (whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The bird is a sea-gull swooping down to catch a fish. It looks happy because its going to catch food.

[Interp. remark: Note the association here between nourishment and a flying attack. The bird is signifying freedom from constraints. This is the happiness of a liberated attack.]

"Looks like a volcano with the lava coming out like that here." (whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: Question: How do you see the volcano? "At the moment of explosion. It will get bigger and bigger."

Plate No. 6:

(upright position; 5 seconds)

"Looks like a dragon. You see the bottom of it. Flying over." (whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "This dragon is flying over you. You look up at it. You see the wings spread and the down side of the neck and the sides of its head." Question: What is he up to? "He is flying back to his lair and he is mad (angry) right now." Question: Is he a male or a female? "He is not a male or a female."

[Interp. remark: Note the going back to the "lair" and its association with a special sense of anger.]

"It sort of looks like the maple leaf." (a large detail - upper part of the ink blot)

Special Inquiry: Question: How does it look like? "The maple leaf is green; it's just like bloomed - not red yet." Question: I suppose you like Canada? "Yes!" (smiles)

[Interp. remark: the maple leaf being the Canadian emblem - this is both a statement of national identity and personal identity. As the former, it is a gem of a political metaphor of the present status of Canadian nation building: "It is green; it's just like bloomed - not red yet." As the latter, it is , of course, also very apt. The use of the green colour is a reminder of the frog that is still in need to be saved. It is also a forceful symbolism of the colour since the ink blot of Plate No. 6 is purely black and white.]

Plate No. 7:

(upright position; 10 seconds)

"Looks like two Indian girls looking at each other." (whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The two Indian girls bumped into each other, discovered that they look alike and they are mad at each other because of that. They stare at each other and they are mad. They have the same Indian leather dress. They each have a feather in their heads." Question: Are the Indians the 'good guys' or the 'bad guys?' "Indians are not the bad guys."

[Interp. remark: Here one feels less confidence in the nature of the symbolism. It is possible that John-Scott observed in the twins (Megan and Shannon) relationships, a motive of anger that was a product of a loss of a sense of unique identity, which they inflicted on each other by virtue of their co-existence and which he felt deeply identified with. But why would John-Scott be stirred so deeply by the sense of loss of a unique self? From where comes the motive of a quarrel with somebody who is detestably like yourself? The fact that the figures are "Indian girls" identifies them as 'nature lovers' and 'females.' It thus may point to John-Scott having a sense of perceived and hateful identity with his mother.]

"Looks like a creature. This will be the eyes and this is the mouth - smiling." (whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The creature is a sea monster like the Loch Ness monster. He is happy - smiling." Question: Why? "Because he is left alone and nobody knows where he is. He is just coming up from under the water and his face is up and he smiles."

[Interp. remark: This image is another way of looking at the heart of the matter. The sense of happiness is derived from two sources. First, the happiness of the bull whose tormentor in the red cape has disappeared. Second, the motive of 'coming to the surface.' Note that what was the substance of John-Scott's fears: the sharks, piranhas and eels - was undercurrent. And it changes to happiness when the monster comes to the surface. The metaphor of the 'emergence from the deep to the surface' is the clearest analogy to emerging consciousness. What we have here is the most fundamental process in the understanding of manifest criminality. The same motive lies behind the phenomenon of the tattoo. The irreversible act of tattooing is a statement of identity par excellence. It says: 'I am a marked man,' 'I am Cain,' 'I am an irreversibly bad man.' The tattoo exists on the surface of the skin and in the public domain (which is the only place where identity is established). At the same time the very act of marking oneself with the 'scarlet letter' is an act of therapy by virtue of the fact that whatever belongs to (public) consciousness is the substance of light. (This process may, of course, be nonsensical to you unless you comprehend that symbolic processes are reality.) Thus, it often happens that potential criminals manage to reform themselves by the act of tattooing. (At the same time one quick look at the number of tattooed men among inmates in any given prison can convince anybody that this act - as therapy - is far from being omnipotent.) The same process of emergence lies behind the numerous instances of a man with an absolutely clear conscience gets up one day and without provocation, commits a most horrendous crime. In the face of all the startled neighbours and shattered relatives who have known him as nothing but a very gentle and decent man, he commits an irreversible act of identity that unambiguously establishes him as a monster. These phenomena strongly imply that the act of self-determinism is more crucial for survival than the state of 'being good.' This is so because in purely symbolic terms of existence, having any self is preferable to not-having-found-oneself.]

"Looks like two monsters with their mouth open." (upper third area of ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The two monsters are like alligators. Their mouth is open and they are ready to snap at a fish or something. You see them only up to their neck." Question: why do they open their mouth like that? "They are real hungry."

[Interp. remark: This is again the motive of hunger for nourishment. Nowhere is it easier to see than here that the motive for an act of murderous assault on another living being is strictly derived from non-sustaining love that leaves one 'very hungry.' The metaphor of the 'alligator' clearly establishes hungry love as criminal.]

Plate No. 8:

(upright position; 7 seconds)

"Looks like two bears climbing up a tree." (sides and upper part of ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The two bear cubs; they look happy for the challenge of climbing up."

[Interp. remark: Again the sense of happy, liberated, wild power.]

"Looks like the thing in the post office where you see the unicorn and the lion, each of them holding a flag. Like an emblem or a crest." (whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: Question: What is the unicorn like? "The unicorn is like a horse, only more powerful and rare. The lion is proud. The flags in the Post Office Coat-of-Arms are British and French." "The crest stands for honour."

[Interp. remark: There is little doubt that John-Scott's sunny side is embedded in the themes of his national identity as a Canadian. The Coat-of-Arms is itself a symbolic transformation in which live wild motives have frozen into an image.]

Plate No. 9

(upright position; 9 seconds)

"Looks like a creature. This is his eyes, nose, mouth and horns." (whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: Question: What is a creature like? "A creature is like a human being: he is here standing on two feet, he has arms and his body is covered with scales. You can see the nostrils of his nose - like a pig. The eyes are the two white spots on the sides; his horns - the orange; here is the mouth. He is looking at you as if he is coming at you to kill you. He is mad."

[Interp. remark: the horns, the pig's nose and the scales are great modifiers of the humanity of this creature. The 'scales' as a symbol signify the barrier that is erected against the 'human touch.' They are a fitting accompaniment to naked aggression.]

Looks like two people; each looking his own way. This is his eyes, nose, mouth and a chin." (three quarters area of ink blot)

Special Inquiry: Question: Are the two people related? "They are like sort of brothers but they look each to his own way." Question: Do they wear any expressions? "They look happy as if they've seen something neat. They are like 'Smurfs.'" Question: What are 'Smurfs' like? "Tiny people that are living in mushrooms. They are being chased by a human being and a cat but they are never found out." Question: What kind of characters are they? "They are curious little creatures. Harmless. Good-hearted and a little strange [eccentric]. (He reverses the card.) "You cannot really see anything when it's upside down."

[Interp. remark: This is an angle on John-Scott's self when he is 'not mad.' The sense of his friendship with the 'other' is expressed by the metaphor of qualified brotherhood. Looking "each to his own way" brings the sense of the imprisoned self which is prevented from embracing the 'other' or looking into his eyes. The happiness is associated with seeing something 'neat.' This is an adjective that was used to describe the 'bat.' John-Scott used this term most often when he told me about "really neat horror shows." Happiness then is salvation of the self by the liberating identity with the horrow 'show.' The tiny people are described as "harmless" and "good-hearted" but their dwelling in mushrooms is revealing. The mushroom is not a good home to be in for three main reasons: One, it is a fungus growth. Two, it is a product of something that springs up suddenly. Its shape graphically portrays an action that bursts forth, welling up, as it were, from a central source and spreading laterally to all directions - a symbol of angry outburst. Three, it is associated with something that might be poisonous. This symbol of the nuclear holocaust is where the "tiny people," i.e. children, live. This is John-Scott's "home." And although he is chased by a human being and a cat he is never "found out." Needless to say without being "found out" one's true self is never discovered. The view of the little, harmless, good-hearted and eccentric creature conveys John-Scott's sense of himself when he is on his best terms and it brings out the state of blissful ignorance that temporarily prevails thus, of his other side. Note here that immediately after making this comment, John-Scott, in the first and only time during the whole Rorschach performance, turned the card upside down and said "You cannot really see anything when it's upside down." It looks utterly senseless to make this uncharacteristic move only to discover that it is fruitless. In fact it is a symbolic act that says: When this view of myself as harmless and good-hearted is turned upside down and upset - when I am 'upset' - I cannot see anything (about myself). This act is remarkable because John-Scott repeated it in fact twice and in precisely the same sequence of events. In the first administration of the Rorschach after saying: "Looks like two people; each looking his own way. This is his eyes, nose, mouth and a chin," he turned the card upside down and said: "This way - a pretty hard one" meaning "pretty hard one [to figure out]." And in the special inquiry which, at this point, was held in fact almost three months afterwards, he conveyed the same message with a different language ("You cannot really see...," etc.). He was oblivious to the fact that he already made this seemingly empty statement before. The statement is obviously not empty. It is another strong clue to our Dyslexia.]

Plate No. 10:

(upright position; 10 seconds)

"Looks like two lobsters holding up a leaf, and climbing up a cliff." (large details in the ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The two lobsters (blue area) are crawling up on the dirt (pink area) which is like mud, and holding a leaf (green area) for the building of their nest." Question: What are the lobsters like? "They are hard-working and scary; they can snap at you."

[Interp. remark: John-Scott is indeed hard-working at his arts and crafts. In the three month interval between the first administration of the Rorschach and the special inquiry the lobsters moved to a new scenery: from "climbing up a cliff" to "crawling up on the dirt which is like mud." Although both locations involve strenuous progress, the new scene is more despairing and less noble. On August 31 - one month before his last session with the Rorschach, John-Scott was placed on pertofrane 50 mgm HS (antidepressant) due to depression. Mrs. Armstrong noted that John-Scott was giving many indications that something was particularly wrong with him throughout the summer. She evidently had no idea that my involvement with John-Scott had any bearing outside of my interest in his Dyslexia. Moreover, I declared all of the period, up until September 30th as the 'testing period;' thus there was no possible intimation that the process had anything to do with therapy. Naturally then she took her son to a psychiatrist - Dr. King - who prescribed the antidepressant drugs for John-Scott. The Rorschach projection - a full month after the drugs began to be regularly administered - does not show any alleviation of the depression. In fact, John-Scott seems more depressed than before.]

And these are two bugs holding up a stick." (large detail - top grey - of the ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The two bugs." Question: What kind of bugs? "Beatles. They are standing over a pit (pink area) and are hanging on to each other [from the two sides of the pit] and the stick so as not to fall down." Question: The stick? "They will use the stick for some purpose and intend to bring it inside their underground tunnel."

[Interp. remark: This particular metaphor creates a poetic balance between the moral danger of 'falling into a pit' and the motive of comradeship which alone saves those bugs from falling into oblivion. We can indeed assume that in John-Scott's world it is only the true hand of friendship he extended that saved his day. On the other hand, the symbol of any insect in general signifies aggression in its most horrible aspect: that is, when it has become totally blind to the object of attack. When no consideration of an object's life or its worth is of any consequence for a blind aggressor in a bodily attack - he has become insect-like. Our revulsion of insects is a deep moral revulsion. The case of bugs in general and beetles in particular is somewhat less mortifying for they are symbols of indiscriminate nuisance ("Mom, he bugs me!") not of lethal attack. The symbol of the 'stick' in this metaphor is unclear and I neglected to clarify it with John-Scott. It can be anything: from an offensive object to the classical phallic symbol. Either way it is a forbidden object, for there is a conspiratorial sense to the attempt of the two 'bugs' to bring the 'stick' "inside their underground tunnel." This interpretation is strengthened by the following image.]

"Looks like two cliffs and there are two people up here throwing down boards from the top of it; trying to break up those branches down there." (large detail - top grey - of the ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The two people (grey) are standing on the edges of the cliffs (pink) and are throwing a board (grey) down in order to break the branches (blue) which are blocking their view." Question: What for? "So that they will be able to see what is down there."

[Interp. remark: This image is located on precisely the same area of the ink blot that was used for the previous image. The walls of the 'pit' are now the 'cliffs,' the two 'bugs' are now two 'people,' and the 'stick' is now the specimen of the 'boards' that are thrown down to clear the view. In terms of the symbolic message this scene is a negative image to the previous one. The intent of the 'people' is to achieve a better view of what is "down there." Down there is the underworld, the dark side of the self. John-Scott on his terms as a human being is again seen to be in search of a better view of his lot (angry) self. Note how the conspiratorial - cover up - motive of the previous bugs has transformed here to a wish for a better vision, that is, for human enlightenment.]

"Looks like a whole bunch of bugs attacking a pair of shoes; trying to wreck it." (whole ink blot)

Special Inquiry: "The bunch of bugs are attacking the shoes (pink) to rip it apart." Question: Is it a man's shoes or a woman's shoes? "It's man's shoes." Question: Why do they attack the shoes? "They don't like the shoes." Question: Why? "Because the shoes can crush them with their heels."

[Interp. remark: The interpretation of this vivid image relies on a proper understanding of the 'shoes' as a symbol. The identification of one aspect of John-Scott's self as a 'bug' makes it very likely that the shoes in this case have preserved their widely utilized meaning from literature as signifiers of 'unbending authority.' In this case we have here a very revealing display of the vehement tug-of-war between parental authority and the child's criminality. The parental law is experienced to be in a threatening opposition to the angry self - it can crush it - and this unlawful force of the self is perceived to mount a vicious counter-attack. One can certainly visualize here a very real and probably recurring scene at home; but one has to remember that the symbolic world is one and thus, what is an 'external' conflict is also an 'internal' conflict. The Rorschach image can always be construed as portraying a war "inside the subject's mind."

With this scene in mind one has to consider a certain ambiguity in the image of John-Scott's "shoes." On the one hand they are, by his declaration, "man's shoes;" on the other hand they can crush "with their heels" and those heels as far as the Rorschach image portray them are pointed feminine heels. Crushing with a pointed heel is a delicate gesture. This makes the shoes a self-contradictory metaphor. The riddle will be clarified if we remember that the 'Law' as a symbolic entity is universally experienced as 'humanly good' and consequently its power is always conceived as 'potent' rather than 'aggressive.' This identity between 'Law' and 'potency' makes for the symbolic identity between 'Law' and 'Man.' The 'Law' therefore is always 'Man's Law.' Thus, even if a woman identifies herself with the Law and embraces it, she would become in that particular sense 'Man-like.'

Mrs. Armstrong, to judge by her strong jaw and whole-hearted embrace of the Law indeed came to wear a man's shoe in her relationships with her son. At the same time, by this experience - to judge by this metaphor - her enforcement of the Law amounted to a needling operation. One is reminded here of the bull's predicament (in the metaphor of Plate No. 3) in the face of the needling assault of the red-caped enemy. This last metaphor of the Rorschach is thus converged with previous ones in putting the bull and genesis of John-Scott's troubled self in the domain of his relationship with his mother for better and for worse.]

I have to confess that I was not immediately aware of all the subtleties that the Rorschach had to offer about John-Scott. It took some time before the full analysis was reached and at first I was struck more by the contrast between the friendly boy that sat before me and the almost consistently monstrous images that he produced. Between sessions I engaged Mrs. Armstrong in further discussions and I started to sense more clearly her almost unvoiced antipathy for some of John-Scott's reactions to various situations. She was annoyed most recently with his uncalled-for aggression to his friend, whom she thought of as having the sweetest nature and who was certainly undeserving of John-Scott's harsh treatment. The parents temporarily prohibited John-Scott from enjoying the company of his friend until he would learn to conduct himself more decently. One thing about her son that clearly unnerved Mrs. Armstrong was his endless drawing of monsters. He could easily have accumulated a few thousand of them if she had not lost her patience at some point and sent the bulk of them somewhere. His favourite game with his friend - she reported to me - was "Dungeons and Dragons."

This I could very well witness outside of the Rorschach with John-Scott when he initiated other topics of discourse. Our friendship in fact, grew out of the undivided attention and attentive audience which I gave to his account of various "neat" horror shows that he unfailingly and vividly recalled for my benefit. I did not realize of what crucial importance it was for John-Scott that his horrific side would get an implied recognition by an adult. After all, the Rorschach's images led naturally enough to other kinds of horror stories. I just felt that somehow we were getting to be very good friends.

Alas, all good things must end some day - as the saying goes - and the session on September 30th was the end of the moratorium that was afforded by the 'testing period.' Our shared world was sufficiently saturated with monsters; we shared a secret pact of friendship; and the time was ripe to begin the serious business of therapy.

On October 7th, I subtly confronted John-Scott by imposing on him the responsibility for a crucial decision. First, I had to bring to him the startling news that the Rorschach was not just a game but that it actually recorded a side of him of which he did not know. I put it to him in these same words and the calculated effect that it produced was twofold: on the one hand the reality of his Rorschach images was consistent enough to suggest strongly what this 'other side' of his might be; on the other hand he could still exercise defensive ignorance about its personal meaning if this reality were to prove too disintegrating for his symbolic world. (Lacan is very correct in implying that the act of therapy in the face of the subject's resistance hangs on the structure of a sentence and its timing.) For any subject the idea that his Rorschach - which means his consistent perception - points to him, has the effect of a Kantian revolution that occurs in the space of two seconds, although it is quite immediately met with a sense of recognition.

As for John-Scott, I pointed out to him that at the point of time we were in - after the testing period - we could proceed to explore what might be wrong with him. I then proceeded to lay before him three options. One, we could turn to the Rorschach and slowly find out what does it tell about him. Two, he could decide that he does not like the first option; in such case he could still bring to the session various incidences from his everyday life - in which he feels that there was something wrong - and we could study them to learn gradually more about him. Three, he might feel that the two options are too much for him and that he would like to quit coming to these sessions altogether.

I told him that I would like him to consider the three possibilities very carefully at home and that I would wait for him the next time to hear his decision. John-Scott sat quietly for some time and looked tense. Then he left. It was precisely the point where he could weigh his resources (which included our relationship and his trust in me) against his fears and decide whether he could handle it. It was a genuine 'if.' But, by employing this tactical move, the message was transmitted, that I recognized the gravity of the situation for him, and that I appointed him to be the author of his fate. It would, in any case, have been inconceivable otherwise; for the very idea of introducing the real meaning of the Rorschach to him without his consent left me with too high a level of anxiety in the lower part of my abdomen.

John-Scott refrained from coming the next week. He came back after a two-week interval on October 24th and he appeared distinctly grave. He told me that he was afraid of the Rorschach; he was too afraid, in fact, to agree to go through the first option of inquiry with the Rorschach. On the other hand, he said he did not want to quit. It appeared, then, as if he had opted for the second option - moving more tentatively with material that he would relate in his own good time. I sighed with a certain relief: John-Scott, despite paralyzing anxiety, chose to be cured.

But it was soon apparent in that session that he had not, in fact, embraced the second option either, or, that if he had, he had no means or skill to work this way. As I turned to give him an audience for him to act on his own behalf and for presenting whatever he would chose to relate, he began to appear anxious, speechless and lost. The whole performance crumbled and we were facing a silent anxiety.

In that moment, in a flash, I realized what I had to do. He asked me in a message, written, as it were, in an invisible ink, to execute his deliverance. Without saying it, he told me that I was asking too much of him. He could not embrace the Rorschach by decision because it would leave him too defenceless. More importantly, my emergence in the last session as an oracle who knew everything all along and who from that position, watched the performing actor, had become all too horrifying. I had to disclose the cards at that moment.

I looked at him and my heart went out to him in his lonely predicament. I then said - almost pleading with him: "Please, Scott, sooner or later you will have to come to terms with it. You have something bad in you."

He did not look back at me. He sat there for a full twenty minutes without moving. Neither of us said a word.

John-Scott came back again after two weeks. His session was on November 7th and when he sat down in his chair he had a bit of an odd smile whose meaning was beyond me. He did not look too depressed. We talked about various things concerning his friends, his school, and his sisters and nothing was of any particular significance. At some point in the second half of the session he told me in a flat voice and without disclosing any emotion that his reading had changed. He thought, he said, that he did not have Dyslexia any more.

I lay back in my chair and looked at him somewhat in shock. I did not expect this kind of drama. But slowly we both started to smile. "We won," I said, and we shook hands. John-Scott was aware of the larger significance of his case for science, and for the multitude of children with various reading disabilities. He was proud to learn that his case might be published.

He gave me the following details of what had happened to him: in the first week after that fateful session he started to notice that his way of reading became strangely unfamiliar to him; but he could not put his finger on what exactly was the nature or significance of it. He seemed as if he had not given much thought to it; besides, he had never experienced normal reading and so naturally he did not have any reference. In the second week it was already clear to him that his reading had, in fact, changed for the better: he had no difficulty reading long passages over many pages. He realized then that his reading was, in fact, normal.

I had no reason to doubt his testimony but I did pull out one of my books once again and asked him to read aloud to me. He then read to me, with normal speed, three full pages of a difficult text without stopping, without showing any strain, and without making a mistake. It did somewhat resemble a miracle. I asked him if he had told anyone. He said that he had told his mother, but that she had not believed him. He had not told anyone else because he had not discussed his condition with any other person. I realized at once why he had initially brought me his big news with such reserve: a child can quickly lose the sense of his own validity when he is dismissed by an adult whose hard-nosed judgement he usually trusts. I had to talk to Mrs. Armstrong.

I saw her two days afterwards at the office and she certainly did not appear as a mother whose son had just recovered from a debilitating handicap. She told me that it is characteristic of dyslexic children that they occasionally try to con those who supervise their reading into believing that they have overcome their difficulty. (In this she certainly had a point. With the new understanding of a case such as John-Scott's, I could see why it would be of prime importance to a dyslexic child to shake free - in his readings - of the parental figure with whom his symptom is so involved.) She proceeded to tell me about John-Scott's latest attempt to rid himself nominally of the stigma of Dyslexia through false claims. And then she went on to tell me more startling news: On October 31st - midway through the two-week interval between my last two sessions with John-Scott - Mrs. Armstrong discontinued the administration of the anti-depressant drugs that her son had regularly been placed on. The reason: for the first time in his life John-Scott encountered what she called 'blackouts.'

I was, of course, very intrigued as to the nature of these 'blackouts.' And it soon appeared that I should categorize the new symptom as a case of 'petit-mal' which is itself a sub-variety of the greater family of epilepsy. The first instance of it showed itself when John-Scott, while in his kitchen, went to reach for the cat that had placed itself on the refrigerator. He fell flat on his back, without provocation, before he laid his hand on the cat. It was sudden and unexpected and the loss of consciousness lasted for several seconds. Similar instances followed in the course of the next few days and it was clear that he could not be left alone with his new condition since the blackouts could happen without warning.

I found myself fighting an involuntary smile when I heard all of this. It made perfect sense altogether: we had a classical case of symptom substitution on our hands. John-Scott's newly reforming consciousness had established itself in mid-point before a new stage of self-recognition, and it was playing new tricks of hide and seek. The nature of these tricks was also clear to a fortunate observer like myself, who had John-Scott's Rorschach in his possession. While he had gained partial contact with his 'bad self' he must soon have found himself in mildly frustrating situations where the newly accessible ferocity of his anger endangered him with a far worse idea of himself than he could bear to imagine.

In this case (as in anything that is symbolically understood), the physiologically described symptom is admirably expressive: 'loss of consciousness' - what else. In view of John-Scott's picture of self on the Rorschach this added symptom made much more sense than the simple miracle of his disappearing Dyslexia. In fact, it strongly illuminated his past difficulties. (I had also noted, to myself, that the common names of the condition were again very aptly revealing: 'petit mal' - a 'little bad' in French; 'blackout' - 'black-out.')

Alas, this was another symptom that was 'very properly' subsumed exclusively under the confines of medicine and I felt despearate lest Mrs. Armstrong would soon involve us with another drug for John-Scott's condition. I hardly had leverage since Mrs. Armstrong was not yet involved with the understanding of John-Scott's process. Nonetheless, I told her first that she was mistaken about John-Scott's Dyslexia and that, in fact, it was cured. This announcement - as far as I could tell - made very little impression on Mrs. Armstrong. The poor lady probably thought that I had gone mad. I had a momentary vision of the many thousands of frustrating hours that she had spent with her son's reading over the years and I could see why she would not be inclined to conceive of an overnight miracle. I told her then that I had tested his reading, that I was left with little doubt and I invited her to do the same. I then added calmly that I was not surprised at all by John-Scott's 'blackouts,' that, in fact, they were perfectly understandable in light of his process of therapy and I assured her that in a few sessions I would see them eliminated.

I did not know then that Mrs. Armstrong would not have been at all inclined to use any epileptic controlling drugs. Many months later she told me that Mary-Jane, her first born girl ("the most well behaved child that you can hope to raise"), was given such drugs on a regular basis after experiencing an episode of epileptic seizure. She started to weaken very gradually. By the time extensive testing was done, it was discovered that eighty per cent of her kidney function was already gone. Mary-Jane subsequently died at age nine and Dr. Yulan of the University Hospital had told the mother that in terms of his diagnosis, the child's kidneys had reacted negatively to the drugs.

When I saw John-Scott again I told him of the new objective of his therapy - to eliminate his blackouts - and I was not surprised to see that the manner of his consent was so natural as if indeed there was, somewhere in his mind, a strong link between what he had done before and the new goal. I proceeded very simply and openly to tell him of my assumption concerning his blackouts, and I suggested that the strategy that we adopt would involve us in trying to discover - for each instance of such loss of consciousness - the substance of his anger.

We followed this strategy faithfully in the five sessions that we held from November 7th until December 12th. On December 12th, there were no more episodes of blackouts to report and we had a very lively discussion on the secret moral that the three part triology of 'Star Wars' holds for a growing adolescent. In those five sessions John-Scott progressed nicely and steadily in terms of the symptom. At first he did not know what the substance of his anger was. He discovered that he had had to be angry only in the session when I reconstructed with him the circumstances just prior to his "passing out." Only when I unearthed for him what was a very probable reason to be angry (although, perhaps, not murderously angry) did he acknowledge it. Soon afterwards he was able to come to a session and tell me about a new episode of blackout and then inform me with a smile that he already knew why he "must have been" angry.

On one such occasion he fell unconscious on the stairs while he was hosting three of his friends at home. He was "real mad" at them for the disregard they showed for various expensive objects in this immaculately-kept home, and for the hollering "ignorant" way they allowed themselves to behave.

Gradually, the interval of time in which he would 'catch up' with himself became shorter. Finally, there was a point in which he met himself in the 'eye of the storm.' At that point the symptoms of 'petit mal' disappeared as if they had never occurred.

Thus, on December 12th - since he had nothing to report - we had to decide whether we should terminate our journey. I proposed that we take a three week break to ensure that indeed no new episode of loss of consciousness occurred. If that would be the case, then our last meeting would be immediately after the Christmas holidays on January 2nd. John-Scott agreed.

A few days afterwards I met John-Scott's father - Mr. Douglas Armstrong - for the first time at a Christmas party that was held for the office staff. I found him to be a firm man and at the same time a truly warm and likeable man. He told me that he was very pleased with the changes that he had recently observed in John-Scott. His 'attitude,' he said, had changed for the better. Moreover, for the first time he could see him reading books by his own free will.

His main concern, however, was then not with John-Scott but with Tamara - their eldest adopted daughter. She had shown of late some disturbing signs including an episode of drug abuse. "If what it takes now," he told me, "is that I give her more time and show her that I really love her and care for her, then that's what I'm going to do now." Douglas Armstrong - I had no doubt - was a 'natural.'

I saw John-Scott on January 2nd as planned. There were no more blackouts to report and it was in fact our last running session. I told him that I had met his father and that I was impressed with him. John-Scott was glowing as he always was when the discussion centered on his father. He then told me that his general feeling about school had improved although there was, even before that, one aspect of school that was always in his favour - friends.

At one point I reserved the opportunity to pose to him what I considered a central question in the understanding of his case. "I will describe to you," I told him "two possible ways in which children get to be bad. In the first way, parents are so harsh in their discipline that children rebel and in the process become bad. In the second way, children are allowed to do bad things and as a consequence become bad. "Now tell me," I asked him, "which way have you become bad?" John-Scott needed hardly any time to reflect before he told me: "The second way..."

As you can expect, I nearly fell from my chair when he said that, Mrs. Armstrong (!) this rock of morality and good sense - could she have let her son get away with a bad act? I could hardly believe my ears. And yet, and yet...I had always sensed that the second way was the only way by which children get to be bad: 'what makes one bad is to act bad' - that was axiomatic. Some images of the Rorschach came back to my mind. The woman, in plate number one, who was pulled apart by the two figures on her sides; the bugs on plate number ten who were tearing the shoes apart. But how could one reconcile that with the very obvious and inextricable difficulty that John-Scott had in recognizing his bad wishes and bad self?

Gradually I began to see that the whole mystery hung on the first observation that I had about "what was wrong with Mrs. Armstrong:" her anxiety in the face of experienced badness; her incapacity to call a bad game by its name; her inability to recognize evil for what it is. The Nevil Chamberlain syndrome: his gentlemanly failure in Munich to recognize 'Herr Hitler' for what he was. (What is this terrible rot which consists solely in the failure to recognize? Is it any wonder that Lacan found it important enough to make its French term - meconnaissance - central to his exposition?)

I remembered a day when by chance I had an occasion to compare the performance of two teachers in Junior High School whom I had seen successively on the same day. Life sometimes provides you with sharp contrasts. One of them had an easy and effortless control of his class; the other - an obviously learned and self-important man - had an unmanageable class. I remembered then that the ghost of meconnaissance became very real to me. It had been evident that the second teacher conducted the class in a certain very high note style in which the nastiness of everyday children could not be given a name. It had been a chilling sight to see how fast his class was in becoming a gang of monsters. But then you would ask me now: Isn't this itself a certain form of hate? - Witness how adored the first teacher was and how hated the second one. Was the second teacher not aware - somewhere - of how incongruous and remote the effect of his blind high note style was on his young students? Did he not exercise a subtle form of mental torture? Children - it is known - will go to very great lengths to make a monstrous farce out of a teacher who insists on remaining blind.

But what - you ask - did the act of recognition consist of in the case of the first teacher? It was hard to put one's finger on it: sometimes it was everywhere and sometimes it was nowhere. He was a constantly moving and reacting conscience. He was the living face of a conscience and like a conscience he saw everything. Most often the exercise of his discipline consisted solely in the act of seeing. A child in the class could have 'innocently' created some noise by rubbing his hand over the surface of his desk while the teacher was talking. The teacher would give him a quick look, would stop his discourse, would look at the floor, and the whole class would choke with guilt: the devil was seen eye to eye.

When I talked with Mrs. Armstrong afterwards, I soon discovered what I started to suspect after this last session with John-Scott: the incidence, for instance, of John-Scott's disappearance act in the department store as a toddler was not a singular affair. In fact, John-Scott would pull a trick like that each time she went with him to a shopping mall. Thus, the entire interaction of the mother and son was always conducted through partially closed blinds: only when John-Scott made a clearly outrageous transgression would his act be recognized and dealt with. Here lived a little monster who constantly grew bigger through the failure of recognition by the mother first and consequently by the child too.

But is this description really exhaustive? I asked Mrs. Armstrong whether she noticed that her son had changed in any way after the death of Mary-Jane (he was then seventeen months old). Mrs. Armstrong did not think so. She said she could trace his character all the way to his first day without any apparent change. To her, he did not appear changed or different after a certain age. I am inclined to agree with her. I see no reason why a mother's reaction to her child would not be traced all the way to the womb. It has certainly been my experience that information concerning a mother's circumstances and early attitude towards her child in the womb, the manner of her labour, and the condition and character of the child born, all deepen our understanding of the emerging personality of the child. I discovered in this case that Mrs. Armstrong had a certain difficulty with pregnancies: she lost half of her children in the womb. It was this fact - she told me - that led to their adoption of Tamara. (And contrary to my previous belief, it was the government agency involved that determined the offer of a seven-year-old child - in view of the Armstrongs' advanced age.) Her pregnancy with John-Scott manifested a trace of Mrs. Armstrong's difficulty in the following way: She took Clomid (fertility drug) before the onset of pregnancy. Then, during the seventh month of pregnancy, she began to have contractions. Consequently, she was placed on Vasodilin and spent, by medical advice, the last nine weeks of her pregnancy in bed. She hated the drug and its effect on her, but other indications were good. John-Scott was born on exactly the day he was due and the labour lasted half an hour. He was an acceptable weight (8 lbs.) and he was healthy. Subsequently, John-Scott - according to his mother's written report to me - was "a healthy, happy infant, making normal progress, except for one hospitalization at 13 weeks due to 'croup'." [Laryngotracheobronchitis]

Can we then trace John-Scott back to the womb? I remember that when I first told Mrs. Armstrong I suspected his symptom was due to 'contrariness' she smiled. She told me at one point afterwards that she had never heard that term, 'contariness,' except by her mother when she referred to her as "a most contrary child." Thus, it is possible to form the following 'construct' about Mrs. Armstrong. On one hand of the scale, a child with a 'contrary' conflict about her mother and an all-loving embrace of her father. On the other hand, an adult who is a lover of the law and of studies and a woman who adores children but is on the verge of rejection of some critical aspect of womanhood, namely, the conception of children and feminine beauty (I may add too that John-Scott was never breast fed). Those are very broad strokes of the brush, but they may be sufficient here to pose a very awkward possibility. If John-Scott could be born with a nucleus of a healthy and 'contrary' personality, does that not make our whole subsequent thesis of badness as a product of a particular interaction between the mother and her child a bit superfluous? I think there is only one possible answer for that. Only the assumption of a fundamentally symbolic universe - as the given reality - can help us here. For in such a world the very baby in the womb is a symbolic object, all of its organs are symbolically constructed, its very existence is symbolic of love, its deformities are symbolic expressions of the deformity of love, and its nature and character is on the same symbolic plane as the nature and character of that love. In such a world it is only natural to accept that the subsequent dialogue between the mother and the growing child is an open symbolic extension of a process in which a mother, by forming the 'flesh and blood' object in her womb has given it the shape and nature of her 'object relationship.' In other words, the object and the symbol in the womb (like everywhere else) are one and the same. It is precisely because of this peculiar reality that I could come to John-Scott after a considerable period of his evolution, and by the pure magic of the symbolic language - in one sentence - could transform both his own nature and his disease.

I do not think, therefore, that this object formation of the baby in the womb invalidates the subsequent mother/child dialogue or diminishes its importance. Our diagnosis of the nature of this dialogue only makes it possible for us to effect a change in the child's self by accessible symbolic means.

And it is this fact, more than any other consideration, which helps to explain why this "emergence of consciousness from the flesh" is regarded everywhere in our waking and dreaming life as so critical an achievement that our life and death depends on it. (It is only in a different language that we say that a "man in a coma is a medical emergency.")

In the midst of writing these lines I went, by certain impulse, to search a large box of artifacts which Mrs. Armstrong was kind enough to put at my disposal. She put in it everything that she had thought might prove to be useful in shedding light on John-Scott. It included photo albums of him and the family, a collection of his works of art - especially drawings - throughout his development, samples of his labourious writings from grade one onwards, various manuals of his favourite game - "Dungeons and Dragons," all of his school's report cards, and most importantly - John-Scott's 'life book.' This last creation is a testimony to Mrs. Armstrong's unique constructive power.

Everything that I have written about this case is in evidence in this box. One finds himself first astonished by the 'life book.' This painstaking labour of love with its thousands of momentos, cards, photos, letters, documents, poems, explanatory notes - starting with the little curl of the baby's hair and first little socks, and ending with two elaborate family trees - is such a monumental work considering the very busy schedule of this woman, that one cannot avoid a sense of admiration. The woman that emerges as the author of this physically giant 'book' (and a similar production for each of the other three children(!)) is even more impressive. There are no 'short cuts' or 'easy ways out' for anything that she touches and one is simply awed by the limitless energy that was invested by her in any aspect of the home and the children. One should not neglect to mention the time devoted to charity, volunteer work and civic projects, but the children, above all, are the most obvious objects of affection, wonder, amusement and care, and no effort is spared for any aspect of their well being. Such are the dimensions of this fortitude that I have found myself deeply saddened to see, in the other side of the box, the numerous drawings of John-Scott's truly awful monsters. Moreover, the idea that I should present her with 'what is wrong with her' with regard to her own child left me positively scared. (But isn't it the symmetrical sentiment to Mrs. Armstrong's own anxiety?)

In the same book one encountered the photo pictures of Mrs. Armstrong's 'Dad' and a most moving and endearing poem that she wrote about him. On the other hand there is not one sign of her mother.

This then is the clue that one should follow here and everywhere: what is wrong is also invisible. But the truth is not so simple in this case, for Mrs. Armstrong as a matter of principle is a lover of truth and wants to hide nothing. So much so, that she obliged us by her willingness to disclose the true names of her family in the publication of this study and thus make it a public case, open to all. She told me that she does not believe in hiding anything.

And yet...the most palpable evidence of the pathological aspect of this discourse between the mother and child came to me in Mrs. Armstrong's own handwriting in the 'book.'

Among many of her projects, Mrs. Armstrong not only documented her children's lives with absolute thoroughness, but she also collected separately all memorable episodes - both endearing and exasperating - that involved each child (with dates, location and all). Here are a few samples from John-Scott's life:

2 years, 4 months: Listening to the Briar Curling finals on T.V. he announced in excitement, "He said Alberta! I live in Alberta, I love Alberta."

2 years, 5 months: Mommy remarked, "You're just about the nicest little man I ever knew." John-Scott added, "In the whole wide world!"

2 years, 5 months: "When I be big, I'll grow up and I'll be Douglas [his father]," explained John-Scott.

2 years, 5 months: He was always playing in water. Mom scolded, when he slopped it all over and insisted he clean it up. "But I are just a little boy," John-Scott pleaded.

3 years, 10 months: Mom turned off a horror movie against his wishes. "It scares me," Mom explained. "It doesn't scare me," argued John-Scott, "I like it."

3 years, 11 months: John-Scott disliked footwear, and was always removing socks and shoes. Impatiently Mommy reminded him, "You're going to wear socks if we go out." He inquired, "Do they have to match?"

4 years, 1 month: He awakened early, and took paper and ballpoint pen from the drawer and proceeded to play on the kitchen table. Preparing Mom for the shock, he suggested, "When you come out and see the mess, you're not going to be mad and spank me, you're just going to clean it up." Mommy did just that.

The collection of episodes from which this sample is taken, does not include any of what Mrs. Armstrong termed "the aggravating antics" of John-Scott. There is no mention of any of his contrary or disappearance acts. Perhaps one should not expect it in such a collection. But there is nonetheless one episode there which was described at some length and which drew my attention at once. I will quote it first verbatim without any further introduction.

> 4 years, 9 months: This incident took place during the period when Mommy was working at the hospital and had a very busy evening schedule, with supper, dishes, baths, formula and diapers.
>
> One Sunday evening three Morman [sic] missionaries were showing a film in the living room, and John-Scott, and Tamara asked if they could be excused and play a 'tiddly wink' game in their room. The evening ended pleasantly. The next night, at the summer table, John-Scott suddenly announced, "Guess what happened today? I opened my mouth to cough, and a tiddly wink popped out!" Daddy scoffed, and Mommy warned about making up stories. Tamara interrupted. "No, it's true," she cried, "It's at Richert's. It's the red one he put in his right nostril last night. The blue one is still in the other side!" John-Scott was sent directly to the babysitters and promptly returned home with one red tiddly wink. In her rush to get the babies bathed before taking John-Scott to Emergency, she [Mom] placed the first baby bathed on the bedroom floor, with specific instructions for John-Scott to watch her, and not to put her on the bed. When the second child was completed, she was also placed on the floor of Scott's room, while Mommy got dressed. Suddenly, a bump, a frightened cry was heard from the bedroom, and Mummy rushed in to find [that] John-Scott had placed both babies on his low bunk bed, and Shannon had rolled off. He was soundly spanked without explanation. En route to the hospital, as the pressure had subsided, Mommy attempted to strengthen his understanding of the danger involved in allowing the twins on the bed. "But why did you put the babies on the bed when Mommy asked you not to? Why even Mummy couldn't watch two babies on a bed." "You're right, Mom," he agreed, "When Megan [the other twin] fell off I gave her lots of toys to play with, and she hardly cried at all!"

> At 11 p.m. that evening, after x-rays, and thorough examination by a pleasant, and I'm sure very busy intern, Mom was advised that John-Scott must have swallowed the blue tiddly wink.

Now, let us begin with the obvious reading of the situation. John-Scott did a very bad thing. While his poor mother rushed on his behalf with the bathing of the two babies he was asked to supervise them for a short while. He was given specific instructions not to place them on the bed; thus, there is no question whatsoever of John-Scott's absent-mindedness, innocent mistake, or ignorance. The bad intention of the act is abundantly clear and whoever balks from assuming that John-Scott meant to harm his little twin sister should only consider the following: One of the twins - Megan - fell first from the bed and she hardly cried. John-Scott gave her "lots of toys" and placed her back on the bed (!). Then Shannon rolled over with a bang. Is there any doubt that we are looking the devil in the face? One has to consider above all that John-Scott dearly loved the twins. It was my distinct impression in the matter and there is another revealing entry in the collection that says as much, three and a half months before this incident.

> 4 years, 5 months: Studying the babies in their cribs, John-Scott remarked, "I don't just like the babies. I love the babies, you too, Mommy?"
>
> "Are you going to feed Shannon first," he asked, "For she is my best girl." Then he added, "Megan is my Bring Up girl."

All this Mrs. Armstrong knew and at first it seems as if she acted on her knowledge for "he was soundly spanked with no explanation." Indeed, the naive reader says to himself, "What explanation is needed here? The case is evident for all parties concerned." Only when we encounter the subsequent mother/son dialogue (in the car) that we begin to feel, uneasily, the presence of an agonized blindness.

> "But why did you put the babies on the bed, when Mommy asked you not to? Why, even Mommy couldn't watch two babies on a bed."

The second sentence in this passage carries the core of the pathology. Inherent in it is the message that "Mommy" in the face of overwhelming evidence for badness as the dominant motive of the act, managed not to recognize it. Instead she assumes that it was unwise for her son to attempt an impossible mission such as the supervision of two active babies on a bed, undoubtedly is:

> "Why, even Mommy couldn't watch two babies on a bed."

The situation now is impossibly confused for John-Scott. Even the 'spanking' has acquired now a different signification. It is beyond him, of course, to analyze for himself what is the source of the all prevailing bewilderment that now envelops him. But then, the sense of undefinable perplexity is not a novel one for him. His ensuing response which complements this unhinged dialogue is a palpable indication that both mother and son exist in a shared blindness.

In the aftermath of this dialogue John-Scott's situation is serious. He was deprived of enlightenment so he is doubly angry without knowing the source of his frustration. He was 'spanked,' but under the new terms this is experienced as another pointless attack which flies on him from all directions. Above all, he cannot read the situation. And this finally is the expressive essence of his Dyslexia. It expresses both the hostile contrariness and the difficulty in reading himself and his world.

Can there be any doubt then that, notwithstanding John-Scott's nature when he was born, the evil can be found in the symbolic language of the dialogue, and that, moreover, it can be corrected there? Isn't it clear now that with the assumption of the existence of his badness John-Scott could start 'reading' his world?

In his last session with me John-Scott recommended to my attention the virtues of the therapeutic process, and said that he wished that Tamara would come to me too, for it was his belief that her, then recent, deterioration stemmed from reasons similar to his own. I had no reason to quarrel with him on this issue but I then found Mrs.

Armstrong - not surprisingly perhaps - to be a very skeptical audience with regard to the whole question of my therapy, even after John-Scott's 'blackouts' were overcome. She did not contradict me openly, but I could sense that, at the very least, she did not know what to make of the situation. I had one formal session with the Armstrongs after the last meeting with John-Scott and I outlined for them the course of his therapy. It was not a very effective set up. The necessity had an inhibiting effect on me. In most instances it is morally unsound to present somebody with a disturbing and sensitive truth about himself outside of a dialogue whose motive of friendship overrides all other concerns, and whose time frame allows for the dialectics of self acceptance. (The symbolic underpinning of this observation can be summarily stated thus: since the 'self' has a social body, i.e. the product of 'object relationships,' any social manoeuvre with which it is involved is, in the pre-symbolic terms, both an 'external' and an 'internal' event, while in effect it is one symbolic operation. Consequently, when one aspect of the 'self' becomes an object of criticism without the 'self' at the same time being accepted, the result carries the inevitability of total rejection. The 'self' as the inverted stage of this operation experiences it as a proposition of divorce within itself. If the 'self' were to identify with this manoeuvre, it would experience the anxiety which always signifies the fear of death; in this case, the symbolic death of the 'self.' In the 'accepting' mode discourse, on the other hand, all the signs are reversed and the 'self,' instead of being invited to reject part of itself, is actually gaining new or lost territory.)

As a consequence of this delicate situation I danced to a somewhat tentative ballet with the following results: Mr. Armstrong readily and indefensibly accepted the portrait and went on to adopt its implications (which did not vary in any case from the way he conducted himself in practice), while Mrs. Armstrong was being made, for some time, somewhat of an orphan. It is then more understandable that in these circumstances she had to search for other sources of evidence and authority.

The man to whom she turned to help her decide the matter, Dr. Boyd, was an excellent choice in every way. In the first place, he was an eminent ophthalmologist and eye surgeon. Mrs. Armstrong had known him for many years and had very good reason to rely on his judgement. He was not prone to mystical thinking but on the other hand his humanity made him open to all matters concerning human understanding. He was a man of integrity and his professional and ethical reputation had never been tarnished. Moreover, he was the man whom, after many frustrating years in which Mrs. Armstrong's concerns about her son's Dyslexia were dismissed by teachers and school counsellors, provided incontestable evidence about the matter. In his well-provided laboratory at the University Hospital, he had an instrument that, while rigidly fixing the patient's head, could record the actual eye movements at the time, and in the act, of reading. A tracer on a connected revolving drum could represent the exact location of the pupil of the eye in its voyage from one word to another, and the pattern of the successive graphs would reveal any abnormality in the expected smooth transition of the eye over the written lines of the given text. The results of Dr. Boyd's examination of John-Scott demonstrated an unmistakable pattern of Dyslexia.

Mrs. Armstrong brought John-Scott once again to be examined by Dr. Boyd and to consult his opinion about the whole matter. His reactions were mixed. First, when he conducted the examination and witnessed on the spot the tracing graphs, he pronounced the results "a miracle." He told Mrs. Armstrong that the symptom had cleared away completely and that her son actually practices normal reading. But when Mrs. Armstrong informed him about the events of the therapy, Dr. Boyd was not inclined to accept the proposition. He voiced the opinion that if anything might be related to the cure it is most probably the anti-depressant drugs that produced the effect. Apart from that Dr. Boyd expressed an interest to meet with me.

Naturally this news produced a compounded effect on me. I was pleased for myself to have obtained a classic 'before and after' evidence for the case and at the same time I experienced a sinking feeling that expressed an uneasy question: is Dr. Boyd's reception a sign for the future? Coming from a fair-minded practitioner like himself it signified a very tough battle ahead of me. There were two features of his initial diagnosis that were especially disconcerting. First, the anti-depressant drug hypothesis was a highly forced and graceless proposition in this particular case. (The drug was introduced on August 31st and withdrawn on October 31st. The reversal of the symptom occurred after the October 24th session. If the drug was really the effective agent of the cure its probable effect should have taken place at most 3 weeks after its introduction - which locates it at roughly the middle of September and 6 weeks before the actual reversal of the symptom. Moreover, the drug had no effect on John-Scott and, in fact, he was more depressed than ever during that period until our critical session on October 24th. Finally, the drug intake was discontinued one week after the reversal.) Second, why was Dr. Boyd willing to ascribe the disappearance of the symptom to an anti-depressant drug and unwilling to ascribe it to psychotherapy which, at the very least, might have been, also, anti-depressant? Was Dr. Boyd too - I asked myself - an unwitting practitioner of the politics of medicine? Obviously I was forgetting myself. I already neglected to consider how improbable the application of therapy to Dyslexia seems.

But most fascinating to witness at close range, was what amounted to the 'march' and 'progress' of science in general and medicine in particular. How often - I asked myself - does it happen to a practitioner in any hospital ward to actually witness 'miracles?' Quite often, one should say. After all, one hears miraculous stories everywhere in a hospital at any given time. But, then, with what does a practitioner fortify himself to assume wilfull ignorance and to resume his 'scientific' assumptions against those 'deviations of facts?'

No. I was too harsh in my pre-judgement of Dr. Boyd. No reaction other than this should have been expected from a physician in these circumstances, and he certainly did not close the door on the hearing of the evidence from me. Moreover, he might well be a representative of the most worthy audience that I might be able to get in the medical profession. I decided to respond to his invitation and to arrange a meeting with him as a challenging and resistive audience.

It is outside the scope of this documentary case study to describe our two meetings in detail. Dr. Boyd presented me quite from the outset with his view of the general beneficient effect of anti-depressant drugs on many cases of Dyslexia (although he did not propose it outright as a cure). I had to make a mental note to myself to the effect that once again I hear of the wonderful attributes of anti-depressant drugs and yet in my limited but deeply rooted experience with the drugs in the cases of people whose lives I monitored very closely in therapy, I never saw any beneficial effect of the drugs. Our meeting might have seemed futile right there and then, but I noticed that Dr. Boyd did not seem really defensive about his position. He simply seemed to pronounce himself on the basis of his available knowledge. I told him that I would not try to convince him. I would simply relate to him what frame of mind had led me to pursue the case and what had been the course of the therapy.

We spent the first meeting discussing what I termed the 'logical fallacies surrounding Dyslexia.' And I believe that Dr. Boyd started to become more receptive when I told him that, as a reader of both English and Hebrew, Dyslexia has never made any sense to me.

At one point, I attacked the weak status of physiological descriptions in the service of an explanation of the behaviour of a disease. "You know as well as I do," I told him, "that in the case of multiple sclerosis we assume that the foundation of the disease lies in the selective destruction of the myelin sheath that covers the nerve routes. And yet we have a whole category of people for whom this description specifically applies, and who never manifest any of the symptoms of multiple sclerosis. These people have been simply discovered by some chance in post mortem examinations." Dr. Boyd conceded the point. He knew about it.

As we approached the car after leaving the Faculty Club, Dr. Boyd asked me what I thought of Carl Jung. I have a favourite line about that. I told him that everything of value that Jung wrote he borrowed from Freud and everything else that is esoteric and bizarre is his own original contribution. I should have also told him that Jung was morally repugnant to me for his evasive ability to hurt and betray only those people who were most important to him: his wife and Freud, and for assuming - albeit termporarily - the presidency of the German Psychological Association at the time when the Nazis disowned all Jewish members from their association. It was a testing question and I soon found out that Dr. Boyd held Jung in the same disfavour. But I appreciated the question. There is a critical difference between facile mysticism in which the subject all too readily leaves behind him the objective world, and on the other hand, the sense of elated and well-earned wonder that comes about after a deep exploration into the mysterious nature of the objective world. The first position hides the subject's mistrust of the object; the second position discloses object-love.

In our second meeting, Dr. Boyd brought with him the tracer graphs of John-Scott's 'before and after' performance. I then discovered that the 'before' graphs revealed something that I did not suspect from my simple testing of John-Scott's reading. His condition was more acute and constituted altogether a rare form of Dyslexia. He did not just invert words, but the entire lines (!). His eye movements while reading an English text closely resembled the normal eye movements of a native Israeli who is reading a Hebrew text; strictly from right to left. His 'after' performance provided indeed an astonishing contrast. If I needed a reminder that physicians and psychologists should work independently but together, it was well demonstrated in this case.

I proceeded to relate to Dr. Boyd the outlines of John-Scott's therapy and his resistance, I am glad to say, slowly disappeared. At the end of the meeting Dr. Boyd ventured to say that he came to understand why anti-depressant drugs sometimes help in the condition of Dyslexia. He asked me to come again and tell him more about symbolic processes. I wished to myself that there would be more medical pratitioners like him.

As we departed amicably, there was one thought that kept interfering with my momentary peace of mind. The image of Mrs. Armstrong stood between me and Dr. Boyd. For some reason, I saw her there complete with her nursing uniform and eyeglasses. "Why do her eyeglasses seem so distinct in my imagination?" I asked myself. And then I remembered something. Mrs. Armstrong had two main eyesight defects. She was 'far sighted;' which meant, by omission, that she could not discern clearly her immediate visual field while seeing clearly from afar. And then she had a second distortion which involved the perception of horizontal objects. Invariably, Mrs. Armstrong would perceive straight plane objects (like beds, counters, tables, etc.) as curved in a moderate bell shape form. Without her glasses which corrected this distortion as well as the first one, Mrs. Armstrong would view any straight bed or horizontal desk as if it has the curvature of a small hill. For some silly reason, I was convinced that Dr. Boyd was responsible for the construction of her excellent eyeglasses. But why - you ask - was I concerned with these trifles all of a sudden at the time of my departure from Dr. Boyd?

You see, I had some unexpected understanding of Mrs. Armstrong's distortions of vision. As always when found, they were the perfect core metaphors of the personality. What could have been more true about Mrs. Armstrong - to judge from her relationship with her son - than to say that, while she was 'far sighted' in terms of her moral vision, she could not 'see' properly what was happening in front of her nose? As always, such symptoms understood in symbolic terms, point to the self and its relations with the 'other.' Vision is vision of the 'other' and the 'other' is always a Rorschach test.

But what, you ask, is the symbolic significance of the second distortion? It should be - I say - related in meaning, and provide further illumination on our first insight. Think first of Mrs. Armstrong's vision as a verb and ask yourself, what is she doing to her object of vision? The answer? She is rounding it. Now, open again your Webster Dictionary and look up the various meanings of 'round.' You will find there among other things, two contradictory meanings of the term 'to round off.' One involves a slight distortion, as in 'rounding off numbers.' The other meaning is "to bring to completion or perfection." (This is not the only example of a term having contradictory meanings. Ernest Jones describes, in his biography of Freud, how very happy he was when he encountered the findings of the Swedish philologist which showed that the existence of such terms is rather the rule in ancient languages. An ancient language, in Freud's acute understanding, is the archaic language of the unconscious in which contradictory meanings "peacefully coexist side by side.") Now, if you ever asked yourself why should the term 'to round off' carry this specific contradiction, look again to Mrs. Armstrong. You will see then that at the same time that she tries to bring her object to perfection, she distorts it.

These thoughts went through my mind as I took leave of Dr. Boyd, and then another thought occurred to me. Suppose I was to propose openly that I was willing for the sake of demonstration, to try to cure Mrs. Armstrong's visual distortions through the use of psychological analysis. Would I still be allowed then to cherish this budding friendly touch with this fine man?

Post Script:

Half a year after this episode I inquired of Mrs. Armstrong again about John-Scott. Her description seemed to me of a mixed blessing. John-Scott showed some definite signs of coming into the open with his bad self. He and Tamara requested permission to go to the Rock concert of Ozzy Osborne - this grossly violent pop singer. They were denied permission in spite of vehement protests and were allowed to go to other Rock concerts. John-Scott spent endless hours with the exquisite redrawing of Osborne's evil-looking album as well as with his traditional monsters. As well, he managed to cut his hair in punk style. Then, just before it was time for him to be taken in the second round to a 'decent barber' (through parental decree), he managed to cut his hair again in the same style with the aid of Tamara. On top of this he was caught, with two of his good friends, preparing, in the basement, an artistically-designed star-shaped, metal construction that they used to throw at a board. A very dangerous weapon in the hands of early adolescent boys. It was immediately taken from them.

All in all, John-Scott's emerging persona was still well-contained and expressed within the realm of art. Even the excessive Osborne himself is no criminal. But there was one disconcerting episode in which he hit Tamara - while she was unprepared for it - on the back of her head. Tamara heard him call the name "Ozzy" when he did that.

It was a single sign, but a troubling sign nonetheless, "Here is a symptomatic therapy for you!" I told myself bitterly. But there was no way that I could propose and impose any further therapy if the Armstrongs did not yet judge it this way. (A psychologist who earns fees, in contrast to a physician, cannot promote his own therapy.) They all had the terms of reference at their disposal and, for some reason, they did not judge the situation to be an emergency. Moreover, Mrs. Armstrong at that particular point chose to offer to start paying my fees although she did not yet manage to sound out Dr. Boyd for his opinion after his meetings with me, and although I did not expect anything from her until she did.

It was a puzzle. Mrs. Armstrong had at least a far-sighted vision and Doug Armstrong was a man with a clear and well-rounded vision altogether. And yet, when I offered to see John-Scott 'once' for monitoring purposes 'free of charge,' nothing came of it. On the other hand, Mrs. Armstrong not only offered, with no hint from me, to pay my fees, but cooperated warmly and enthusiastically with me in the preparation of the case. Moreover, I was invited, with my wife, for tea at the Armstrong's. I had to realize that it was not an emergency after all. I reminded myself that John-Scott never identified 'blood' on the Rorschach, and when I went again to the box of artifacts, I was astonished once again to see the power and the immense patience and talent of his art. After all, I consoled myself, with this invisible love for his mother in his art, he should be able to make it.

SOME PHILOSOPHICAL CONSIDERATIONS

The main questions that preoccupy me in this part of the work stem from my rejection of the very idea of a 'theory of psychology' on moral grounds. First, I have to show why a theory of psychology - any theory that is - should by necessity be immoral. Then, if I substitute the notion of a 'vision' in place of a 'theory' in the study of man I have to elucidate what is the point of their differences, and how does a 'vision' go about being 'true' or 'false.'

But this is just the beginning of my troubles. At the bottom lie the truly frightening questions of epistemology and metaphysics: the question about the ultimate form of reliable knowledge, and questions about the logical structure of the universe.

Should a student of psychology really get himself into all of this?

It seems to me that I have only one of two choices. I could choose to embrace the model of the 'scientist-practitioner' on exactly the lines projected by the departments of psychology across the land. That would mean, strictly speaking, that I would conduct myself very cautiously as a man who knows nothing unless a statistical study presents me with a fact. A fact, moreover, which the philosophy of probability and the entire methodology of research design justly teaches me to distrust on every ground of explication and causation. I need no lengthy clinical experience to realize that this first option contradicts itself in my practice when I face a patient who needs to be understood. I cannot adopt the position of judicious ignorance and scientific doubt too long, for a 'moment of truth' soon arrives in which a patient, trusting that I do know, reaches the point of his utter fragility. In that moment I need to know with as much certainty and precision as an eye surgeon with a laser beam would need to know his business.

It is such a moment, which, if mastered properly, only leads the patient to open the door for both of us to walk in his domain of vulnerability, that convinces me that the reality of the 'scientist-practitioner' model is a convenient illusion. Simply put, a practitioner therapist who would truly venture to work in the theoretical spirit of experimentation which, as a defense against Cartesian doubt, shapes the role of a scientist as a rigorous idiot-savant under the terms of a given theory, such practitioner would have a very hypothetical practice indeed.

That leaves me with only one other option that can still defend the field of therapy, as a collective enterprise, from a state of total unaccountability. It is the option of engaging in the long tradition of systematic and reflective debate on the foundation of our knowledge. It is the role of the psychologist-philosopher.

The role of the psychologist-philosopher is certainly one that I cannot avoid if I wish to call into question the very idea of a theory of psychology. It is the far-reaching consequences of such a position that force me to involve myself in the radical ways in which the foundations of knowledge have been taken to task in philosophy. It is, furthermore, my enduring impression that whomever touches the field of Clinical Psychology deals directly with metaphysical questions and vice versa.

The Modern Doubt of Human Knowledge

It is customary to think first of Descartes in the modern era in association with the employment of fundamental doubt in a philosophical enquiry. It is true that the Cartesian pose - the suspension of all belief - which is used to arrive at whatever can be trusted to exist, is a well recognized legacy in the employment of scientific evidence. But this legacy only suggests that rather than a genuine avenue of reflection on the fundamentals of knowledge, the Cartesian pose can be used all too easily as a springboard for the assertion of first principles.

The true beginning of fundamental but productive doubt of human knowledge in the modern era resides, in my opinion, with David Hume and it was brought about through his direct attack on the logical validity of inductive inferences:

> Let the course of things be allowed hitherto ever so regular; that alone, without some new argument or inference, proves not that, for the future, it will continue so. In vain do you pretend to have learned the nature of bodies from your past experience. Their secret nature, and consequently all their effects and influence, may change, without any change in their sensible qualities. This happens sometimes, and with regard to some objects: Why may it not happen always, and with regard to all objects? What logic, what process of argument secures you against this suggestion? My practice, you say, refutes my doubts. But you mistake the purport of my question. As an agent, I am quite satisfied in the point; but as a philosopher, who has some share of curiosity, I will not say skepticism, I want to learn the foundation of this inference.
>
> An Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding S.IV

Reading these somewhat quaint melodic lines, the modern reader may find it hard at first to appreciate the subtlety of the attack. It is only when the challenge in this passage is taken, and one seriously considers an attempt to provide it with an answer, that one discovers its hidden power.

In the most essential form, the argument known as "Hume's fork" consists of the following procedure: First, a distinction is made between propositions stating only 'relations of ideas,' and propositions stating 'matters of fact and real existence.' This distinction is used to assert the difference between propositions whose truth can be ascertained independently of observation - the former class involving 'relations of ideas' - and those propositions whose truth is contingent on some state of affair (e.g. 'It is raining today.'). Then a question is raised with regard to the truth status of contingent propositions whose claim extend universally beyond the class of accumulated observations (e.g. 'All polar bears are white.'). At this point, an analysis is offered as an answer to the doubt, which shows that in order for this kind of proposition to be true there is a principle with regard to the uniformity of nature that must be presupposed. But then - and this is a crucial point in this argument - it is demonstrated that there is nothing logically compelling about the a priori acceptance of any principle of natural uniformity or regularity. And with this clause Hume's fork is complete and the validity of inductive inference appears to be conclusively undermined.

Needless to say, there is a radical critique of knowledge that is contained in Hume's problem. Inductive inferences appear to constitute the foundation of science and much of common sense. What, after all, is the point of science and common wisdom if not to extend our knowledge from the observed to the unobserved? Thus, it is not surprising that science during and after Hume's time went on its business as usual and conducted itself as if it never heard of his challenge. Nor was it the first time that science tolerated a problem of foundation which, in some other cases, e.g. the foundation of infinitesimal calculus, could have been solved only 200 - 300 years after the initial presentation of the model.

Yet, there is something quite persistent in Hume's problem and addressing it has not been an unrewarding exercise. It is not the case that Hume's critique of induction could be overcome by some ingenious formulation. On the contrary, it has shown itself over the years resilient and robust to a surprising degree. Nevertheless, the very attempt to wrestle with it seriously, proved to be profitable for some of those who tried it. It should be recognized, for instance, that even a very modern effort such as Popper's philosophy of science amounts to nothing other than an attempt to provide an answer to the real crisis which Hume's devastating challenge can pose to science if not answered. Popper's answer consisted essentially of an elegant capitulation to Hume's logic: No inductive generalization can be demonstrated as true, agrees Popper, and no amount of observed evidence constitutes a proof of its claim for universal truth. The only difference between science and other systems of belief is to be found in the fact that scientific claims are falsifiable, i.e. can be shown by any one instance of observation not to hold, whereas those of say, religion, cannot be falsified by any state of affairs. I do believe that Popper is quite wrong in his notion that scientific theories are falsifiable. But Popper may be more interested in developing the notion of how science should be than looking into how science is. Thus, in a logical extension of his assumptions he demands that scientific claims should be highly falsifiable. Now, when a proposition is open to all states of affairs (e.g. 'Any polar bear is either white or not white.') it does not exclude any state of affair and therefore it is not falsifiable; it also displays total lack of content. The demand that scientific assertions should be falsifiable means that they should be high in content or, in other words, highly specific. From this, Popper derives his notion of 'corroboration.' If a highly falsifiable scientific statement had passed a severe test by which it was not contradicted, it was therefore to that extent corroborated. I shall show later in what sense, I believe, is the demand of science for falsifiable propositions a misconception of what science is all about. But at the moment my point is to show just how fruitful can be the engagement with Hume's critique of induction, although in this example the attempt may have come to nought: It proves initially very ingenious for Popper to agree with Hume, but when it turns out that the notion of corroboration is conceived as a justification for induction, then it can be similarly disposed of with Hume's original two-punches argument. Salmon in his "Inductive Experience in Science" put the problem thus: "Modus tollens without corroboration is empty; modus tollens with corroboration is induction."

The reason why the critique of induction is so imprevious to counter arguments lies with very clear logical considerations. The distinction that Hume drew between propositions asserting 'relations of ideas' and those asserting 'matters of fact and real existence' corresponds essentially to the distinction between 'analytic' and 'synthetic' propositions which was first introduced by Kant. Kant thought of an analytic truth as a statement which is exclusively defined as one in which the concept of the predicate is included in the concept of the subject, (e.g.'All husbands are male.'), whereas all other true statements are synthetic truths. Kant's mode of distinction was criticized because it was argued that it does not lead to a clear-cut separation of the two classes of propositions. But the intent was clear enough and it was conveyed later by the distinction between 'necessary' and 'contingent' truths or between 'a priori' and 'a posteriori' truths. C.S. Pierce brought the intended meaning more explicitly to the fore by his distinction between 'ampliative' and 'nonampliative' inferences. An ampliative inference is one whose conclusion possesses some content that is not present either explicitly or implicitly in its premises. It is going, therefore, beyond the given. A nonampliative inference is one whose conclusion does not augment the content of the premises.

These distinctions make it very clear what is the only notion of necessary truth that we possess: it is synonymous with nonampliative inferences. What we term 'valid deductive inference' is arrived at by the simple fact that the conclusion does not assert anything that was not contained in the premises; most often less. Thus, the efficacy of Hume's critique resides in the fact that he, very appropriately, asserts that ampliative inferences are not necessarily true. Consequently, any claim that they might be, is a logical invalid inference. I fail to see any hope that this argument will ever be shown to be inadequate or fallacious.

This conclusion, in the face of all our scientific achievements, seems outrageous to us. But there is another way in which it makes some sense. When we, in some reflective moment, contemplate the world, and this, for some reason, happens sometimes when we raise our eyes to the stars, the idea that we can possess ultimate truths about the universe appears in a sharp relief, inaccessibly remote and inconceivable. This foundation of skepticism which is available to any of us and which I shall term 'the common man's philosophy' can take an unhealthy turn and express itself in the solipsism of the moment. We all know that this position is irrefutable. We all know too, and the history of philosophy demonstrates all too clearly, the possibility to raise fundamental doubt about, what otherwise we take to be, secure aspects of our knowledge. Hume's merit therefore lies not primarily in raising a doubt in a totally unexpected place, nor does it only reside in the fact that this place is taken to be the cornerstone of the whole science. More importantly, the doubt he raised, when compared to ordinary solipsism, proved to be very stimulating, as well as radical, rather than defeating. It is customary to believe that Kant's monumental system is the only answer to Hume that has two feet to stand on. This belief may contain some misunderstanding of the main issue as well as some misunderstanding of Kant, if, what is meant by an 'answer,' is a refutation of Hume's logical argument. On the contrary, the main power of Kant's revolution of thought stems from a total acceptance of Hume's conclusion. Kant who was twelve years Hume's junior was probably one of two people in Europe who understood Hume's critique at the time of its publication. He realized both how definitive it is and how far reaching are its consequences, and it is a good way to think of The Critique of Pure Reason as reflecting the seriousness with which Kant apprehended the argument.

Let us review the problem once again. It is the object of science to lead us to the formulation of some laws of nature or some principles describing some uniformities and regularities in nature. However, it is widely held that any such law is arrived at by induction: by extending itself from the observed to the unobserved. Hume's critique denies such a leap as irrational, and, moreover, if an appeal is made to some principle of the uniformity of nature, or causality, in reaching an inductive conclusion, it is denied, too, as question begging. On the other hand and in the face of this, an obvious question poses itself: namely, what account is to be given to our sense of objective reality, to any conception of knowledge, and to the progress of science? Kant, facing this problem, and having reached a profound sense of impasse, awoke from his "dogmatic slumbers."

The Beginning of Transcendental Idealism

If no certainties can be rationally arrived at by induction, then what is the source of any certainties that we do possess? Kant answered this by turning the world upside down and by pointing his finger to the subject: We, that is to say, human consciousness, is the formative source of all certainties that may be found by us. Moreover, human consciousness, with its a priori ordering capacity, creates the objective world in a truly fundamental way. With this thesis, whose inventiveness was hidden in a structure of presentation that is inspiring in its logical integrity, the old world of naive realism started to be dismantled. But it needs to be stated that no matter how revolutionary and unexpected the "Critique of Pure Reason" still appears to be, it is in one way almost a logical extension of Hume's critique.

The enduring strength of Kant's philosophy is founded, among many other things, on unsuspected substantiation of his logical argumentation. Undeniably, many of his arguments remained rationally defensible to this day and have passed very nicely the test of time, but quite a few of the most crucial arguments have not remained secure with the emergence of modern developments in the fields of mathematics and physics. Nevertheless, their fall, in a strange way, only enhanced the basic thrust of Kant's thesis.

The two dimensions of space and time can serve here in illustrating the point. The treatment of time and space occupies a dominant place in Kant's philosophy for a few reasons. In the first place, Kant forcibly argued that neither time nor space exists in any kind of empirical reality which can be directly experienced or apprehended by us; they cannot be discovered by us in the world. They are therefore prime examples of a priori qualities of consciousness in its formative ordering of objective reality. It was, furthermore, Kant's contention that time in its sequential ordering capacity provides the foundation of arithmetics and its serial number system, whereas space with its extension ordering capacity provides the foundation of geometry. Those two sciences in turn were taken by Kant to demonstrate synthetic a priori truths, and it is this last concept, the synthetic a priori which was the logical vehicle that was used by Kant to show how it is possible for the certainties of objective reality, as exemplified by the enduring laws of mathematics and geometry, to be the product of the a priori nature of consciousness. Lastly, time and space, was used by Kant in the important treatment of the categories. The categories, first conceived by Aristotle as a list of ten concepts that is forming a classifying scheme in which all objects of reality derive their exhaustive description, was modified by Kant to form four groups: the categories of 'quantity,' 'quality,' 'relations' and 'modalities.' He demonstrated for each one of them, by cogent logic, in what way they are a necessary condition for the possibility of objective experience. The categories, thus, were taken by Kant to be a priori "sentences" by which the unified synthesis of objective reality is produced by the subject and without which the apprehension of objects is impossible. The demonstration employed the dimensions of time as a mediator between the 'a priori' and the 'sensual' in the selective production of the categories. The categories were in Kant's metaphor "monograms" in time. Thus, for instance, the category of 'cause and effect' (in the group of 'relations') is mediated by a repeatable and unchanging sequence of phenomena in the dimension of time (time is a precondition of 'cause and effect'), the objective existence of these phenomena comes into being through the a priori operation of the category of causality.

There were three modern developments that should have had direct bearings on Kant's main argument here. The first had to do with the nature of arithmetic. Kant argued that the propositions of arithmetic are synthetic and he brings the following example regarding '7 + 5 = 12,'

> It must at first be thought that the proposition 7 + 5 = 12 is a mere analytical judgement, following from the concept of the sum of seven and five, according to the law of contradiction. But on closer examination it appears that the concept of the sum of 7 + 5 contains merely their union in a single number, without it being at all thought what the particular number is that unites them. The concept of twelve is by no means thought by merely thinking of the combination of seven and five; and, analyze this possible sum as we may, we shall not discover twelve in the concept. We must go behind these concepts, by calling to our aid some intuition which corresponds to one

> of the concepts - that is either our five fingers or five points (as Singer has it in his Arithmetic) - and we must add successively the units of the five given in the intuition to the concept of seven. Hence our concept is really amplified by the proposition 7 + 5 = 12, and we add to the first concept a second concept not thought in it. Arithmetic judgements are therefore synthetical, and the more plainly according as we take larger numbers; for in such cases it is clear that, however closely we analyze our concepts without calling intuition to our aid, we can never find the sum by such mere dissection.
>
> Prolegomena to Any Future Metaphysics S2.2

If this argument were to be confirmed it would have provided a striking evidence for the existence of a priori, synthetic propositions (reflecting on enduring features of human consciousness) which are immutably found to be true in the world: e.g. each time we count a new batch of five apples plus seven apples we come up with the sum of twelve; thus confirming to the a priori, (e.g. 5 + 7 = 12), and providing a demonstration of a synthetic a priori proposition. However, this claim was not sustained by subsequent developments. Prof. Shmuel Hugo Bergman summed up the fate of this argument in his book, "The Philosophy of Immanuel Kant." Thus:

> This evidence was rooted out completely by the development of the new mathematics. The end result of this development is to build the mathematical system on solid foundations and formal proofs. In no way was it permissible, from the point of view of this development, to base a mathematical evidence exclusively on observation. On the contrary, observation was eliminated completely from arithmetics. The concept of 'size' which still contained an element of observation was removed and only the notion of 'number' remained as the central concept of arithmetic. The new mathematics demonstrated that it is possible to prove the equation 7 + 5 = 12 from the definition

> of the numbers 5, 7 and the definition of the notion of 'union.' It was discovered that arithmetics is a purely analytical science whose proofs need clear definitions of its primary concepts. (p. 30)

In geometry, on the other hand, Kant's claims that the axioms of geometry are synthetic were confirmed in a way that he had not anticipated. Kant argued that propositions such as "the straight line is the shortest one between two points,' 'Any three points exist on one plane' or 'Any form having three sides is also having three angles' cannot be derived by the analysis of their respective concepts, therefore they are not analytic. They need the aid of observation in their derivation and therefore they are synthetic propositions. Once again his claims were disproved by later demonstrations to the contrary. It was shown that these propositions can be derived through definitions and analysis of their concepts and therefore they are analytic statements. But as regards to axioms of geometry Kant was unexpectedly proven right. Euclid's fifth postulate - 'Two straight lines that are not parallel intersect each other at some point' was originally given as a basic assumption that needs no proof. The new mathematics laboured strenuously to provide a proof for it so as to make it a logical derivation of one axiomatic system, but no proof was found. Finally, came Nicolai Lobachewski, Farkas Bolyai and Janos Bolyai and presented human thought with another of its memorable turning points. They built a complete geometrical system devoid of contradictions which denied Euclid's fifth postulate. The three mathematicians demonstrated by the overlap of the new and old systems that any contradiction that could be shown in the Non Euclidian geometry could be employed as well to show a contradiction in the Euclidian geometry. This was the beginning of a series of geometrical systems that followed afterwards basing themselves on axioms that were each contradicting the other and each system produced with no self contradiction. Kant, then, must have been right in claiming that an axiom like the fifth postulate was a synthetic proposition whose truth could only be arrived at by observation. This, however, did not exhaust the lesson that was to be drawn by these developments. Because the 'truth' of the fifth postulate was rendered, oddly enough, rather empty by these very developments. In fact, the fifth postulate together with other axioms could not be claimed anymore to be true synthetic a priori propositions because the new mathematics, represented by David Hilbert's 1899 "Fundamentals of Geometry," showed them all and clearly to be merely definitions, albeit primary ones.

The theory of relativity has had a remarkably similar effect on Kant's arguments. In presenting the new conception of 'time-space' as a four dimensional entity, Einstein conceded that it is possible to hold onto the Newtonian physics in explaining nature and to conceive of time and space as independent of each other. The only price paid for that is by invoking explanations that are much more difficult and involved. Thus, from the standpoint of the theory of relativity, Kant's revolutionary idea that time and space are a priori attributes with which human consciousness forms phenomenal reality, this idea was given a very significant support. But, on the other hand, the notion of the 'truth' of the a priori synthetic propositions of time and space, a truth that was supposed to be the foundation of objective reality, was again emptied by the same development.

Under the weight of these critical setbacks to its logic it would appear that Kant's philosophy would flounder and sink. But a close scrutiny should reveal that the main thrust of his exposition, his "Copernician revolution," assumed even greater power and validity with each new development. The old notion that in science we are discovering a world that exists independently of us, this notion could not sustain even the burden of Hume's critique of induction. On the other hand, the idea that with each step of progress we illuminate the formative role of our a priori propositions on the constitution of reality, became an indispensible concept in light of the modern developments of the most rigorous sciences: those of mathematics and physics. The English physicist A.S. Eddington summed up the matter, in the conclusion of his book on the theory of relativity, in the following way:

> The Theory of relativity unified the great laws...that established for physics the respectable position that it holds in human knowledge. And yet, this knowledge, as far as it touches the nature of things, is nothing but an empty vessel, a mere symbolic form. It is a knowledge of the shape of a structure, not its content...In the places where science progressed the most, human consciousness turned and retrieved from nature whatever it previously invested in nature.

> On the shore of the unknown we discovered strange marks. We subsequently invented, one after the other, deep theories, to discover their origin. Finally, we succeeded in finding the creature that produced those traces. And behold, the marks - our marks.
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> ("Space, Time and Gravitation" - pp. 200 - 201 rendered from Hebrew Translation.)

This is the same Eddington who was sent in 1919 to West Africa and obtained a confirmation for a prediction derived from the theory of relativity for the effect of time-space, formed around the mass of a star, on the curvature of passing light rays.

The Case for Objective Idealisms

It is not altogether difficult to understand why the question of the 'things-in-themselves' assumed critical importance in the post Kantian debate, (which followed almost immediately after the publication of the first Critique). If the construction of, what we take to be, objective reality comes down to being a phenomenological synthesis and the ultimate 'things-in-themselves,' although their existence is assumed, can never be known as such, then several implications follow. First, we are locked, it seems, in a world whose objects may give a very consistent impression of being solid and real, but this is a show that is in essence a phenomenal projection. As regards the ultimate constitution of the world we are barred in principle (!) from knowing it.

Thus, objective reality, whose exploration we presumed would lead us to a greater measure of truth, turns out, upon the idea of the inaccessible 'things-in-themselves,' to be an unbreakable illusion. Our explorations and investigations will succeed at most in showing us - as Kant himself does - the structure of our consciousness that produced the stable hallucination known as 'objective reality.' But that is the absolute limit of our knowledge.

Some of the early readers of the first edition of the Critique of Pure Reason fell into acute despair after taking cognizance of Kant's idea of the things-in-themselves. On the one hand, Kant managed to demonstrate all too clearly the participation of our consciousness in forming our most reliable sense of reality. On the other hand, this same demonstration seemed to necessitate an incomprehensible noumena which made this reality a hopeless and hermetic prison.

The necessity for this notion came from two directions. Most importantly it was Hume's critique which compelled Kant to employ the following strategy: First, to take whatever appears to be of enduring truth in our experience - 'time and space,' 'the object,' 'geometry and arithmetic' - and then to show what are the a priori propositions that our consciousness must be equiped with, in order that such an experience is made possible. This strategy led to the logic of Kant's transcendental deductions; but the conclusions of this logic were conditionals. In other words, any possibility for lawful and objective experience that we presume to exist, necessarily presupposes those a priori propositions. But this in itself does not constitute a proof for the ultimate validity of objective experience. Thus, one presumably needs ultimate reality to be composed of 'indefineables' out of which consciousness forms its objective experience. (The consequences of this notion can be followed up to Lacan, for whom 'the real' is, sometimes, a roaring madness.) I suspect, too, that the idea of the things-in-themselves was found inviting also because of some sense of inadequacy in the account of the formation of the object by the categories. The object was dematerialized by the categories through the force of the fact that a matter without form and attributes is inconceivable. (What after all, is left of sugar - asked the Chemist Ostwald and echoed by Bergman - if we take its sweetness, whiteness, etc.?) Instead the object became a law that expresses an enduring association or relationship of attributes. But the categories seemed to be a fixed grid and some of the possibility to account for whatever seems to be dynamic and historical in our experience appeared lost; hence, I believe, Kant's recourse for the things-in-themselves.

The notion of the things-in-themselves is devastating to Kant's original intention to provide foundation for our knowledge. Professor Bergman argued that the concept is self-contradictory. It is an entity that was deprived by Kant's own argumentation from any claim for possible existence. Moreover, the main promise of Kant's philosophy in which the spirit is seen to be the constitutive force and the apprehending force of experience, the promise, in other words, of accompanying the progress of science, is dealt with a severe contradiction.

It is with this painful dilemma that the door is opened for Hegel's critique of Kant and the rise of his objective idealism. At the heart of Hegel's philosophy with its majestic certainties lies a very compelling small step in the post-Kantian debate: the assertion of identity between the 'self' and the 'world.' It is the things-in-themselves that are thereby dispensed with. Only when this step is achieved, is it possible for a philosophy to give an account of a human consciousness that was freed to assume and recognize its historical and self-formative movement. Only then, in the face of the Humian doubt, can it find whatever certainties that it may have within itself. And only with such a philosophy, I may add, can a psychologist conduct his business.

Symbolism and Objective Idealisms

I believe that anyone who could witness first-hand a truly penetrating and well-rounded interpretive process conducted on his own Rorschach image would be radicalized sufficiently to become a Hegelian. There is, indeed, in the beginning, a sense of incredulity that usually accompanies a magical moment. But gradually in time one comes to see that it is really the case that one 'projects' his innermost self onto the image that is thereby constructed. With any number of years of experience with the Rorschach one realizes that there is no exception to the rule. The Rorschach images are always poetic and profound when interpreted - even if morbidly so - or they have not been properly understood. Moreover, it is possible to see that if, at the end of a long and sometimes arduous process of interpretation, the subject has reached the point where he fully recognizes the Rorschach images as his 'own,' he has by then attained something very similar to what Hegel called "Absolute knowledge."

> ...This surmounting of the object of consciousness is not to be taken one-sidedly to mean that the object showed itself as returning into the Self, but is to be taken more specifically to mean not only that the object as such presented itself to the Self as vanishing, but rather that it is the externalization of the self-consciousness that posits the thinghood [of the object] and that this externalization has not merely a negative but a positive meaning, a meaning which is not only for us in itself, but for self-consciousness itself. The negative of the object, or its self-supersession, has a positive meaning for self-consciousness, i.e. self-consciousness knows the nothingness of the object on the one hand, because it externalizes its own self - for in this externalization it posits itself as object, or the object as itself, in virtue of the indivisible unity of being-for-self. On the other hand, this positing at the same time contains the other moment, viz. that self-consciousness has equally superseded this externalization

> and objectivity too, and taken it back into itself so that it is in communion with itself in *its* otherness as such. This is the movement of consciouness, and in that movement *consciousness* is the totality of its moments. Equally *consciousness* must have related itself to the object in accordance with the totality of the latter's determinations and have thus grasped it from the standpoint of each of them. This totality of its determinations establishes the object as an implicitly *spiritual* being, and it does truly become a spiritual being for consciousness when each of its individual determinations is grasped as a determination of the Self, or through the spiritual relationship to them that was just mentioned.
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> (§ 788. Phenomenology of Spirit)

With Kant, too, the notion of the 'synthesis of apperception' is utterly fundamental and all the unities of space, time, the object, and the categories are predicated on it. This synthesis in turn is the synthesis of the 'I' and it is on that account that every object of the 'I,' including the world, are singularly unified as predicates in sentences in which the 'I' is the subject. There cannot be - Kant demonstrates - any object, unless it is explicitly or implicitly a predicate in a sentence where the 'I' is a subject.

With Hegel, in contrast to Kant, it becomes much clearer that the world does not operate merely through the agency of a few well chosen categories whose a priori status seems to place them in an upper Platonic world of ideas. Rather, the intensely convoluted movement of the Spirit of knowledge that he describes seems to inhabit the same earth with us, and, my mind at least, is unwilling to deny that it echoed with affirmation to Hegel's portrayal of its history. Moreover, to the extent that Hegel's description of the World Spirit assumes greater familiarity to our world than Kant's stately but static scheme, to that extent it becomes clearer that the terminology of Idealism is almost self-consciously symbolic. Both Kant and Hegel know that the object is constructed as 'one' by a self whose symbolic nature is 'one,' (In English, e.g. 'One knows what one wants to know'), but it is Hegel who called this knowledge 'Objective Idealism.'

Hegel talks as freely and perceptively as if he explicitly made the assumption that the world is symbolically constructed. I discovered to my amazement, at one point in the 'Phenomenology,' that he went so far as to point to the cranium - albeit, somewhat tentatively - as a manifestation of the permanent aspect of the 'I.' But in the final analysis Hegel's creative force lies largely with the identity that he asserted between the Self and the World, and when one compares the associative richness of the 'symbol' with the unidimensional flatness of the 'idea,' one gains a sense of the ultimate limit that Hegel's philosophy had to reach. Hegel did not have the means for a final and decisive assault on the dualism of the 'body and mind.' But he soared as high as any mortal could hope for with Icarus' wings.

Symbols and Metaphors

In the clinical part of my work I used the terms 'metaphor,' 'symbol,' and 'symbolic equations' almost interchangeably. It is important, first, to clarify the reason that makes it possible. The term 'symbol,' from an etymological point of view is, in its second part - 'sym-bol' derived from the Greek word 'ballein' which means to throw in a sense that is akin to the Old-High German 'quellan' meaning to well and gush. This term 'ballein,' was combined in two different ways in the Greek to form 'diaballein' and 'symballein.' The first term meant to throw across, and it was made synonymous with slander. The Greek 'diabolos' meant literally a slanderer. From there it went through the late Latin, 'diabolus,' the old English, 'deofol,' and the middle English, 'devel' to become in current English 'devil.' The second term, 'symballein,' meant a concrete token of identity which was used, for purposes of verification, by comparing it with its other half. From there the Latin 'symbolum' was derived and it stood for token, sign, and symbol, (cf. the Webster and the OED.)

The efforts in literary criticisms to define and characterize the symbol have so far ran into notorious difficulties in the attempt to encompass all that can be meant by it. But I will capitalize here on the etymological derivation of the term, to propose what will amount to a formal and reductionistic definition of the symbol, in a way which will aid me in the following metaphysical argument. My proposal is, very simply, reduced to the observation that a symbol always implies a non-identical identity.

Following this definition it will be seen, for the time being, why the terms 'symbol,' 'symbolic equation' and 'metaphor' are interchangeable. As for 'symbolic equation,' this is already clear from the definition; but this is also the case for the metaphor. When, for instance, someone will utter the phrase "Johnny is a pig!" he will be said to have used a metaphor but he can also be characterized as using a 'non-identical identity' between Johnny and a pig. In the same way we can say that, in this instance, a 'pig' was made to be a symbol of 'Johnny.'

One advantage of this definition is that it points very clearly to the fact that all manners and kinds of figures of speech can be seen to be, in the above sense, symbolic. Here is a short demonstrative list of two:

Metonymy - a figure of speech consisting of the use of one thing for that of another of which it is associated (as in "lands belonging to the Crown") [Webster]. Here 'crown,' 'king' and 'country' can be seen to be non-identical identities with each other. It can also be said that, say, the 'crown' is here the symbol for the 'country.'

Synecdoche - a figure of speech by which a part is put for the whole (as fifty sail for fifty ships), the whole for a part (as the smiling year for spring), the species for the genus (as cutthroat for assassin), the genus for the species (as a creature for a man), or the name of the material for the thing made (as boards for stage). [The Webster]. Likewise. All the above are non-identical identities.

From this definition of the symbol it is not too hard to fathom two very distinct senses that emerged in history with regards to figures of speech in general, and symbols and metaphors in particular.

The first sense was, until very recently, traditionally associated with philosophy and treated the metaphor as, strictly speaking, a lie, a falsehood, a non-truth, and other figures of speech as all manners of deceit. Here is first Hobbes' and then Locke's rendition of this position.

> To these uses [of speech], there are also four correspondent abuses. First, when men register their thoughts wrong, by the inconstancy of the signification of their words; by which they register for their conception, that which they never conceived, and so deceive themselves. Secondly - when they used words metaphorically; that is, in other senses than they are ordained for; and thereby deceive others.
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> (Leviathan pt. 1, Chapt. 4)

> 34....since wit and fancy find easier entertainment in the world than dry truth and real knowledge, figurative speeches and allusion in language will hardly be admitted as an imperfection or abuse of it. I confess, in discourses where we seek rather pleasure and delight than information and improvement, such ornaments as are borrowed from them can scarcely pass for faults. But yet if we would speak of things as they are, we must allow that all the art of rhetoric, besides order and clearness, all the artificial and figurative application of words eloquence hath invented, are for nothing else but to insinuate wrong ideas, move the passions and thereby mislead the judgement, and so indeed are perfect cheats, and, therefore, however laudable or allowable oratory may render them in harangues and popular addresses, they are certainly, in all discourses that pretend to inform or instruct, wholly to be avoided; and where truth and knowledge are concerned, cannot but be thought a great fault, either of the language or person that makes use of them. What, and how various they are, will be superfluous here to take notice; the books of rhetoric which abound in the world will instruct those who want to be informed: only I cannot but

> observe how little the preservation and improvement of truth and knowledge is the care and concern of mankind; since the arts of fallacy are endowed and preferred. It is evident how much men love to deceive and be deceived, since rhetoric, that powerful instrument of error and deceit, has its established professors, is publicly taught, and has always been had in great reputation: and, I doubt not, but it will be thought great boldness, if not brutality in me, to have said thus much against it. Eloquence, like the fair sex, has too prevailing beauties in it to suffer itself ever to be spoken against. And it is in vain to find fault with those arts of deceiving wherein men find pleasure to be deceived.
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> Essay (Bk. 3, Chap. 10).

This sense of the symbol (and I use the term here to present all figures of speech) as a 'perfect cheat' derives, I daresay, from that irreducible aspect of it which I used for my definition. A non-identical identity is, no doubt, a paradox and a contradiction and Locke finds himself justified in his indignation about its seductive power over human kind. The fact that he uses the 'fair sex' as a symbol for 'eloquence' and thereby marshals our, presumably, low opinion of the former to prejudice us against the latter, does not say, perhaps much against his own argument. Nevertheless, he, too, formed, as it were, a non-identical identity.

This brings us to the second sense that was always associated with the metaphor. It has traditionally been taught and deeply felt with regards to poetry and its use of metaphorical language. This second sense is, strangely enough, in diametric opposition to the first. Poetic truths are thought of as deep and sublime, the poet is a divine messenger, and poetry possesses knowledge and conveyes its truth in a way that no other language can hope to match.

Philosophy has remained up till the present, very perplexed with regard to the possibility that metaphors can be said to covey 'some truth.' The modern philosophical debate began with the publication of Max Black's 'metaphor' in the Proceeding of the Aristotelian Society 55 (1954-55), in which he first argued the point that metaphors have a 'cognitive' status. This text, followed by Nelson Goodman's book Languages of Art, which enlarged the claim, triggered a very great philosophical preoccupation with the subject, which does not seem to be resolving in any way. As recent as the 1980 publication of a philosophical symposium entitled On Metaphor (The University of Chicago Press), Paul de Man, there, contends the following:

> Metaphors, tropes and figural language in general have been a perennial problem and, at times, a recognized source of embarrassment for philosophical discourse and, by extension, for all discursive uses of language including historiography and literary analysis. It appears that philosophy either has to give up its own constitutive claim to rigor in order to come to terms with the figurality of its language or that it has to free itself from figuration altogether. And if the latter is considered impossible, philosophy could at least learn to control figuration by keeping it, so to speak, in its place by delimiting the boundaries of its influence and thus restricting the epistemological damage that it may cause.

The philosophical perplexity, that was associated with the attempt to contain the metaphorical 'damage' inflicted on clear thought, has increased greatly with the growing recognition that non-metaphorical language is, in fact, suffused with 'dead metaphors.' Wayne C. Booth put it thus:

> If I said, "We have here three different breeds of cat." everyone would agree that I had attempted a metaphor. But we would begin to dispute if I asked for a clear vote about whether this sentence I am now delivering contains no metaphors. Some of us would note that 'delivering' and 'contains' and 'clear' still have some metaphor sense whether I intended it or not.
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> ("Metaphor as Rhetoric," On Metaphor)

In light of these developments the debate with regards to the truthfulness of metaphors has intensified greatly and it deflected the participants to various unsuspected and curious positions. Donald Davidson, for instance, in his article "What Metaphors Mean," in the same symposium, has the following thesis: Metaphors are lies (similies are truths) and they do not have any special meaning outside of what is to be understood in plain language. Rather, they evoke in the reader a non ending type of insight. This is to be thought of as the product of the reader, not the metaphor although it might have been the intention of the metaphor-maker to instigate such understanding.

It is possible to detect some echo of despair in this unenlightening position which leaves us bewildered as to the source of our insight. On the other hand there are voices from a different quarter of philosophy that, although still recognize the lie of the metaphor cannot hide their admiration for its truth. Booth displays it in the following gem:

> ...A lawyer friend of mine was hired to defend a large Southern utility against a suit by a small one and he thought at first he was doing fine. All of the law seemed to be on his side, and he felt that he had presented the case well. Then the lawyer for the small utility said, speaking to the jury, almost as if incidentally to his legal case, "So now we see what it is. They got us where they want us. They holding us up with one hand, their good sharp fishin' knife is in the other and they sayin', 'you jes set still, little catfish, we're jes going to gut yea.'" At that moment my friend reports, he knew he had lost the case. "I was in the hands of a genius of metaphor."
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> ("Metaphor as Rhetoric," On Metaphor)

A very serious question it is whether this poetic "genius" is composed of the power of falsehood, bringing with it the danger of moral derangement and chaos, or whether it is the power to recover the full force of an unsuspected truth.

Symbolism: The Metaphysical Argument

It is quite clear, I believe, that the philosophical debate on the metaphor has brought into full display, contradictory forces whose exposed contact has to precipitate a grand demolition of our common sense notion of 'truth.' The situation can be summarized in the following way: the truth of the metaphor and the law of contradiction can be seen to be in a very menacing collison course; the implications of which are very far reaching. On the one hand, any attempt to tamper with the law of contradiction is laughable: the whole of logic is regulated by it. If it falls, mathematics should fall and physics will not lag behind. Our only secure notion of truth is synonymous with self-consistency and is predicated on the application of the law of contradiction. On the other hand, the nucleus of the metaphor contains an irremovable contradiction and it now appears that it possesses 'truths' to which all human discourse is subordinate. In World Hypotheses Stephen Peper showed that all the reknowned philosophies are irremedially based on four "root metaphors:" formism, mechanism, organicism and contextualism. If this is the case, it poses the following question: is non metaphorical knowledge possible?

Consider the following situation in physics. The modern formulation of the phenomena of light has been based on two different metaphors: the metaphor: 'light is a wave,' and the metaphor: 'light is a stream of particles.' Both metaphors have proved so far indispensable but it is possible to envision a crucial experiment that should decide between the two; e.g. sending a sufficiently narrow beam of light - presumably composed of "one ray of particles" - through a partition with two holes, and recording the subsequent effect on a next light sensitive partition. If light is made of particles we should get two clearly defined circles of light on the rear partition, whereas if light is a wave we should get some more diffused shape of light at the back. But suppose that what we actually get is different: we get a recording of two poles of light with strands of light interfering between them. The image lends an equal support to both metaphors. The question that we face now is, 'what is light?' The two metaphors being confirmed annihilate each other, and now, with this metaphorical destruction, is it still possible for us to say that we know what light is? It seems that the answer is in the negative. In this situation we have no means of saying that we know what light is. The 'is' in the phrase 'light is...' was meant to form a metaphor. With no metaphors we don't know what is light. And it is not helpful to us, either, to think that light is a 'wavicle,' as Dr. Werner Israel humorously suggested to me recently. Our thoughts do not proceed on empty metaphors.

It is possible in this situation to raise one's hands in exasperation and to run away from philosophy which always seems to get us from bad to worse in fundamental doubt. It is also possible to try and construct all kinds of elliptical explanations which may succeed, perhaps, to obscure the problem. I believe, on the other hand, that it is more honest to admit defeat. Our one notion of truth is consistent but not instructive, our other notion of truth is instructive but contradictory, and it is not clear how the two can co-exist.

What are the consequences if we admit defeat? For one, we will seem to be stepping outside of a very honourable tradition that made the quest for ultimate truth its long-standing object. Habermas in the opening line of his book, Knowledge and Human Interest, restated this object affirmatively:

> If we imagine the philosophical discussion of the modern period reconstructed as a judicial hearing, it would be deciding a single question: how is reliable knowledge possible.

The form of this question had, perhaps, a lot to do with the lines taken so far for metaphysical inquiry. But now that we are at a clear impasse - an impasse that I suggest that we openly admit - perhaps the time has come to reflect again on the form of that basic question. Have we not been sent on a presumptuous quest?

I see the main consequence in admitting defeat - if one is serious about it - in a radical revision in the mandate of metaphysics. Let, then, the original quest change course; let the form of the question unhinge itself, reverse, and point now to an opposite aim. Let the main question stand thus: in what way is ultimate truth denied to us. Perhaps, we might stand to make some gains by the use of the trap that we are in, as a springboard.

It may be ironic that at the point where sustained reasoning led us to the exposition of our utter perplexity in the face of the truth, that it will be suggested that we should turn a full circle into mythology. But I am seriously proposing to develop a metaphysical argument in the framework of a mythological story. If we are to deal with metaphorical truth, then, perhaps, it is not altogether a bad idea to take a mythological story, whose raison d'etre is metaphorical and to move backwards through its metaphors to its original sense, by an act of interpretation.

No myth will fit our purposes more than the biblical story of the 'tree of knowledge.' Its ostensible subject is knowledge, and its peculiar hold on human imagination - which no other myth has rivaled - was never in any need of promotion. It is also, I believe, the most dense and deepest myth available to us. I had an occasion earlier in my work to refer to some of the important insights that are embedded in it: the dialectic movement from human innocence to human consciousness; its synonymity with the evolution of moral consciousness; the prohibition against the premature possession of adult knowledge; the symbolic identity between the sin of incest and all forms of the "forbidden fruit;" the sin of the naked object and its association with the awakening of self-consciousness, etc., etc. Practically all the important themes of human knowledge are woven together in one intricate, unsettling, but deceptively simple story, with a unifying moral of fall, punishment, and the agnonized and meagre redemption in the hard labour of knowledgeable humanity. The clean fusion of all these themes in one coherent narrative structure is so extraordinary, as far as metaphoric achievement goes, that it makes every aspect of this myth deserving of close examination. Here, then, is the fairly faithful English rendition of the story in the King James' Bible.

> And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight; and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

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And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying. Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

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Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, ye shall not eat of every tree of the Garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: But of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat.

And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons.

And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden.

And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?

And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden and I was afraid because I was naked; and I hid myself. And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat? And the man said, The woman who thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, the Serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above

> every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life: And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.
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> Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.
>
> And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast harkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living.
>
> Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them.
>
> And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever: Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man: and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

It is quite impossible to separate in this story the motives of knowledge from the motives of morality. The biblical Hebrew description of the serpent, for instance, as 'the most cunning' rather than 'the most subtil than any beast of the field,' has the double signification of 'cunning' and 'naked' in the Hebrew, thus reinforcing the malevolence of the serpent as a symbol for naked truth. The main drama of the attempt to disposses God of his fruit and supreme status is chillingly Oedipal, and both son and mother-earth end up being cursed for it. (One may be reminded here in parentheses what the quest for the fruits of knowledge, and in particular 'ultimate knowledge,' may mean.) More striking for the purposes of our analysis here is the consistent identification of 'knowledge' with the terms 'good and bad,' e.g., "the tree of knowledge good and bad." From the point of view of our metaphysics we are given here the clear intimation that knowledge, in its essential form, is the knowledge of distinguishing good from bad.

The second interesting feature of this myth is the definite identification of this knowledge as God's knowledge. On this point there can be very little doubt, for the entire tenor of the myth is based on it. Thirdly, and most importantly, is the unambiguous position that is taken in this myth regarding the possibility that God's knowledge can be possessed by man. This last feature is paralleled closely in the myth of Prometheus, and the popular imagination often transforms the metaphor of 'fire' to that of 'light' so that Prometheus is often credited with the bringing of light from the gods to humanity. The contrast of light with darkness in this context gives us again the black and white dimensions of God's knowledge. The symbolic equation between moral knowledge and God is far from being a frivolous association. The notion of the 'saint' is that of a man whose moral bearings are such that he is thought of as 'God's man.' One is a saint to the extent that one acts on an infallible knowledge of good and bad. This, for instance, is the real symbolic substance behind the enduring claim that the man Jesus has for humanity of being God's son. It is his story of moral conduct and moral insight which makes this claim. If he could only perform miracles, he might have as easily been taken to be a devil by the popular imagination.

If we have to translate this understanding of the essence of knowledge back to our metaphysical discussion of the truth, we will find ourselves in a peculiar situation. The idea that knowledge is fundamentally a knowledge of good and bad, means that the world is symbolically constructed; for 'good' and 'bad' are ostensibly symbolic categories. One can stumble into a good man in a dark street, but one never stumbles into the 'good.' If we follow this implication we have to accept that our knowledge is really metaphoric, and we will never be able to break the paradox of non-identical identity that is inherent in any symbolic equation. On the other hand, if the law of contradiction operates anywhere, it most clearly does in the moral domain. Good is good, and bad is bad, and ultimately there cannot be any confusion between the two.

If this is not clear to anybody, I shall demonstrate this logic in a case where the attempt was made to violate it.

> I also want to speak very frankly about an extremely important subject. Among ourseves we will discuss it openly; in public, however we must never mention it....

> I mean the evacuation of the Jews, the extermination of the Jewish people. This is something that is easy to talk about. "The Jewish people will be exterminated," says every member of the party, "this is clear, this is in our program: the elimination, the extermination of the Jews: we will do this." And then they come to you - eighty million good Germans - and each one has his 'decent' Jew. Naturally, all the rest are pigs, but this particular Jew is first-rate. Not one of those who talk this way has seen the bodies, not one has been on the spot. Most of you know what it is to see a pile of one hundred or five hundred or one thousand bodies. To have stuck it out and at the same time, barring exceptions caused by human weakness, to have remained decent: this is what has made us tough...
>
> This is a glorious page in our history which never has and never will be written.
>
> - Speech by S.S. Reichsfuhrer Heinrich Himmler to a meeting of S.S. generals in Posen on October 4, 1943.

For some reason, the ambition to remain 'decent' while executing a genocide seems not to hold. If nobody else, at least the law of contradiction finds it intolerable.

And this brings us back to our inquiry of the nature of truth. According to the implications deduced from our interpretation of the myth of the tree of knowledge, both metaphoric truth and the logic of the law of contradiction intimately coexist in a way which is incomprehensible to us. With this recognition we have reached the object of our metaphysics: to learn how ultimate truth is denied to us. This time however the answer does not leave us in despair. We can still decide to spend the rest of our life studying the innumerable problems and challenges in deciding the good from the bad. The Talmud was predicated on just this object.

I shall try here only to go as far as I can, at present to sharpen the outlines of the mystery that we have found here. One approach that we can take that will shed some light on our fundamental ignorance with regard to the truth is to think on the structure of a symbolic identity as a possible vehicle of truth. If we say that 'Johnny is a pig' what we understand of this statement as true also admits that 'no pig is Johnny.' In other words metaphorical truth has direction: 'A is B' does not entail that 'B is A.' The truth of the metaphor has a compelling movement only in one way: from A to B. This is a phenomenon which one constantly encounters in the clinic. A recent example involved one dimension of the therapy of a young woman artist who came to the therapy with, literally, crossed eyes, and answered most questions with a painful "I don't know." It soon became apparent that what she refused to know was the moral of the situation in which she found herself as it applied particularly to the conduct of her lovers. When the analysis turned to her early home life I discovered that she had no difficulty in describing quite a few, almost blameless aspects of her conduct as 'naughty' while no live description of her mother could be gotten from her. Finally, in one very moving session, a breakthrough occurred where she discovered that she does not want to know that her mother was 'bad.' "If I am bad it is still O.K." she said in tears "But if she is bad I have no hope." The symptomatic predicament was thus formed by the following movement of the metaphor: 'Daughter ← is ← Mother' which does not entail that 'Mother is Daughter.' Therefore in a situation where the daughter is 'bad' but the mother is 'not bad,' the daughter has hope because 'Daughter is Mother,' but if the mother is bad, then by the same metaphorical movement the daughter has no hope: The mother is the source from which symbolic identity flows.

How does the law of contradiction manage to operate in these circumstances is precisely, the ultimate mystery; but one can sense that its existence is absolutely needed there. Whatever is compelling in the truth of the metaphor is made that way by the law of contradiction. To the extent that 'Johnny is a pig' 'Johnny is not not-a-pig' he is as dirty as a pig, eats unselectively as a pig, and even his nose is piggish. And yet no bona fide pig is Johnny and so the metaphor is true only - as they say - "in one way."

That symbolic identities are only true *in one way* has several consequences. It touches first on the hitherto unresolved problem of the 'determining law' and 'free will.' This problem, for which Kant saw the necessity of separating the moral sphere from the phenomenal world that is constituted by the categories, can be seen to be a product of the ultimate mystery that is outlined here. The truth of the metaphors makes it clear that nothing in a man's past is of exhaustive determining power. Any symbolic identity is only true in one way, and it does not exclude an opposite symbolic identity to operate at the same time. In these conditions the *possibility* of free will exists. We can see though that it is outside of the threshold of our reasoning and is squarely in the realm of the inaccessible ultimate truth. The law of contradiction which is responsible for any compelling truth can be seen in the metaphorical framework to form the relative autonomy and independence of distinct symbolic processes. Most importantly, it can ensure, as well, the separate operation of contradictory motives. Thus, it is the law of contradiction that can often presume to make the conscious and the unconscious, two opposing but sovereign realms, while it is metaphorical truth that allows their contradiction within its unitary structure. If we, nevertheless, have a sense of consistency, integrity and a self that is all good, it is the law of contradiction that makes it so.

The Symbolic Critique of the Sciences

Side by side of the divine truth which man came to possess by reaching for the light of the moral law, man began to form and develop a new kind of knowledge which he regarded as human knowledge and with which he intended to replace that knowledge that was forbidden to his full comprehension. Here is the myth within whose terms human competition with God can still be seen to take place:

> And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there. And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for morter.

> And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded. And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language, and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech.
>
> So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city.
>
> Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth.
>
> Genesis 11: 1-9

We may never know the sense of uncertainty and insecurity under which the human mind groped first for reliable knowledge. Today we can only survey the construction, and the myth of the tower of Babel, proceeding immediately after the catastrophy of the flood, evokes the initial fear of dispersal and disintegration under which the symbolic association between building a city and a tower and 'making a name' was formed. The myth leaves no doubt that the effort, constructive and cooperative as it was, was mounted both for the sake of survival as well as a direct challenge to God. The fact that God, the moral signifier in myth, takes this challenge seriously, gives us an intimation that the challenge was not thoroughly immoral. A constructive effort is always a moral effort, a city is a symbol of civilized love, and yet the tower is unmistakably a belligerent symbol

The story gives us sufficient grounds to understand that the battle is lost or won decisively on the domain of language. The instrument of 'one language' is seen by God, who was made the observer here, as the vehicle with which humanity can come to achieve anything. And it is the breakdown of unified language which effectively inhibits the different way, the human way that is, with which humanity choses to be 'like God.'

We have to decipher here what is the sense of 'one language' with which the challenge was made. Our only clue here is the intervention of God against this language, and the confounding of it and the final failure to maintain it as one language.

It is the singular achievement of the Bible, as a book, to have made God - throughout the myriad interventions of His rewards and punishments - consistently a moral voice. Those interventions, at times baffling, exasperating, consoling, cruel and even, as in this case, somewhat hidden, always obey an obvious or secret moral code. Thus, it is, as the externalized inner conscience - God's story - that the Bible can be read both as a theological text full of God's presence and interventions, and at the same time as a perfectly legible historical text. If we consider, for example, the story of Moses; it has an exact historical parallel with the modern story of Theodor Herzl, the prophet of Zionism. Both men came from upper crust backgrounds; both men spent the first half of their life being totally assimilated in a dominant culture; both men were radicalized and transformed by a blatant case of injustice to one of their own people which they experienced first hand, (Herzl covered the Dryfus affair as a journalist); and of course, both men concretely conceived the idea of freedom and inspiringly led their people to the promised land. (It does take a nobleman to conceive concretely of freedom.) It is also instructive to discover the timing where Herzl began to invoke God in his writing. It is thus impossible to untangle the symbolic from the actual. Moses was punished by God for his one attempt to wring water from a stone by his own power - omitting to invoke the name of God - and was disallowed at the end of his mission to enter the promised land. This is a symbolic morality play: The attempt to dispossess Father-God is punished by death that forbids the final reach to the mother = promised land. But is it advisable to discount the possibility that such happening occurred as an historical fact? That Moses indeed died before the decisive crossing of the Jordan river. The difficulty in the distinction between the symbolic and the actual in the Bible should direct us in interpreting the myth of the tower of Babel. The myth is a narrative of a symbolic process which can be objectified as a life story or a history. In other words, what appears in the myth as God's interference and disruption of a human project can appear in the events of an actual story as a breakdown of an intentional process or a project - the reason for which may be enigmatic for us. The Bible, on the other hand, succeeds in making the presence of God - the moral signifier -

alive in the story of humanity. Translated to our terms, what all this means is that, probably, the distinction between 'God's knowledge' and 'human knowledge' is operative, that 'human knowledge' appears in some sense as 'one language,' that the 'one language' aspect of human knowledge is instrumental, on the one hand, for the promise of unlimited constructive effort, but on the other hand, it betrays some moral defect that should lead to its breakdown in many distinct languages, with the consequence of irresolution and dispersal.

The historical parallel to this symbolic tale of 'one language' probably begins in human civilization with the construction of mathematics. Mathematics does have the essential quality of being one universal language; it is also a language that was not 'given' in any sense, but rather explicitly developed by human beings. But on what basis can we attribute to the biblical tale this power of prophecy?

Behind mathematics stands a symbolic construction of a really surprising nature: an empty metaphor. The construction of this metaphor began, appropriately enough, with the invention of the incomprehensible 'zero;' and it was the positing of the 'zero' in the number system which allowed the human mind to encounter a very novel type of symbolic identity: empty identities. The possibility of reversal to the zero made it possible and necessary that the '2 + 2' and the '4' in the symbolic identity '2 + 2 = 4' are reversibly and therefore emptily identical with each other. This development entailed the cumutative and transitive qualities of numerical equations. And here it was that the new form of human knowledge stood in stark contrast to the divine metaphor. Here, man created the identity of tautology. It was an empty identity but therefore necessarily true, and whatever else God's world might be, man came to possess his empty and absolute security. It was appropriately comprehended as 'human knowledge,' because it was predicated exclusively on the law of contradiction and there is only one truth that this law recognizes: "To thyself be true." It is possible that the biblical myth expressing this basic human assertion of necessary truth, by the act of putting one brick on another, also expressed the danger provoked by its empty moral. It thus foresaw the necessity that this 'one language' will become confused and eventually decompose itself into many.

The derived argument and critique of the sciences can be put simply thus: that anything that calls itself 'science' has this objective of accounting for the world in the form of an empty identity; i.e. tautology.

This is not an obvious argument, and there is a need for demonstration of what is meant by 'the form of a tautology.' We should note first, that ever since our ultimate science, physics, has distinguished itself by being made to be continuously expressed by mathematics, it can be noted that our mind, involuntarily, constructed to itself the following pyramid regarding man's scientific account of himself. At the foundation is physics together with mathematics; on them stands, as it were chemistry; on top of which are to be found bio-chemistry, physiology and biology; and then come psychology, anthropology, linguistics, sociology and so forth. The only thing missing from this human self-account is drama and morality play, being outside of science. The scientific mandate is to reduce the top levels of the pyramid to the lower levels, and to go on like that until everything is accounted for by physics and mathematics. (But then the latter is accounted for by logic, and finally everything is resolved into the law of contradiction.) Of course when we normally talk about human beings, we use different terms; but as soon as we think of a scientific account, the vision of the pyramid becomes compelling. It is being carved and thus controlled by the empty metaphor.

But this is only an introduction to the argument. It gives us the sense of how it is possible that any scientific model is either a strict mechanical model or a failed one, but we need to understand the actual working of a scientific theory in order to see how it is done. I will try to suggest a short comparative demonstration with Darwin's theory of evolution, Behaviour theory in Psychology and Marx's theory of history. All of them invoke the term 'scientific' in their self account.

A scientific theoretician first surveys his domain usually with the aid of a primary question. Haberman's theory of knowledge is based on the argument that, ultimately, human knowledge is based on human interest and that we cannot conceive of anything as knowledge if it is not based on interest in the Wittgenstinian sense of 'use.' This is a very strong argument, and if we translate it to symbolic terms we might be able to see that the primary question with which the scientific theoretician scans his domain and which Habermas will take it to be 'his interest' is already the first part of the formation of the scientific tautology. The 'interest' signifies to the scientiest 'whatever can be done,' this in turn signifies 'whatever can be manipulated,' and the latter constitutes the symbolic categories of a potential mechanical theory.

In the case of Darwin, the primary question of interest already pervaded the field much before him: 'What accounts for the formation of the various species of organisms on earth.' If we reflect on it we can sense that there is no other primary question which can be scientifically asked. The question carves the zone of battle between God and man, for the modification of a species by selective breeding is an ancient human art. With this question Darwin spent his observation period on the H.M.S. Beagle and it guided him, naturally, in the subsequent twenty years in which he gathered the great and detailed mass of his case. The critical period in which a scientist spends in observation with his question of interest, is, without doubt, the creative period in a scientific endeavour. But let us be clear about the nature of this scientific creativity. It was usually described as a struggle to discover the scientific generalization, the 'natural law' that can describe all the observed phenomena. This is not the entire story. A theoretical scientist actually struggles to construct an explanatory principle whose special character will provide an answer to his question and which, at the same time, will accommodate the 'observed phenomena' in such a way that will stand in a manipulable relationship to it all. This is not a simple manoeuvre, for in it, the whole domain of observations, the theory, and its possible operations is transformed to become the various terms of a very big equation whose total summation is necessarily true. This, in practice, can be an amazing feat. The title of Darwin's book was "The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life." He originally did not use the phrase "The Survival of the Fittest" in his book and he adopted it only later - not very advisedly - from Herbert Spencer. Nevertheless, this phrase can be made to adhere to the essence of Darwin's explicatory principle, if one changes the sense of 'fittest' from having any meaning attached to an absolute scale of perfection, to the relative meaning of 'fit to a given environment.' In this way, and given an inexhaustable number of specific explanatory descriptions, with which one can creatively show in what way a certain surviving species, or attribute of a species, is fit to a given aspect of environment, the phrase 'the survival of the fittest' is true in all possible world. True, a particular speculative account of the evolution of a certain feature of an organism can turn out to be unconvincing, but it will not falsify the theory. It will be replaced by a "deeper more probing" explanation. Or a specific explanation for a given case will be withheld and in the meantime the core explanatory principle will be invoked. What is ingenious about the whole affair, is that the theory is, indeed, necessarily true. Darwin discovered a certain form of tautology which supplies the terms on which endless creative explanation can be thought for all particular cases. To make the case for his theory of evolution Darwin had to show that it is possible to marshal in its favour a great mass of detailed explanations. And at the point where the reader of the "Origin of Species" wades through the mass of individual explanations and realizes that they can be offered endlessly for every case, at this point he, justifiably, accepts the theory as universally true. This is where Popper is wrong in his conception that scientific theories should be falsifiable. On the contrary, scientific theories are constructed so that they are necessarily true and therefore can never be falsified. This is the essence of why we recognize them as scientific. As Tautologies they pass master the law of contradiction and this is their qualifying ticket as science. How then does science progress? Thomas Kuhn in The Structure of Scientific Revolution shows how this has been done by reviewing the history of the exact sciences. He shows that although certain theories were replaced by others, the old ones were never falsified. The process of providing explanations through their terms, in particular instances, may have become more convoluted and difficult, but in no one instance could a scientific theory be disproved. Two groups of scientists who adopted two competing theories could only talk "through each other," and in the end an older theory was replaced by a newer one because a second generation of young scientists, with no previous personal commitment to either theory, would choose the one whose basic explicatory principle tended to generate accounts for the particular instances with less difficulty. This was precisely the point of preferring the theory of relativity over the Newtonian theory. In this sense physics could be thought of as the science whose object is to discover what is necessarily true in the world, but this, as far as the search for immutable laws go, applies to the object of the whole of science. How can we show that Darwin's theory has the form of an empty identity? Doesn't it after all give an account of evolution? We can perform the following thought-experiment that may enlighten us on this point. Let us hypothetically suppose, that the true genesis of life-forms on earth, proceeded along the opposite lines of what we, today, take it to be. That is to say, we suppose that, first, appeared the more sophisticated, developed and intelligent species of organisms; and then, by slow progression, came less and less complex creatures; and so, at the end of a very long process, the most primitive life forms have appeared. Now, the question

- is this: does Darwin's theory of evolution stop being applicable in this kind of world? One does not have to think very long on the basic explanatory principle of 'natural selection' to realize that the answer is no. If, indeed, the world proceeded along the opposite direction of evolution, then it would still be possible to show how, in each instance, progressively more primitive life forms were found most fit to a certain aspect of the "environment" and were thus favoured by natural selection. It is in this way that the basic explanatory principle combines with the kind of explanations that it allows, to form an operational tautology: it is true in all possible worlds. This does not mean that a particular instance of an explanation cannot be ingenious at times. Carl Sagan, in his television series "Cosmos," brought the case of a species of crab, in one location near the shores of Japan, which carries on its back the distinct impression of a noble oriental face. The folk legend has it that this "Emperor Crab" emerged after an ancient Japanese heir apparent was killed in a sea battle in that location. Sagan, for his part, proposed a very clever scientific explanation. It is possible, he said, that after that tragic historical event, Japanese fishermen who fished that area for crabs, refrained from killing any crab who accidentally had on its back some line features which even remotely suggested a face. In this way, over the years, the legend gradually shaped the Emperor-Crab by selective breeding and became a self-fulfilling prophecy. Now, we do not know, of course, if this was really true, but the shock of demystification that this explanation provides is quite wonderful in itself, and it might be even possible that this particular factor was really a contributing one in the formation of the Emperor-Crab. We do not really know how the liking of a human face is recreated on a crab's back, but this particular explanation, since it offers a possibility, and since it was generated by an empty metaphor, removed the wonder of the phenomenon from God to man. By this symbolic act, God's kingdom became man's world. If, on the other hand I will come with a full-bodied metaphoric explanation for a natural phenomenon, I will retain the world as God's. Suppose, for instance, that I will explain the particular shape of a vampire-bat as a consistent symbolic expression of the 'bad;' (the bat is dark-coloured, it is a creature of the night, its facial features are appropriately ugly, it flies silently, it is blind, and it even sleeps upside down - thus being entirely negative) then, science will not be seen to have won even if this analysis be part of a consistent Hegelian account of the moral evolution of the world; for this explanation is not controlled by an empty metaphor. On the other hand, there are other instances where the theory of evolution will generate explanations that are convoluted and awkward in the extreme but that doesn't mean that science lost. The case of the human jaw which in 14 million years of past evolution regressed, or progressed, from a very strong efficient instrument into its present delicate but civilized form, cannot be elegantly accounted for by any explanation that conforms to the theory of evolution. Why should such an efficient killing device not be favoured by natural selection in the struggle for life? Somebody will probably come up and suggest that, perhaps, the females of the evolving species favoured males with weaker jaws, or that the jaw has fallen into some disuse. But these unsatisfactory and forced explanations although not falsifying the theory, constitute what Kuhn called the "anomalies," which can compel a future theoretician, if their numbers climb up, to conceive a new tautology which may bring about the next scientific revolution. This is how the 'one language' of empty identity eventually breaks up into several languages which will not communicate with each other. In the meantime, however, we will be trading off some of our original metaphorical sense of wonder of the world for the security of necessary truths. Darwin could still profess himself to have turned cold by the mere thought of an evolutionary account of the eye.

Our analysis of Darwin's theory of evolution applies in a remarkably similar way to the behaviouristic theories of learning in Psychology and to Marx's theory of history. In both cases, again, appears a core explanatory principle which, together with the kind of explanations that it allows for the particular cases, combines into an operative tautology. In the case of Behaviourism the core principle of a given theory of learning was built up by the vacuous use of the terms 'stimulus,' 'response,' and 'reinforcement.' In the case of Marxist theory the core principle was composed by the vacuous use of the term 'means of production,' 'relations of production,' 'class' and 'conflict.' 'Stimulus,' 'response,' and 'reinforcement' can be anything whatsoever; 'Stimulus' can be also a 'reinforcement' (positive and negative); 'reinforcement' can be a 'stimulus;' and 'response' can be a 'stimulus.' As a consequence, the early history of learning theories showed the competing struggle of several core principles of learning, all of them were necessarily true and all of them talked 'through each other.' The two that endured since then, Pavlov's classic conditioning theory and Skinner's operant conditioning, are the ones that could be used more easily as instruments of intervention. The two theories are in one sense a true vehicle of research and they proceed in a post hoc fashion. The scientists of psychology experiment in their animal and human laboratories with many kinds of interventions in affecting 'behaviour.' Some interventions, when tried, produce confused, non discerned, chaotic, or, in general, 'unlawful' consequences, and are thereby discarded. During time, some interventions emerge that produce stable consequences. At this point there is a vacuous terminology ready that can incorporate the results as part of the 'findings' of the theory. In a post hoc way, something can always be identified as the 'stimulus' that affected the 'response.' The historically unsuccessful interventions are either not mentioned, or accounted for by a "failure to identify or to control the stimulus." And then, those interventions that produced stable consequences, after being dressed up by those definitive Emperor clothes, are subsequently attributed as a credit to the capacity of the theory to make 'predictions.' Thus, the entire enterprise becomes a giant operating tautology, true in all possible worlds. But isn't it what scientific research is supposed to be all about? This is in fact how science progresses in the framework of an empty metaphor, which functions in this case as a "paradigm."

With Marx we are facing an explanatory system that was ingeniously constructed to be conceived of as both a theory of knowledge (in the form of a metacritique of Hegel), and, a theory of history (expressed in the more general terms of a theory of human evolution). From the point of view of our analysis, it will be interesting to note that the same explanatory principle was used for both purposes, and, while it leads to an insurmountable difficulty in the service of an epistemology, it provides the foundation of a theory of history whose claim for being 'scientific' is not less founded than any one of the great theories of science.

The point of departure is an attack on Hegel's seal of identity between self and the world or between mind and nature. This, most far reaching feature of Hegel's philosophy, can be made to look preposterous if it is conceived as a virtual (empty) identity; and I would take the occasion here to propose most emphatically that it should be conceived to be subordinate to the general rule of symbolic identity. But it seems that Hegel, whose sense of the contradiction (as an immanent attribute of dialectical evolution) makes him appear in the eyes of many as coming dangerously close to violating the law of contradiction, allowed himself to assert an identity and to deny it only as two different moments of the same developmental process. Marx, as a consequence, formulated a direct attack on Hegel's affirmation of the identity between mind and nature by tracing in Hegel's Encyclopedia the essence of his position as exemplified inter alia in the following passage:

> For us the mind has nature as its presupposition; it is the truth and thus the absolute ground of nature. In this truth nature has disappeared, and mind has emerged as the Idea existing for itself: both the object and the subject of the Idea is the notion.
>
> (Encyclopedia; paragraph 381)

This disappearance of nature in the belly of an empty identity was all too unsettling, and Marx reassuringly has taken us, fretful humanity, back to mother nature as the irreducible foundation of all things, although he, too, removes this foundation in effect by positing it analogously to the Kantian 'thing-in-itself.' The explanatory principle by which this was done can be put in the most simple way thus: It is through labour that man engages nature. In the medium of labour he gives nature form, and the instrumental action by which man carries his labour is the forum where the synthesis of subject and object occurs and thus also the arena of his ultimate accumulative knowledge and self formative evolution. At each stage of human evolution the technology that is used by labour, constitutes the 'means of production' and these means determine the 'relations of production.' Social classes in human society are the embodiment of the relations of production, e.g. management and workers, and whatever exploitation and antagonism that is engendered by it, is expressed by class conflict and promotes the next revolutionary stage of human history.

This explanatory principle constitutes the core of the claim for the materialistic argument. It purports to show that nature can be taken to be the absolute ground of mind and that labour is the medium of synthesis which forges the ever-growing self-made-man that is the mind.

> The nature that surrounds us constitutes itself as objective nature for us only in being mediated by the subjective nature of man through processes of social labour. That is why labour, or work, is not only a fundamental category of human existence but also an epistemological category. The system of objective activities creates the factual conditions of the possible reproduction of social life and at the same time the transcendental conditions of the possible objectivity of the objects of experience. The category of man as a tool-making animal signifies a schema both of actions and of apprehending the world. Although a natural process, labour is at the same time more than a mere natural process, for it regulates material exchange with nature and constitutes a world.
>
> (Habermas: Knowledge and Human Interest, Ch. 2 - Marx's Metacritique of Hegel, p. 28)

Habermas, sympathetic as he is to Marx and to the ambition of his explanatory principle, concedes that the materialistic project, as far as the theory of knowledge goes, cannot overcome a fatal flaw. There is always a symbolic element in the given description which cannot be eliminated by the materialistic account. If it does not at first appear so, it is because Marx left the synthesis achieved through labour as an evocative idea but never reached nor presented the explicit and critical account that would have spelled out how natural interaction produces human consciousness. But in this Marx shares the usual and persistent fate of materialistic accounts of the mind.

> Notwithstanding; the philosophical foundation of this materialism proves itself insufficient to establish an unconditional phenomenological self-reflection of knowledge and thus prevent the positivist atrophy of epistmology. Considered immanently I see the reason for this in the reduction of the self generative act of the human species to labour. Alongside the forces of production in which instrumental action is sedimented, Marx's social theory also incorporates into its approach the institutional framework, the relations of production. It does not eliminate from practice the structure of symbolic interaction and the role of cultural tradition, which are the only basis on which power and ideology can be comprehended. But this aspect of practice is not made part of the philosophical frame of reference. It is in this very dimension, however, which does not coincide with that of instrumental action, that phenomenological experience moves. In this dimension appear the configurations of consciousness in its manifestations that Marx calls ideology, and in it reifications are dissolved by the silent force of a mode of reflection to which Marx gives back the Kantian name of critique.
>
> (Habermas: Knowledge and Human Interest, p. 42)

However, and this illustrates my point here, the fact that Marx's explanatory principle falls in its own ambition as a theory of knowledge, does not seem to detract from the power of this same principle to serve as the explanatory core of a theory of history. This act of verbal magic is performed right before our eyes where we scan our memorized history form the perspective of Marx's formulation. We realize instantly that wherever we look for a contradictory example, whether we think of the transformation of Roman paganism to Christianity or of Luther's revolt or of any other historical event, that we can take as an instance of the movement of the Moral Spirit, everything can be provided as a demonstration of the efficacious power of this one explanatory principle of class struggle that is predicated on the relations of production that is predicated on the means of production. (Engels, in fact, wrote what is thought of as a brilliant analysis of the introduction of Christianity to the Roman Empire from the framework of dialectical materialism.) Here again we see the ingenious construction of a scientific theory to serve as an occasion for a tautology. We, as consumers of the theory, become in fact convinced of its truth when we are provided with a sufficient indication of its tautological truth. But then, from the metaphysical point of view we neglect to ask: if it is always and everywhere true why do we ever have more than one theory.

On the other hand, the overwhelming sense of tautological truth that a scientific theory imparts, brings with it a sense, as overwhelming, of the secularization of the world. This is where our hidden idea that tautological truth is a human truth reveals itself as a symptom rather than as an elightenment. In this way science, in the modern age, has fought a symbolic battle (an all too real a war) with religion, and the results of the battle, like the struggle between young

Jacob and the angel of God, destined to remain inconclusive. One cannot dismiss tautological truths, because a tautological truth is a compelling truth. That is why the angel of God cannot dislodge Jacob from his position and thereafter renames him 'Israel,' (Isra-El: in Hebrew - the one who could maintain himself in his fight with God). At the same time, in this fight, the machine becomes the perfect symbol of science in its territorial war with God.

The machine that we maintain as a symbol in our mind has no precise counterpart in the world. The symbolic machine is made up, like a scientific theory, of empty identities. As a consequence, its logic, being tautological, is perfectly rigorous. There is nothing tougher and more compelling than our symbolic machine. The machines that we construct, perform their work according to our idea of compelling action which is in pefect analogy to our compelling logic. True, the machines that are finally constructed by a technology that always moves before theory bear little resemblance to our symbolic machine: their shape and features are very different from our simple idea, they break down periodically and they need periodic maintenance to keep them as machines. These are all metaphysical reminders that not everything carries the same compelling terms of truth in our machine. But we cannot accommodate those reminders; for us the machine is a symbolic machine and as such it is all-compelling.

For this reason science in its heart is mechanical. Its true ambition is to construct mechanical theories because no other terms of truth are honestly open to it. On the other hand, as science is seen to 'progress,' and in the territorial war with God more and more domains of the world may be seen to be accounted for by scientific theories, the symbolic identity between the 'world' and the 'self' brings about an insidious anxiety that starts to pervade us. Humanity starts to feel suffocated by a world that is conceived to be progressively more mechanical. The Golem starts to terrorize its maker, and at the point where the soul, which inhabits the metaphor, will feel itself inescapably cornered, a dissociative crisis will be inflicted on us that will be as pathologically real as it is symbolic. That is why we all have a secret benediction: "Thanks God for Heisenberg's principle of indeterminancy."

In our armamentum against mechanical suffocation we have only one 'truth test' that we can use to break the symbolic spell of a scientific theory. The reason why any viable truth test exists at all as a test of a theory, has to do with the fact that the truth test in question does not concern itself with any aspect of the theory, but rather directs itself towards the future. It is the test of prophecy. I use the term 'prophecy,' not 'prediction,' as a way of avoiding the scientific use of the term 'prediction' which incorporates it into its tautological structure. A prophet in the old days, who would prophesy that the walls of his city would fall down in seven days, and subsequent to that would start to dismantle these walls with a big ram would be called a 'false prophet,' while in the modern scientific parlance he would be credited with an 'accurate prediction.' A prophecy is thus an interference-free-prediction.

It will be seen presently that no scientific theory has any power of prophecy. Science as science cannot foresee any state of affair in the future. Scientists can make an active intervention in the world through machines or through other active terms of a scientific theory, but then these interventions as predictions are a mere artifact of a manipulation. The three theories which we have reviewed here can bear an appropriate testimony on this point. Darwin's theory of evolution can be used as a mental framework for the intervention known as 'selective breeding' (a practice that was prevalent much before the presentation of the theory), but it is powerless to foresee in what way species may be modified and evolved in the future. This, notwithstanding the power of observation that it seems to show with regard to the past. The same applies to all conditioning theories of learning. Here, the very idea of an interference-free-prediction is foreign to the technical concept of 'learning' and is ruled out by the terms of a learning theory: How - asks the behaviourist - without any knowledge of the future 'stimuli' can one form any conception of the response? Skinner, who probably sensed this flaw, proposed to sanctify it by confining the science of psychology to the strict and systematic study of the relationships between stimuli and responses and he thereby suggested to abolish all theories of learning. In the case of the theory of history, Marx showed even greater sophistication. He tended to obscure the lack of the power of prophecy of his theory by the interesting use of the notion of 'praxis.' The argument ran in the following manner: with dialectical materialism all the needs of prediction become unnecessary. Here the theory merges with history in a way which involves direct social and political action and the future will thus become a product of these social interventions. Needless to say, this argument has the effect of masking the inadequacy of a scientific theory without a trace. In contrast, the fate of Marx's one instance of prophecy - that England would be the first and imminent stage of the proletarian revolution - is quite clear. It points, once again, to the fact that necessary truths, somehow, do not amount to a clear foresight.

It can be seen, at the present conclusion of the symbolic critique of the sciences that Hume's critique of induction did not really apply to the sciences. The laws of science only appear to be inductive. In fact they are always part of an explanatory principle that cannot be falsified by any foreseeable or unforeseeable future event.

On the Difference Between a Theory and a Vision

The argument with which we began our analysis, namely, the claim that any theory of psychology, by virtue of being a scientific theory, is immoral, is decided almost as a conclusion of the symbolic critique of the sciences. This follows from two main considerations. First, it can be seen that there is an irreconcilable categorical difference between the logical structure of scientific theories and the constitution of reality that is signified by the metaphysical taboo of knowledge. In the case of scientific theories the sole arbiter is the law of contradiction and it is the operation of this law which is responsible for the fact that scientific formulations, even if they appear as sentences of ordinary language, are in fact, constituted and used as empty identities. (This, incidentally, is shown most clearly in the science of physics where ordinary words such a 'time,' 'speed' and 'distance' are used in the scientific formulations as empty terms and can thus enter into mathematical identities with each other, e.g. velocity x time = distance). While this is the constitutive factor of the exact sciences, it means, in view of the impenetrable logic of ultimate reality, that practitioners of psychology, if they are allowed to approach human beings in the framework of a scientific theory, the necessary truths that they bring to bear amount to a misunderstanding of their subjects. This, when the subject is a human being, is intolerable on moral grounds.

This conclusion can be arrived at more directly if we consider the terms of the 'good' and the 'bad' as fundamental catagories of symbolic reality. From this point of view, the empty identities of scientific theories are, as such, devoid of the very capacity for moral judgement. Consequently, a scientific theory of psychology is immoral by being a-moral. Any ethical considerations of help, pain or harm that one would want to impose on those professional interventions that are derived from any given scientific theory, would be extraneous to it and therefore of unknowable status. A theory of psychology, as a scientific theory, occupies a dimension to which morality is a foreign body. But this is forbidden. The terms of the 'good' and the 'bad,' on the contrary, have to be the native terms of any human approach and therapy, otherwise their status would be arbitrary by definition.

This consideration brings us to the difference between a theory and a vision. In contrast to a theory, a vision is a moral entity. This claim is at the heart of the metaphysical taboo and therefore cannot be proven. It can, however, be deomonstrated, and I wish to show here only the possibility of such demonstration by a short analysis of a fairy tale.

"The Miller's Daughter" or "Rumplestiltskin."

"Once upon a time." This is the magical code which invites belief by suspending necessary truths. (The perennial problem with what is a 'belief' and what is its truth status compared to a 'knowledge of a fact' can only resolve itself in the metaphorical world. In this world a belief is most often invoked as an affirmation of a moral good that is symbolically represented; e.g. 'I believe in her.')

The fairy tale presents the story of a miller's daughter who lived happily with her father. The father was very proud of his daughter and extolled her virtues in public. He boasted that she can weave gold out of a pile of hay. The king, who one day passed by, heard the father's claim and offered to marry the father's daughter provided she demonstrated first her ability; otherwise she would be put to death. The girl was thus taken to the king's palace; she was locked in the cellar with a pile of hay and a weaving machine and by morning her fate was to be decided according to her performance. Moreover, she had to repeat the miraculous feat three nights in a row. The poor girl, while left alone, burst into tears: she was helpless in the face of her task.

In the midst of her dread and despair suddenly, appeared an odd little creature - a dwarf - and presented her with an offer. He could perform the magic of turning hay into gold and thus save her. But, this he was willing to do on one condition: the young woman would have to guess correctly his name and she would be given three trials to accomplish it after her marriage. If she would fail, her future child would pass to the dwarf's hands. The miller's daughter had no choice, she agreed to the terms and the deal was struck.

The dwarf merrily set down to his work and persisted all through the night. By morning the whole pile of hay was woven into gold; and the little creature disappeared. In the next night he faithfully reappeared and thus the miracle was performed again, and then again, for three successive nights.

The marriage, then, took place as promised and the miller's daughter became the king's wife. Nine months later she gave birth to a child; but then her ordeal began with the forgotten promise to the dwarf. The little creature came to demand that the initial conditions of his work be met. He gave the present king's wife a first occasion to guess his name.

The attempt failed, the dwarf disappeared with the promise to come for the second occasion. The second attempt failed again and with it the danger of the loss of the child increased. The king's wife was in despair and sent her servants all over the kingdom in search of the dwarf's name. One of the servants came upon the little creature sitting in an alcove and, happy with anticipation, singing his own name in a rhymed song.

When the dwarf came with victorious anticipation for the last attempt the queen presented him with his true name: Rumplestiltskin; whereupon the odd creature stamped his foot on the ground with much anger and disappeared forever. The king, the queen and their child lived happily ever after.

The tale possesses some obvious charm in the way many of the known Grimm's fairy tales do, but otherwise it appears to be more distinctly, a sillier tale than others: A vain father unwittingly commits his daughter to a near disaster; the daughter proceeds to her marriage on false pretenses; an improbable dwarf who saves her is then being cheated out of his deal, and the main character is finally rewarded with eternal bliss. All this is neither particularly commendable nor enlightening and it makes it hard to see what is the tale's point. It is a measure of the obscure character of the story that I could find no reference to it in "The Uses of Enchantment," Bruno Bettelheim's interpretive work on fairy tales, although the book is otherwise both comprehensive of the classic repertoire and delightful. Some explanation is therefore needed to account for the preservation of an odd little tale whose written existence is now almost 400 years old, and whose endurance has been unsupported and unadorned by any received interpretation.

I shall proceed here on the grounds that the fairy tale's real existence is symbolic, and that its preserved form is therefore a code which will not yield its meaning until broken. I propose to break the code in the following way:

First it should be noted that the tale on the whole deals with the movement of a young woman from the position of a father's daughter to that of a wife in her husband's house. This developmental transition is seen in terms of the plot to be frought with mortal danger. From this perspective the first part of the code is contained in the father's claim: the notion that a pile of hay can be miraculously woven into gold. The question is, how can the meaning of this miracle yield itself to symbolic analysis? I suggest that one important aspect of the action of weaving, carries the sense of 'tying together.' This sense is derived not only from the formative act of tying together several diffused strands of cotton or wool and thereby producing the basic weaving string, but also from the second and main act of weaving a cloth, which is consisted of an endless repetitive act of 'tying together.' The idea of a woven bond emerges here and it is associated with 'gold.' This is, I believe, the metaphorical genesis of the gold ring of marriage. The pivotal role of 'gold' with its signification of noble value, pure and incorruptible existence, changes the metaphor of the 'tie,' from that of a 'chain' to that of a 'precious bond.'

With this in mind, the claim of the father amounts in effect to the claim that his daughter is capable of forming a precious and enduring bond of love. I should add here that this idea of true love always appears in fairy tales as a miraculous act of transformation of a cursed state, e.g. from a 'frog' to a 'prince.'

With this particular motive the tale assumes the deeper logic of a promise of love to which the king most naturally responds with a marriage proposition. (The 'king' or the 'prince' by virtue of being occupants of the 'inner court' are signifiers of the main actors of the inner stage whose structure defines everybody else as spectators. The king is, by status, the idealized 'hero,' which makes him, in sum, an easily identified ego of the audience.) The miller's daughter, facing the stranger who signifies her future marriage is unable to perform the miraculous feat of love on which her life depends. This difficulty provides the dramatic motive of this tale, and assures its enduring existence as a testimony to the universality of this difficulty. At this point, the second part of the code is shown to us by the timely appearance of the dwarf. The little creature, oddly enough, is capable of delivering the magic. What analysis should render its meaning? I will propose again to construe the 'dwarf' as the signifier of the 'penis.' This interpretation may not be obvious but it is not arbitrary either. The dwarf is a 'little man' in the same way that the phallus is the diminuative object that categorically sinifies man. The 'phallus' symbolized by the 'dwarf' highlights the experience of the phallus, shared by both men and women, as capable of independent movement; i.e. 'having or asserting its own will.' Moreover, the power of creative potency which is singularly invested in the phallus and signified unmistakably by its power of erection is faithfully echoed by the miraculous power of the dwarf. The dwarf, for us, among other things, is an unsettling spectacle of walking magic. Lastly, and in line with this interpretation, the fairy tale posits the dwarf as the qualified signifier of the potency of love, and we should presently see why.

In terms of the secret plot of the tale we are made to understand that it is through an aspect of the sexual act that the young woman hopes to make the difficult transition from the love of the father to the love of the husband. The phallus presumably can perform the magic. But the tale with the same breath states a strong qualification to this rule.

Here comes the third and most peculiar point of the code. The conditional imperative upon the young woman to guess correctly the obscure name - Rumplestiltskin - of the 'little man.' What does the tale try to suggest? What possible sense is conveyed by this name guessing? The difficulty which is encountered here seems to lie in part with the attention that is drawn to the oddity of the name. But suppose that this oddity stands simply for the unlikelihood of guessing such a name, then the meaning is inherent rather in the possible meaning of the failure to guess the name. In view of what we have understood so far, this proposed interpretation suggests that such a failure, if it occurred, would make the sexual act a nameless act, and the 'nameless act' is the constitutive element of prostitution. The conditional imperative, then, is made clear. The transference of love from the father to the next stranger, the Oedipal transference that is, may be an unselective open-ended affair, and as such, it is an empty identity and by the same token an empty love. The fairy tale signifies this by the threat to the possession of the child that is posed by the failure to discover the name. If the miller's daughter fails to come up with the name, her child will be taken from her and her marriage thereby will be made a void. The act of love, deprived of its creative nature, dispossessed of the life that it brings forth - i.e. the child, is empty, meaningless and barren. It is therefore the labour of true love to discover the object's name, to make it a particular love, and to make a unique love out of the universal emptiness of the transference. The fairy tale gives us ample evidence that this is not an easy task. The observation of patients recovering from aphasia shows us too that the agonized act of recalling an object's name is synonymous with the knowing of that object; the failure to remember a name, is a failure that leaves the patient perplexed as to the nature of the object. And "to know him, is to love him." Thus we can see in what deep sense the 'guessing of the name' was meant in this tale.

The first thing that should strike us, once the symbolic code has been deciphered in this way is the realization that this tale has a secret moral: it is true that the act of interpretation is an event of consciousness par excellence, but before this act, the tale existed obscurely and lively as a folk tale for hundreds of years. It is therefore entitled to be regarded for all intents and purposes as a natural phenomenon as much alive as life is. Given that, we have to face the recognition that it existed as a profoundly moral entity. The question now is this: is there anything in reality which is not a story, and, can there be a story, any story, without a moral? This question is resolved into another: can a pointless story be pointed to us? If not, then a story without a moral is no story, and, in the same way, history without a story is impossible. But that means that history is the domain of moral evolution.

This leads me to the point for which I brought this demonstration in the first place. A fairy tale, together with its perceived moral is an instance of what human sensibility regards as 'divine knowledge.' And here the metaphysical taboo of knowledge can be most easily demonstrated. Firstly, as far as the moral of the story goes, we can see that it obeys an absolutely immutable, rigid, and rigorous logic. The law of contradiction ensures that a crime remains a crime and as such it is followed by punishment. In no way is a crime allowed to change its definition in a story. This is precisely the menace that is being sustained throughout a 'tragedy.' Thus, if the miller's daughter would fail to guess the name, the law of contradiction would see to it that we would get a tragic story. It is, after all, what the moral of the story is all about. And while it might be true that an earlier, more cruel, version of, say, Little Red Riding Hood was discovered in 16th century France (a version in which the little girl was seduced by the wolf to drink her Grandmother's blood) this by no means implies that we have obtained an immoral version of the story. The older story was very far from concluding with a happy end. By the same logic, an instance of true love remains so throughout all the confusion, blunders and mistaken identities of a 'comedy' and is customarily rewarded at the end of the play, with a marriage.

There can be little doubt then that the moral of a story represents the logic of necessary truth. But at the same time a story such as Rumplestiltskin also leaves very little room for doubt that the fairy tale on the whole and every aspect of it is a complicated piece of metaphorical construction. Metaphors, as we have seen, are very far from being instances of necessary truths, and so, while we can see the coexistence of the moral and the metaphorical narrative in one tale, we are barred in principle from understanding how this is possible. Yet, it is the clearest demonstration that we may get of the taboo of knowledge.

We can see now what 'vision' consists of. A vision always involves an act of interpretation; but it is a process of symbolic analysis which is unfathomably guided by moral coercion that forms everything into a story. A vision, in short, is of the same material of reality that is represented by the taboo of knowledge: It can see many things in the world but its own act of seeing is beyond its own comprehension. Nevertheless, vision always involves the seeing of the difference between 'good' and 'bad' in the same act of symbolic interpretation. It is the selective force which guides us into a given symbolic analysis out of the infinite possibilities of interpretations that are open to us. In short, it is the possession of a vision which gives a therapist whatever certainties that he may have in the narrative of his dialogue with his patient. And those, perforce, are always moral certainties.

The critique of psychoanalysis can now be summed up in one sentence: Psychoanalysis is a vision which mistook itself for a theory.

The Moral Code of Psychoanalysis

It is not so easy or simple to demonstrate what have been the consequences of this self-misunderstanding of psychoanlaysis. When we are dealing with partially blind visions or distorted visions we can expect some alterations in the acknowledgement of the good and the bad as such. Instead, a certain moral code is substituted which provides new categories of good and bad, but, to stave embarrassment, it is done without naming. In such cases the new moral code shapes the entire process of interpretation as before but with predictable blind effects. Nevertheless, the self reflection generated by psychoanalysis has not been quite like the phantom self of, say, dialectical materialism. Here a most interesting moral code has been operating silently whose effect, while distorted in its self understanding, has been nevertheless therapeutic, i.e. enlightening. This is quite a curious affair. To show how this is possible I will use for criticism a rather lengthy excerpt from Freud's The Interpretation of Dreams in which the "dream of the butcher's wife" is presented.

'You're always saying to me,' began a clever woman patient of mine, 'that a dream is a fulfilled wish. Well I'll tell you a dream whose subject was the exact opposite - a dream in which one of my wishes was not fulfilled. How do you fit that in with your theory? This was the dream:

'I wanted to give a supper-party, but I had nothing in the house but a little smoked salmon. I thought I would go out and buy something, but remembered that it was Sunday afternoon and all the shops would be shut. Next I tried to ring up some caterers, but the telephone was out of order. So I had to abandon my wish to give a supper party.'

I answered, of course, that analysis was the only way of deciding on the naming of the dream; although I admitted that at first sight it seemed sensible and coherent and looked like the reverse of a wish-fulfilment. 'But what instigation to a dream is always to be found in the events of the previous day.'

ANALYSIS. - My patient's husband, an honest and capable wholesale butcher, had remarked to her the day before that he was getting too stout and therefore intended to start on a course of weight reduction. He proposed to rise early, do physical exercises, keep to a strict diet, and above all accept no more invitations to supper. - She laughingly added that her husband, at the place where he regularly lunched, had made the acquaintance of a painter, who had pressed him to be allowed to paint his portrait, as he had never seen such expressive features. Her husband however had replied in his blunt manner that he was much obliged, but he was sure the painter would prefer a piece of a pretty young girl's behind to the whole of his face. She was very much in love with her husband now and teased him a lot. She had begged him, too, not to give her any caviare.

I asked her what that meant; and she explained that she had wished for a long time that she could have a caviare sandwich every motning but had grudged the expense. Of course her husband would have let her have it at once if she had asked him. But, on the contrary, she had asked him not to give her any caviare, so that she could go on teasing him about it.

This explanation struck me as unconvincing. Inadequate reasons like this usually conceal unconfessed motives. They remind one of Bernheim's hypnotized patients. When one of these carries out a post-hypnotic suggestion and is asked why he is acting in this way, instead of saying that he has no idea, he feels compelled to invent some obviously unsatisfactory reason. The same was no doubt true of my patient and the caviare. I saw that she was obliged to create an unfulfilled wish for herself in her actual life; and the dream represented this renunciation as having been put into effect. But why was it that she stood in need of an unfulfilled wish?

The associations which she had so far produced had not been sufficient to interpret the dream. I pressed her for some more. After a short pause, such as would correspond to the overcoming of a resistance, she went on to tell me that the day before she had visited a woman friend of whom she confessed she felt jealous because her (my patient's) husband was constantly singing her praises. Fortunately this friend of hers is very skinny and thin and her husband admires a plumper figure. I asked her what she had talked about to her thin friend. Naturally, she replied, of that lady's wish to grow a little stouter. Her friend had enquired too: 'When are you going to ask us to another meal? You always feed one so well.'

The meaning of the dream was now clear, and I was able to say to my patient: 'It is just as though when she made this suggestion you said to yourself: "A likely thing! I'm to ask you to come and eat in my house so that you may get stout and attract my husband still more! I'd rather never give another supper-party." What the dream was saying to you was that you were unable to give any supper-parties, and it was thus fulfilling your wish not to help your friend to grow plumper. The fact that what people eat at parties makes them stout had been brought home to you by your husband's decision not to accept any more invitations to supper in the interests of his plan to reduce his weight.' All that was now lacking was some coincidence to confirm the situation. The smoked salmon in the dream had not yet been accounted for. 'How,' I asked 'did you arrive at the salmon that came into your dream? 'Oh,' she replied, 'smoked salmon is my friend's favourite dish.' I happen to be acquainted with the lady in question myself and I can confirm the fact that she grudges herself salmon no less than my patient grudges herself caviare.

The same dream admits of another subtler interpretation, which in fact becomes unavoidable if we take a subsidiary detail into account. (The two interpretations are not mutually contradictory, but both cover the same ground; they are a good instance of the fact that dreams, like all other psychopathological structures, regularly have more than one meaning.) My patient, it will be remembered, at the same time as she was occupied with her dream of the renunciation of a wish, was also trying to bring about a renounced wish (for the caviare sandwich) in real life. Her

> friend had also given expression to a wish - to become stouter - and it would not have been suprising if my patient had dreamt that her friend's wish was unfulfilled; for my patient's own wish was that her friend's wish (to put on weight) should not be fulfilled. But instead of this she dreamt that one of her own wishes was not fulfilled. Thus the dream will acquire a new interpretation if we suppose that the person indicated in the dream was not herself but her friend, that she had put herself in her friend's place, or, as we might say, that she had 'identified' herself with her friend. I believe she had in fact done this; and the circumstance of her having brought about a renounced wish in real life was evidence of this identification...Thus the patient was merely following the rules of hysterical processes of thought in expressing her jealousy of her friend (which incidentally she herself knew was unjustified) by taking her place in the dream and identifying herself with her by creating a symptom - the renounced wish. The process might be expressed verbally thus: my patient put herself in her friend's place in the dream because her friend was taking my patient's place with her husband and because she (my patient) wanted to take her friend's place in her husband's high opinion.
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> (The Penguin Edition p. 228-233)

It is possible to take an issue with Freud's interpretation in this case in the following way. The context of the dream was provided by one significant observation of Freud: "She was very much in love with her husband now and teased him a lot." (Emphasis mine). At the same time it is easy to observe that the content of the dream and its entire sphere of association is suffused with references to food delicacies, dinner parties, diets, and hungry deprivation. Thus the motive of love can be seen to be contrasted with a lustful hunger which is symbolized here by the sensual cravings for food. On this background the renunciation of the wish in the patient's dream should assume a very different meaning. It confirms in effect that the emergence of martial love has won over all ongoing cravings. This, needless to say, is an interpretation whose nature contradicts the spirit of the original. But it provides us with the grounds from which the Freudian moral code can be viewed.

The Freudian moral code can be gleaned most clearly from Freud's personal correspondences with the people who were, at least for a period, most close to him; his friend Wilhelm Fliess and his wife-to-be Martha Bernays. In this correspondence emerges a man whose noble conduct is always beyond reproach and at the same time a man whose passions are strong for better and for worse. Most importantly for our discussion, he reveals himself as a man with a consistent, if not obsessive, articulation of the truth of his emotions, and most exclusively the ugly truth of his dark feelings. In that regard Freud was somewhat unusual. He was quite capable of describing the most unsavory sentiments as he discovered their existence in himself, and this he was doing in such a non self-conscious way as if it never occurred to him that it might be quite obvious for anybody to be ashamed of them. In this way he described to Fliess the depth of his emerging and uncalled for animosity towards Breuer. The reader who knows, as Freud knew all too well, how consistently generous, helpful and well disposed was Breuer towards Freud, cannot help but feel discomfort. Even when one allowed that Freud's pride was irreconcilable to the massive financial support that he nevertheless needed from Breuer in the fragile phase of his early adulthood, and even if one understands that the dependent emasculation had to incite acute self hate, one cannot accept the renunciation of Breuer. And yet Freud, sensible to Breuer's warm and virtuous personality, confessed to Fliess of an hostility so virulent that he was ready, he said, to emigrate from Austria so as to avoid any chance encounter with Breuer. In the same way he was capable of describing to Martha, his far away betrothal, the entire range of his changing moods with very little regard, it seems, to what impressions he was creating. At one point he described with clinical seriousness a sensation of hunger that seized him one morning which was so immense that he could see himself eating her up like a lion. On the positive side, it is not then surprising that the moral code of psychoanalysis was encoded by Freud's celebrated statement of the object of therapy: "Where the _It_ was, there the I shall be."

But with this moral code serving as a total vision it is easy to see a second motive for the reductionism of Freud's meta-psychology, apart from biology: the imperative to discover ugly truths about oneself. Freud contributed to the singularity of this vision, in terms of style, by his habit of putting any newly discovered obscene material in Latin:

> I can only say that in my case my father played no active [pathogenic] role, though I certainly projected on to him an analogy from myself; that my "primary originator" [of neurosis] was an ugly, elderly but clever woman who told me

> a great deal about God and hell and gave me a high opinion of my own capacity; that later (between the ages of two and two and a half) libido towards matrem was aroused; the occasion must have been the journey with her from Leipzig to Vienna, during which we spent a night together and I must have had the opportunity of seeing her nudam...
>
> (From letter to W. Fliess; Vienna 3.10.1897)

The whole stature of Freud's personality and achievement can be ascribed to this uncompromising quest for the unpleasant truth. At the same time it is this code that in the theoretical formulation conceives the phenomenon of love on the foundation of sex, that assumes that all dreams are expressive of 'wish fulfillment,' and in the actual interpretation concludes that, say, the Butcher's wife had a base wish precisely where she renounced a wish.

But to declare that all dreams are about 'wish fulfillment' is to reject the dream as well as the myth, and the fairy tale, as a profoundly moral entity. This does contradict human sensibility. One can imagine Martin Luther King standing on the rostrum with his moving "I have a dream..." speech, and then envision Freud on the side saying "He has a wish..." One can sense then a certain sinking feeling which is probably the fundamental reason for calling an analyst a "shrink." The public, indeed, while according Freud the full measure of his greatness and conceiving him as 'The Psychologist' has accepted him with less than the unqualified embrace and awe that it has extended to Einstein. When Freud was salvaged from Vienna in 1938 and was received in London, a flurry of rumours began to spread about him. One rumour, which Ernest Jones brought in his biography as an examplar of obvious nonsense, had Freud blowing out the Friday night's candles that had been lit by his wife. The wife, then, lit the candles again and Freud proceeded to blow them out again. The scene - as the rumour had it - repeated itself three times until the poor wife burst into tears. The rumour assumes here the same symbolic structure of a fairy tale. On the one hand it suspends necessary truths: in Freud's household, Friday night's candles were never lit, and Freud always treated his wife with the greatest gentleness. On the other hand, the fable voices a different truth about the distinct psychoanalytic act: The Freudian interpretation extinguises the light on poor humanity that is left struggling in the dark. I have to confess that I too encountered one instance of Freud's drive for unpleasant interpretation, unbearable. The weak and odd thesis in "Moses and Monotheism" which claimed Moses to have been a genuine Egyptian prince and which was written when the lights were turning off on European Jewary, shall remain in my eyes unforgiveable. I have derived little consolation from the fact that Moses was Freud's identified hero.

But putting all this on one side, one still has to explain how, with less than perfect vision, is psychoanalysis to any extent, therapeutic?

This, I believe, has to do with a very curious process in the domain of human consciousness of the bad. The delicate dance with the bad is of critical importance in the final cure and the most complicated manoeuvre in the process of therapy. Its full treatment will have to await a different occasion. But an aspect that interests us here has to do with the agonized and sometimes fragile dialectics in which the good self has to accept itself in one moment as bad. One is constantly struck in practice by the inexhaustible layers of invisible veils that effectively maintain the subject as 'all good' in spite of whatever realizations to the contrary and in spite of many self confessions of badness. In this the subject is infinitely resourceful and it is a critical therapeutic art to master the always changing steps of his hazardous dance. In this performance one has to be as confident of his good intentions as Wilhelm Tell was when he sent the famous arrow slightly above his son's head. But here the partial vision of psychoanalysis seems to have been particularly designed to supply at least the arrorws that are capable, in some graceful conditions, of penetrating the veils. Thus, for the butcher's wife even if she was confronted with painfully unrepresentative reality of herself, it can still be enlightening to learn, in the midst of her victorious love, of her sleeping jealousy and her live cravings.

Addendum: On the Definition of Understanding

A definition of the act we call understanding is a staggering undertaking. It might be that understanding can be thought of in the same way that Hegel defined the truth - the truth is everything; the whole of the system. The intimate relationship that understanding shares with love strongly reinforces this view. Nevertheless, it is appropriate here that I shall try to characterize at least an essential feature of it.

Understanding consists essentially of the apprehension of the bad in the subject in the same act in which the subject is embraced. The one who understands, thus, always apprehends more than the subject of his understanding. There is no therapy without understanding.

On the Metaphysical Assumption

It would seem that the taboo of knowledge poses insurmountable difficulty in the sphere of first principles. The taboo is the constitutive principle of the symbolic world, but other than that, it seems, on the grounds of its fundamental paradox, to forbid any positive — metaphysical assumption whatsoever. Under these conditions the world seems somewhat empty.

Nevertheless it is not self injurious to suppose that we should be allowed to introduce such entities at the groundwork of the world as conform to the nature of the taboo of knowledge itself.

I can think of one entity at present that obeys this condition: It is love.

The metaphysical reclaimation of love is the following: love seems to contain the paradox of freedom, in a way that marks its own nature as a taboo of knowledge, and for the same reasons. This is the paradox of freedom; love involves the law-of-the-heart. This 'bond' entails that one possessed by love, is shouldered by the most uncompromising commitment in consideration of the well being of one's love. And yet, one, then, feels abundantly free. The categorical imperative of the law-of-the-heart in the case of love parallels the binding of our necessary truths, and love's freedom parallels the liberty of our metaphorical identity. In both cases the logical impenetrability is alike.

If we are allowed to posit love at the groundwork of our metaphysics then we can form an idea of the formative principle of this world. And if love embodies it, then all objects are love's objects. Where there is no love left, no object can endure.

Time, then, would be the domain of object love. All the tenses of time - past, present and future - would become metaphoric extensions of love bonds. The extension of the past tense would lie with the disappearance of the love object. The present tense would be lying with the presence of the love object. The future tense would evolve out of the reappearance of the love object. Where love has become hungry, time would acquire a sexual metaphor: It would have quicker rhythm, it would move faster and it would run for consumation. Where love is enduring the love object is not to be consumed: it is the burning bush. It can be waited upon indefinitely. The future, then, would acquire the quality of hope. Where there is no hope for love, there would be no future.

Love is the good.

The failure of love is the bad.

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APPENDIX

PROPOSAL FOR A DOCTORAL DISSERTATION

The following pages contain the original 'proposal' for my doctoral dissertation submitted in November of 1982 and defended in January of 1983. The reading of it now showed it to be angry, urgent, but the very embodiment of the spirit with which the whole work was conducted. And yet, amazingly enough, when it was written, the main discovery of this work - the interpretation of organic symptoms - was as far as I knew, a secret as deep and unimaginable as the mystery of the universe. It is true that I, like a few other professionals and like many religious mystics always held the irresponsible belief that all bodily afflictions are mental monograms. It is true too that I held it as a working hypothesis and made it a routine practice to inquire of the medical history of my patients. (I found it, in a vague but unmistakeable way, a meaningful part of people's life stories.) But my practice of therapy only began less than two years earlier, and my 'belief' was nothing more articulate than an unaccountable moral conviction about the pre-eminence of the spirit.

At the same time the proposal was a concluding statement of a long and hard drive for the consolidation of a psychological understanding and its passion was derived in some part from my painful undergraduate encounter with Behaviourism. There is no doubt that it facilitated the thesis that it was still blind to. For in a few months, after the completion of the proposal, I started to experience unfamiliar visions which I saw as if coming towards me refracted through columns of light and darkness.

SYMBOLIC PROCESSES OF PSYCHOPATHOLOGICAL SYMPTOMS

I Statement of the Problem

The broad object of my dissertation is to bring about a collapse of the terminologies of the two disciplines of Psychology and Literature into a unitary intellectual endeavour whose definition is not the 'study of behaviour' but rather the 'study of people' or the 'study of symbolic processes' and whose purpose it is to exclude from its boundaries any thesis or presentation of facts that do not enhance the understanding of people. This is the broadest statement of intentions and it betrays first of all a great hostility to the fact that as a student of Psychology I have invested most of my time in studies and readings which have not - in my judgement - contributed to my understanding of other people. There is not one instance that I can recall - facing another human being - that anything that I have learned in Physiology, Neuro Psychology, Learning Theories (and the various Branches of Behaviourism and Neo-Behaviourism), Piaget's cognitive constructivism, Gestalt and the whole field of perception, helped me in any way to better understand 'the other.' In all fairness and against the tide of the time I have to admit that the only school of thought which improved my understanding of people beyond the sometimes painful, experiences gained from life, is Psychoanalysis and its derivative schools. Besides this, the two main sources which, in a more round about way informed my comprehension of people, were Literature (with its complementary discipline of Literary criticism), and Philosophy. Everything that I have gained from Anthropology and Folklore in the study of Man can be accounted to some form of a psychoanalytic interpretation.

It is this state of affairs that provided me with the first dilemma. On the one hand, everything that I consider to be a significant insight in my studies of Psychology I owe directly or indirectly to Freud; on the other hand, the theory of psychoanalysis viewed in a formal way gave rise to genuine philosophical perplexities that cannot be answered easily, if at all.

To be sure, some of the most pointed criticism that was mounted at the time against psychoanalysis turned out to reflect nothing wrong in psychoanalysis but rather some stage of immaturity in the philosophy of science. Thus, it was alleged at one point that psychoanalysis does not lend itself to refutation. This criticism originated from Carl Popper's principle of falsifiability, and it was seen at the time as the most damaging argument against psychoanalysis. Popper argued that the difference between scientific theories and other systems of belief lies not in their capacity to assert or to prove something but in the existence of some kind of empirical test in which a theoretical claim or prediction of this theory may be refuted. The more occasions for refutation a theory provides the more it establishes itself within the realm of science. It was alleged that no empirical outcome can falsify a psychoanalytic interpretation and therefore psychoanalysis is not a scientific theory. However, the golden age of the 'empirical test' and empiricism did not have a prolonged existence. Thomas Kuhn in his "The Structure of Scientific Revolutions" debunked the principle of falsifiability by demonstrating that scientific theories are never refuted and very possibly can never be refuted. At any rate, the history of science (and most particularly such a rigorous field as physics) does not provide even one instance where a theory was refuted. Theories did get discarded but not because they were ever falsified. It is clear, then, that psychoanalysis was wrongly charged, whereas in fact it has not constituted a special case. Moreover, this criticism ignored the very real occasions where a psychoanalyst explores the genesis of a symptom, the occasions where he feels that he does not yet have an 'answer,' and the occasions where he feels that he has made a diagnostic mistake. In other words, the special procedures of validation native to psychoanalysis were improperly ignored in this criticism. Unaccountable too in this criticism was the kind of evidence that forced Freud and others within the psychoanalytic school (e.g. Melanie Klein) to change some of the basic theoretical assumptions; to say nothing of the more usual theoretical corrections that never really ceased to occur in Freud's lifetime and afterwards.

Another form of criticism with a philosophical origin and tenuous existence, was the charge that psychoanalytic theory and especially the structural postulation of the 'Id,' 'Ego' and 'Super ego,' calls for a 'man within a man' type of explanation, which in principle leads to arguments by infinite regression and therefore obtains eliptical and non-permissible logical causation. Notions such as the 'unconscious censure' which presumably operate 'inside the mind' and act to distort conscious symbolic messages were taken, by virtue of such criticisms, to be outside the realm of science. However, the difficulty with this line of criticism was that it was pregnant with its own hidden assumptions about the structure of the universe. A question that remained to be answered was whether it was psychoanalytic theory which was responsible for a convoluted and illogical representation of essentially 'simple' psychological phenomena, or whether it is the normally- and abnormally-experienced mental life which gives rise to many perplexities. When we consider for instance that people often talk about an 'inside observer' who watches their own, sometimes crazy, actions; when we acknowledge the universally recognized phenomena of 'inner dialogue,' where a man may sometimes engage his 'own self' with a furious debate; or when we accept the astonishing phenomena of 'multiple personalities,' are we then in a position to raise the charge of 'homunculus' against the theory of psychoanalysis? Wouldn't that be tantamount to killing the messenger on account of the message? It is due to such questions that the credentials of the 'homunculus argument' against psychoanalysis are far from secure.

It seems then that many sustained philosophical arguments against psychoanalysis may not be able to carry the burden of their own difficulties. It is curious, for instance, that Gilbert Ryle, the famous philosopher of the Behavioristic School* who derided and scorned the idea of the mind as "a second ethereal theatre of reality," ("the ghost in the machine") and demonstrated more convincingly than any other that there is only "one theatre of reality," never for a moment thought that his arguments detract anything from Freud's authority.(1) More curious still, he never considered his arguments to constitute a criticism of psychoanalysis. The same applies to the greatest philosopher of the 20th century and one of the score of giant philosophers of all time: Ludwig Wittgenstein. By his famous 'argument of usage' he has tempted many to regard him as a behaviourist of sorts. Moreover, he was not uncritical of Freud and in front of his students he raised the difficulties that he found inherent in the psychological determinism which was at the foundation of Freud's analysis.(2) The same Wittgenstein regarded himself as Freud's student, no less; and this ferociously critical man who spared nobody including the 'early Wittgenstein' regarded Freud as the only psychologist who "says something."

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*Not to be confused with the School of Behaviorism in Psychology.

This indication, among others, should have notified some simpletons that a criticism of Freud must be something more involved than the dismissal of his conclusions as "limited to neurotic, middle class, turn of the century, Viennese population." It is only lately that I have had a sobering experience when I tried to change the language of one of Freud's known case studies - The Rat-Man - to other terms. I have learned that Freud's choice of words can hardly be improved upon.

Nevertheless, and in spite of what I have just recounted, there is no question in my mind that psychoanalysis, far from solving the classical problems of philosophy is in fact, the staging ground of those perennial and exasperating metaphysical perplexities that have so far defeated human reason and are commonly known as the 'problems of philosophy.'* Those problems - and foremost among them is the question of body and mind - do not have exclusively stratospheric existence, as many believe, since they are 'above one's head.' The question of body and mind in particular, has played havoc with psychoanalysis and is mainly responsible not only for the deep confusion surrounding any meta-theoretical interpretation or critique of Freud, but also for a terrific misunderstanding of him among psychologists.

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*Bertrand Russell presented them in a known book by this name.

That such pervasive misunderstanding can occur is not really surprising given the fact that, for many years now, students of psychology can obtain their Ph.D.'s without ever once reading any of Freud's works.

The resistance to his work, that Freud well foresaw, has acquired such an automatic-ritualized manner that the overwhelming majority of students and their teachers, are well content with a phrase or two of cliche statements that serve as a curt dismissal of Freud as passe.* His findings belong to a different era, and the superior and advanced breed of human beings that the 20th century produced do not see any continuity between some neurotic hysterical women of old Vienna and themselves. Thus, the only familiarity of modern students with Freud is through secondary sources and textbooks and it is there that the philosophical ignorance and confusion have produced their most devastating effect. By and large psychoanalysis has been represented as motivational theory, whose best descriptive term is hydraulics: the effect and counter-effect of the power of water, and the resistance of dams. Presumably, Encephalitis is a universal human condition, and everyone of us is compelled to act as a consequence of some currents of water, and some natural dams, that each one of us is carrying in his brain.

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*Some more generous spirits may be as compassionate to Freud as to say that he is the victim of a new era which he, more than anybody, helped to bring about.

The pervasive description of psychoanalysis in terms of the hydraulic model of the instincts was not an arbitrary mistake but rather a symptomatic one. It echoed the desperate attempt to reconcile the facts of mental life - the mind - with the mind*less* forces of nature which, presumably, provide for the mechanics and neurophysiology of the body. It is the kind of terminology that hopes, (by evoking the imagery of forces while talking about the intricacies of the human object-world), to leave the door open for the kind of machine that may one day explain the soul.

In truth, no psychologist is immune from this temptation. Psychologists in general are oblivious to the tradition of philosophical research: the raising of a question rather than the reflexive attempt to answer. And while a philosopher is humbled by conceding a difficulty, a psychologist's only check of arrogance is the number and variety of conflicting theories that are in competition for *the* truth. Pavlov is a case in point. He set out to bridge the gap between the ghost and the machine by his formulation of the 'conditioned reflexes,' and not once in his long career did he suggest a perplexity as to the order of things in his world. Not only was his admission of any difficulty non-existent, but when he heard Sherrington's humble conclusion that 'the facts of physiology may have nothing to do with the mind' his rage was so explosive that he called this great pioneer of modern physiology and the discoverer of the reflexes of the spine "a senile man."[*] It is the psychologist's special prerogative as a scientist to deny difficulty by the construction of a theory. In that sense most of the modern history of psychology is a history of deception. It leads us directly to the great intellectual crisis that we are all facing today as students of the field.

Freud's initial ambition, surprisingly enough, was not much different from Pavlov's, and their progressive transition from neurophysiology to human concern is arrestingly similar in both the time frame, the axis of insight, and the scope of their ambition. Freud's neurological model of aphasia still dominates the field. Pavlov's anatomical way of getting 'inside his subject's skin' - carving an external outlet for the dog's saliva - was both an experimental, conceptual and surgical master stroke. The similarity doesn't yet end here. The two men went along the same path not only in the first phase of their famous careers but almost all the way. One need only to witness Pavlov's forays into human psychopathology, and his reinterpretations of Janet's formulations, to understand that. Moreover, the most striking in this analogy between the two men is revealed if we consider what came to public light with the recent publication of "Freud's letters to Fliess," and was detailed for the first time in the index of that book: "The Project for Scientific Pathology." This little known work of Freud which was nevertheless known all along to his intimates as simply "The Project," was explicitly forbidden by Freud from ever getting published. It contained his attempt, when Fliess was still his only audience, to translate the first growing harvest of his astonishing 'psychological' findings to a rigorous physiological model.

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[*] This happened in one of his famous Wednesday meetings and is reported by his students in "Experimental Psychology" where many of his essays are collected.

Anybody who will bother to read "The Project" will have to acknowledge that this excavated work of Freud is far superior to anything that Pavlov has accomplished. Comparing the two neurophysiological models it is apparent that Freud's is more ingenious, imaginative and complete. Moreover, Freud succeeded in something that Pavlov notoriously failed: it is to give his imaginary physiological machine an air of intelligence. Nevertheless at some point, after a furious struggle to have the physiological machine conform to his psychological findings, Freud discarded "The Project" never to resume it, and let his intention known never to publish it.

It is at this point that the similarity between the two men ends. I would claim that it was Freud's incorruptible decency, the absolute rigor of his morality and his streak of humility that made the difference. Indeed, I can see no way that he would make the great discovery of say, the 'transference' without an unusual dose of a truly great man's humility. Here was Freud, a handsome man, one of the great intellectuals of Europe and a complete original, who witnessed his female patients shortly falling in love with him, and who reached the unflattering conclusion that all this "was not personal." It was not really with him that they were falling in love; it was a deceptive phantasm; an 'Oedipal transference.'

Freud then, without the benefit of a formal training in philosophy, and unlike Pavlov, did not try to mask a difficulty when he faced it.* He subsequently announced that he was cutting himself off from that terminological milieu, i.e.: Neuro-physiology, in which he invested his whole education, studies and research, and the better part of his life, and let it be known that he was breaking into "things psychological."

It is this very point, namely, that by moving into the business of understanding people Freud discovered and formulated a purely psychological theory, that was the most subtle and problematic feature in the comprehension of psychoanalysis. Freud himself cannot be absolved from his responsibility for a good portion of the ensuing confusion, or it is easy to demonstrate that his famous 'break' from physiology was never a clean break and that he only gradually, grudgingly and never completely, conceded the full psychological nature of his theory. It is perhaps an historical peculiarity that he began to assault the most obviously psychological of all his works and the most distinguished - "The Interpretation of Dreams" - on the basis of none other than the neurophysiological model that he developed in that 'discarded' work of his: "The Project!"*

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*Witness, as an example, his comparison of obsessional neurosis with hysteria taken from "Freud: Case Histories II" Vol. 9 of the Pelican Freud Library, p.37.: "The Language of an obsessional neurosis - the

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means by which it expresses its secret thoughts - is, as it were, only a dialect of the language of hysteria; but it is a dialect in which we ought to be able to find our way about more easily, since it is more nearly related to the forms of expression adopted by our conscious thought than in the language of hysteria. Above all, it does not involve the leap from a mental process to a somatic innervation - hysterical conversion - which can never be fully comprehensible to us."

*Here is a concise historical account of the evolution of The Interpretation of Dreams from "The Project" by Angela Richards, the General Editor of The Pelican Freud Library, given in pp. 39-42 of the Editor's introduction to The Interpretation of Dreams. This account is needed for me to establish the point that psychoanalysis, much like Dostoyevsky's novels, took a life of its own independently, and sometimes in opposition, to the conscious plans of its author:

> "As we learn from his letters to Fliess, Freud worked intermittently on the book from late in 1897 until September, 1889. The theories expressed in it, however, had been developing, and the material accumulating, for a considerable time before this.
>
> "Apart from a number of scattered references to the subject - which, in his correspondence, go back at least as early as 1882 - the first important published evidence of Freud's interest in dreams occurs in the course of a long footnote to the case of Frau Emmy von N., under the date of May 15, in Breuer and Freud's Studies on Hysteria (1895), P.F.L., 3, 127 n. ...

"In September of this same year (1895) Freud wrote the first part of his 'Project for a Scientific Psychology' (published as an Appendix to the Fliess correspondence) and Sections 19, 20 and 21 of his 'Project' constitute a first approach to a coherent theory of dreams. It already includes many important elements which re-appear in the present work, such as (1) the wish-fulfilling character of dreams, (2) their hallucinatory character, (3) the regressive functioning of the mind in hallucinations and dreams, (4) the fact that the state of sleep involves motor paralysis, (5) the nature of the mechanism of displacement in dreams and (6) the similarity between the mechanisms of dreams and of neurotic symptoms. More than all this, however, the 'Project' gives a clear indication of what is probably the most momentous of the discoveries given to the world in The Interpretation of Dreams - the distinction between the two different modes of mental functioning, the Primary and Secondary Processes.

"This, however, is far from exhausting the importance of the 'Project' and of the letters to Fliess written in connection with it towards the end of 1895. It is no exaggeration to say that much of the seventh chapter of The Interpretation of Dreams and, indeed, of Freud's later 'metapsychological' studies, has only become fully intelligible since the publication of the 'Project.'

"...The essence of Freud's 'Project' lay in the notion of combining into a single whole two theories of different origin. The first of these was derived ultimately from the physiological school of Helmholtz, of which Freud's teacher, the physiologist Brücke, was a principal member. According to this theory, neurophysiology, and consequently psychology, was governed by purely chemico-physical laws. Such, for instance, was the 'principle of constancy,' frequently mentioned by both Freud and Breuer and expressed in these terms in 1892 (in a posthumously published draft, Breuer and Freud, 1940): 'The nervous system endeavours to keep constant something in its functional relations that we may describe as the "sum of excitation."' The second main theory called into play by Freud in his 'Project' was the anatomical doctrine of the neurone, which was becoming accepted by neuroanatomists at the end of the eighties. (The term 'neuron' was only introduced, by Waldeyer, in 1891.) This doctrine laid it down that the functional unit of the central nervous system was a distinct cell, having no direct anatomical continuity with adjacent cells. The opening sentences of the 'Project' show clearly how its basis lay in a combination of these two theories. Its aim, wrote Freud, was 'to represent psychical processes as quantitatively determinate states of specifiable material particles.'

He went on to postulate that these 'material particles,' were the neurons and that what distinguished their being in a state of activity from their being in a state of rest was a 'quantity' which was 'subject to the general laws of motion.' Thus a neuron might either be 'empty' or 'filled with a certain quantity,' that is 'cathected.' [It must be emphasized that these speculations of Freud's date from a period many years before any systematic investigations had been made into the nature of nervous impulses and the conditions governing their transmission.] 'Nervous excitation' was to be interpreted as a 'quantity' flowing through a system of neurons, and such a current might either be resisted or facilitated according to the state of the 'contact barriers' between the neurons. (It was only later, in 1897, that the term 'synapse' was introduced by Foster and Sherrington.) The functioning of the whole nervous system was subject to a general principle of 'inertia,' according to which neurons always tend to get rid of any 'quantity' with which they may be filled - a principle correlative with the principle of 'constancy.' Using these and similar concepts as his bricks, Freud constructed a highly complicated and extraordinarily ingenious working model of the mind as a piece of neurological machinery.

"But obscurities and difficulties began to accumulate and, during the months after writing the 'Project,' Freud was continually amending his theories. As time passed, his interest was gradually diverted from neurological and theoretical onto psychological and clinical problems, and he eventually abandoned the entire scheme. And when some years later, in the seventh chapter of the present book [The Interpretation of Dreams], he took the theoretical problem up once more - though he certainly never gave up his belief that ultimately, a physical groundwork for psychology would be established[I] - the neurophysiological basis was ostensibly dropped. Nevertheless - and this is why the 'Project' is of importance to readers of The Interpretation of Dreams - much of the general pattern of the earlier scheme, and many of its elements, were carried over into a new one. The systems of neurons, which Freud had previously postulated, were replaced by psychical systems or agencies; a hypothetical

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[I] cf. the remark below (p. 758f.) in his discussion of the primary and secondary processes: 'The mechanics of these processes are quite unknown to me; anyone who wished to take these ideas seriously would have to look for physical analogies to them and find a means of picturing the movements that accompany excitation of neurons.'

> 'catharsis' of psychical energy took the place of the physical 'quantity;' the principle of inertia became the basis of the pleasure (or, as Freud here called it, the unpleasure) principle. Moreover, some of the detailed accounts of psychical processes given in the seventh chapter owe much to their physiological forerunners and can be more easily understood by reference to them. This applies, for instance, to the description of the laying down of memory-traces in the 'mnemonic systems; to the discussion of the nature of wishes and of the different ways of satisfying them, and to the stress laid upon the part played by verbal thought-processes in the making of adjustments to the demands of reality."

Imagine then Freud at this point in his career. For the first time in the history of mankind there was a man who, in a fairly consistent manner, started to understand dreams. He started his voyage by using his revolutionary insights of the various neuroses, translated and encoded in a purely speculative imagery of neuron activity. He dared to enter the acknowledged realm of mystery in order to reclaim it for science, and he had no instrument at his disposal except that pretense of scientism - the language of neurophysiology. The more he traced this 'landscape of the unconscious' and the deeper he penetrated, the more he found that his language and descriptions became more and more symbolic and poetic. Finally it becomes apparent to an observer like myself, that only due to Freud's known aversion to sentimentality and ornamentation of any kind, and his faithfulness to his original scientific mission, that his familiar 'investigative language' is maintained and is becoming the last defence against the emergence of symbolic poetry as a full-fledged psychological-scientific tool.

The rise of the phenomenon of the symbol in psychoanalysis is perhaps the strangest of events that ever happened in the course of a theoretical exploration. It is certainly a clear exception to the proposition which states that the a priori nature of a theory sets in advance everything that might be found on its terms. On the one hand, no other theory in psychology has ever discovered or made use of 'the symbol' except psychoanalysis; on the other hand, one can ask what does a 'motivational theory' that deals with 'instincts' and 'conflict of forces' have to do with symbols?

Freud himself did not have a ready answer for that, and it is quite easy to see why. The symbol is the par excellence psychological datum. It is the vehicle of meaning. Its existence is irreconcilable with any piece of machinery, and its use marks the final divorce of 'things psychological' from 'things physiological.'

Consequently, Freud's growing recourse to symbols provided the genesis for what eventually emerged as a genuine difficulty in the understanding of psychoanalysis. Was it a psycho-physiological theory of motivation or was it a strictly psychological theory of meaning?

If we properly understand the referential nature of the symbol as a pure psychological datum, we are in a position to understand not only what went wrong in the comprehension of psychoanalysis, but also what went wrong in the entire history of psychology in the 20th century. This growing field - Psychology - under the 'progressive' compulsion to produce mechanical models to establish itself as a science, defined its scientific object as the 'study of behaviour' and treated behaviour as meaningless; i.e., non-symbolic. The fear of admitting the 'symbol' was equivalent to the fear of dismissing the machine as the model of Man and with it giving up the hope of transcending the duality of body and mind. Thus, mindless, meaningless behaviour became the essence of Behaviourism's scientific mission and it was this 'state of the art' which signalled the decline of psychology as a cultural force.* If it were not for the mistaken identity, in the popular mind, i.e.: being a psychologist = being a Freudian, the prestige of Psychology would have plunged to unknown depths of obscurity. Freud on the other hand moved, as is well known, in the opposite direction. He discovered more and more unsuspected symbolism in human acts and his world gradually became so full of meaning that even acts that by common consent were known as 'accidents' turned out to be meaningful. It is not really surprising that Freud together with Galileo, Newton, Darwin and Einstin, was among the five giant men-of-science that changed the course of western civilization. Neither is it surprising to witness the persistence and viciousness of the attack on his psychoanalysis within the realm of academic psychology: it seems that Freud's machine came to resemble so much a real human being that its comprehensibility as a machine became impossible. Freud himself gave ample evidence to his puzzlement with regard to the phenomenon of the 'symbol.' I bring here as a sample his own account of the progress of his thinking on the issue in his Interpretation of Dreams.:

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*With one exception: the film Clockwork Orange, which served as an undisguised moral attack on the 'new psychology,' there was hardly a ripple or echo of Behaviourism in the cultural milieu of western civilization.

> "The analysis of this last, biographical, dream is clear evidence that I recognized the presence of symbolism in dreams from the very beginning. But it was only by degrees and as my experience increased that I arrived at a full appreciation of its extent and significance, and I did so under the influence of the contributions of Wilhelm Stekel (1911), about whom a few words will not be out of place here.
>
> That writer, who has perhaps damaged psychoanalysis as much as he has benefitted it, brought forward a large number of unsuspected translations of symbols; to begin with they were met with skepticism, but later they were for the most part confirmed and had to be accepted. I shall not be belittling the value of Stekel's services if I add that the skeptical reserve with which his proposals were received was not without justification. For the examples by which he supported his interpretations were often unconvincing, and he made use of a method which must be rejected as scientifically untrustworthy. Stekel arrived at his interpretations of symbols by way of intuition, thanks to a peculiar gift for the direct understanding of them. But the existence of such a gift cannot be counted upon generally, its effectiveness is exempt from all criticism and consequently its findings have no claim to credibility. It is as though one sought to base the diagnosis of infectious diseases upon olfactory impressions received at the patient's bedside - though there have undoubtedly been clinicians who would accomplish more than other people by means of the sense of smell (which is usually atrophied) and were really able to diagnose a case of enteric fever by smell." [The Interpretation of Dreams, The Pelican Freud Library, Vol. 4, pp. 466-467.]

This particular passage was written by Freud 25 years (!) after the publication of the *Interpretation of Dreams*, (1900), and was added to the 1925 edition of his book. (Freud by then was almost 70 years old.) One has to be historically familiar with the intense life of the growing clique of disciples and friends that formed around the towering figure of Freud to appreciate the full measure of Freud's words that sealed Stekel's fate in that group. The danger that Stekel posed to the scientific reputation of psychoanalysis was not in using the theory to arrive at wrong or invalid conclusions. On the contrary, he seems not to have used the theory at all and yet he unaccountably arrived at inferences which later proved compelling and not incongruent with psychoanalysis. He, in short, exposed the unaccountable nature of the 'symbol' in the theory of psychoanalysis and he also exposed the fact that Freud, for most of his career, was much more Freudian than he knew.

This then is my short statement of the problem and the object of my studies: to try and understand the status of the symbol in psychoanalysis. It is the penetration of this riddle which will make it possible, I believe, to bring about the broader object of my dissertation; namely, "the collapse of the terminologies of the two disciplines of Psychology and Literature into a unitary intellectual endeavour whose definition is 'the Study of people.'" I mean by that, that symbolic analysis is the traditional founding rock of literary appreciation as much as it is a part of psychoanalysis, and that very obviously the two disciplines are dealing with people as the subject of their narratives.

II Previous attempts at resolving the problem (brief literature review)

There has been a score of noteworthy attempts so far, in the post Freudian era, to come to terms with psychoanalysis on a new level of interpretation. I am excluding here from consideration all those critics (including B.F. Skinner) whose object it was to discredit psychoanalysis in such a way as to try to sway us from ever putting the Freudian insights to good use. As I have shown, it is all too easy, on account of the difficulty with the mind-body duality and the unaccountability of the 'symbol' in psychoanalysis to mount a nihilistic assault on the theory. As a psychologist who has to earn his living on the basis of his understanding of people and their pain I cannot afford the luxury. One might as well commit suicide, than give up the fundamentals of his understanding of people. I am thus compelled to consider only those who were philosophically acute but at the same time were neither threatened by psychoanalysis nor misanthropic enough to want to throw away the only system of insights for which the public give psychologists their title. Among the noteworthy attempts to understand what _is_ psychoanalysis there are three prominent names and at least one of them, initiated a complete revolution - _French_ revolution that is - in the traditional understanding of Freud.

Jacques Lacan ignored what Freud thought himself to be - a man with firm roots in the natural sciences - and he consequently never once mentioned any one of Freud's neurophysiological terms, the terms of 'forces,' 'currents' and 'energy conversion.' Instead, he completely transposed psychoanalysis as a 'discourse of the other' on the plain of language; he likewise treated the unconscious as having the structure of language, and he made the 'word' to be the axis of the analytic process of therapy. What is unusual about his approach was the fact that he did not attribute this novelty to himself but insisted that it describes the true meaning of Freud's intention. It is, I think, a mark of intellectual honesty and a true genius of Lacan to decline any credit to himself at the same time that he initiated a dramatic new reading of Freud. Nevertheless he had good reasons to declare the new revolution in the name of Freud. Lacan was a psychoanalyst and as such part of the milieu of the French psychoanalytic society as well as a prominent intellectual. He was alerted by a clear vision of danger to both the prestige and the survival of the practice of psychoanalysis on account of the traditional and widespread reading of Freud among practitioners of the art. The focus of much of his debate with the French psychoanalytic society centered around the question of resistance. As is well known, Freud's disappointment with the fickle nature of hypnosis as a therapeutic technique correlated with his realization that inasmuch as hypnosis is predicated on the temporary suspension of the subject's accountability, and the transfer of this ego responsibility to the hypnotist, the symptomatic gains that are consequently produced by suggestion are transitory, unreliable and likely to disappear as soon as the ego, - after the hyptonic session, - assumes its mantle. Thus the only real, decisive, and everlasting therapeutic gains are achieved only under the full consciousness and accountability of the ego, and this piece of insight is, in actuality, not more profound than the realization that one does not secure a promise from a man while he is drunk. At any rate, Freud was thus led to see that the 'process of the cure' has to involve a dialogue with the ego's resistances. He soon made the struggle with the ego's resistances and the 'working through' the mark of therapy, and on that point he never reversed himself. The question is: what does an analyst understand by the phrase 'handling of resistance.' And it is not very hard to realize that as long as there is an open claim to conceptualize the subject as a neurophysiological object, the term of 'resistance' will be conceived of as a force and as such can be 'handled' only by counter-force. Thus began the orthodox practice by practitioners of the post Freudian era, of pointing out to their patients the occurrence of resistance whenever it was encountered and confronting them at the same time with interpretation as to the nature of their resistance. This practice, which gradually took the form of an automatic habit, was - as rightly perceived by Lacan - too frequently harmful to patients and consequently to the psychoanalytic movement as well. Lacan justifiably claimed that all too easily this practice deteriorated into a regressive circle where the patient's resistance mounted at the same time that the therapist increased the vigour of his hunt, bringing both of them to an endless vascillating trap. To mount a successful combat against a whole movement which itself needed the rigid enforcement of doctrine to control any stray member, Lacan, naturally, had to appeal to Freud himself. He did that by completely ignoring Freud's exposition of the theory of psychoanalysis and the meta-psychology and focusing instead on Freud's case studies as the citical test of his intention. He was then able to show that, in order to understand the timing and quality of Freud's interventions in the process of therapy, one must coach the whole happening in terms of a dialogue whose dialectical structure can be conceived as timeless or outside time but which nonetheless unfolds in time. 'Resistance' then acquires its meaning exclusively from the social phenomenon of the dialogue, and the mobilization of a resistance between the analyst and the patient provides the structure which makes only one point in time, an optimal point for a particular interpretation, and it furthermore makes the wording of the interpretation the singular axis of the therapy. If the 'Word' is everything, it is only because the dialogue is the only reality in the human theatre. Consequently, an improper timing of a proper word can ruin a therapy as much as it can ruin a comic scene, or a joke. Lacan pointed out - in the case of the Rat-Man as an instance - that Freud was always only one small step ahead of his patient in the exquisite torture that was the journey of his resistance. Thus, although from the Rat-Man's consciousness it appears that Freud was leading the therapy, nonetheless - the analyst being the inverse of the patient's unconscious in the dialogue - he was the kind of leader who follows the crowd. Perhaps, one might say, all effective leaders follow their crowds.

It will not be possible for me here to get any deeper into Lacan's formulations. It can be a scholarly work of a lifetime to rigorously demonstrate any claim about Lacan, since he certainly did not inherit Freud's majestic use of clear language, and he was very much caught in the French fear of insulting the intelligence of his readers by producing anything less than 'willful obscurity'* in his writings. Indeed so irritating is his divorce from 'straight talk,' that I will not have regarded it a great virtue to reclaim Lacan for science if it were not for the distinct feeling that one has, of a genuine and deep understanding of people that informs his writings. I will only point out here that by his unwavering insistence on the reading of psychoanalysis in terms of the human dialogue, Lacan drastically altered our fuzzy understandings of the processes of identity whose primary model he took to be the infant 'stage of the mirror.' He consequently treated the 'self' (le 'moi') as the image of the 'other' and by doing that he drove the last nail into the coffin of Descartes' famous cogito. The relationships that one has with his 'moi' - Lacan would say - are also in terms of the 'discourse with the other.' They are not a priori to it but rather founded on it.

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*I borrowed that expression from Anthony Wilden, the translator of his book, "The Language of the Self," to English.

Needless to say, Lacan initiated, much like Freud, an epistemological revolution that soon presented unsuspected difficulties to any traditional theory of knowledge. On top of the paradox of 'unconscious ideation,' and traumas that are based on memories that do not, necessarily, represent events that really happened, one has to be content now with a 'foreign self.' However the last notion too, is a direct descendent of the Freudian conception of identity as an 'introjection of the parent.' Lacan indeed cannot be faulted with a gross distortion of Freud. And it is very much due to this fact that he managed with one wave of the magic verb to drop the fast forgotten psychoanalysis at the fresh centre of all the modern philosophical concern with language, which is also the centre court of the 20th century Western intellectual life.

It is therefore not really surprising that the second generation of the ordinary language movement in philosophy - the disciples of Austin, Ryle and Wittgenstein followed immediately upon Lacan's heels in a modern attempt to formulate the unconscious. The claim is that the same utterances of ordinary language that are used in reference to the self e.g., 'I like...,' 'I hate...,' 'I want...,' etc. can be used to cover the phenomena of the unconscious with the addition of only one more utterance such as 'I was not aware' or 'I was not conscious of.' By this argument, all other topographical or structural descriptions of the unconscious are misleading metaphors. And in this way the great problem of the unconscious is "not solved but resolved," by the utterances of ordinary language.

It is quite clear that this argument although injurious to psychoanalysis is perfectly correlated with Lacan's major claim that the unconscious is structured like a language. And it is here that we get the first idea of how the artful obscurity and elliptical statements of Lacan are as much a danger to psychoanalysis as a blessing. It is simply impossible to take the Lacan text to the rigorous task of demonstrating that this or that philosophical conclusion is not in harmony with his theoretical claims. It is outside the scope of this proposal to construct a critique of the ordinary language thesis. I will merely pose here the following question: Can statements of the 'I am...' type also be attributed to the unconscious? or do statements of the 'I am unconscious that I am...' kind, make (non ironic) sense? I believe that the answer is no, on both counts. Furthermore, it seems to me that the ordinary language thesis and Lacan's are failing as a substitute description of psychoanalysis because both ignored the pervasive symbolism that permeates and informs the classic readings of psychoanalysis. They both ignore Freud's finding that the processes of unconscious symbolism even if they are the exclusive product of the unconscious 'censor' as in dreams, are very different from our conscious symbolic processes. They have simply not accounted for that.

Against that background there are two other European thinkers, that I will consider here who provide two types of corrections to the two issues which Lacan very obviously left untouched. In "Knowledge and Human Interest" Habermas makes the relationships of psychoanalysis to mechanical models of knowledge, the climax of his sustained and brilliant attack on the empirical tradition in science. Starting from Kant, and Hegel's critique of Kant, Habermas builds up an impressive case whose main argument may be summed up as follows: the mechanical model of knowledge is only a private case of a much more general and profound rule that governs the sphere of knowledge. Ultimately, says Habermas, knowledge is bound up with human interest. Any other body of organized statements that is not subordinate to human interest does not assume the status of knowledge. This rule, then, is what makes a mechanical model qualify as having the status of knowledge, but it certainly does not make it the standard and measure of any other system of knowledge. Thus, on the basis of such argument Habermas makes use of his comprehensive knowledge of psychoanalysis to derive the conclusion that the use of the terms of, what he called, the "energy distribution model" by Freud betrays a critical misunderstanding by him of what psychoanalysis is really about:

> The self-understanding of psychoanalysis as a natural science suggests the model of the technical utilization of scientific information. If analysis only seems to appear as an interpretation of texts and actually leads to making possible technical control of the psychic apparatus, then there is nothing unusual about the idea that psychological influence could at some point be replaced with greater effect by somatic techniques of treatment: [Habermas brings here the following citation from Freud]

> "The future may teach us to exercise a direct influence, by means of particular chemical substances, on the amounts of energy and their distribution in the mental apparatus... But for the moment we have nothing better at our disposal than the technique of psycho-analysis..."

This passage reveals that a technological understanding of analysis accords only with a theory that has cut itself loose from the categorical framework of self-reflection and replaced a structural model suitable for self-formative processes with an energy-distribution model. As long as the theory derives its meaning in relation to the reconstruction of a lost fragment of life history and, therefore, to self-reflection, its application is necessarily practical. It effects the reorganization of the action-orienting self-understanding of socialized individuals, which is structured in ordinary language. In this role, however, psychoanalysis can never be replaced by technologies derived from other theories of the empirical sciences in the rigorous sense. For psychopharmacology only brings about alterations of consciousness to the extent that it controls functions of the human organism as objectified natural processes. In contrast, the experience of reflection induced by enlightenment is precisely the act through which the subject frees itself from a state in which it had become an object for itself. This specific activity must be accomplished by the subject itself. There can be no substitute for it, including a technology, unless technology is to serve to unburden the subject of its own achievements.(3)

Habermas, in short, makes it very clear that there can be no resolution of psychoanalysis with the empirical models of the natural sciences for the simple reason that such models are incompatible with the phenomenon (or notion) of 'self.' The very nature of empirical models dictates the categorical treatment of the subject as an object, and it is logically clear that the organism treated as a neurological machine contradicts the existence of a 'self.' For that very reason, Behaviourism, for instance, which made the explicit effort to treat the subject as object, defined itself as the 'study of behaviour' and, by necessity, either denied the existence of the 'self,' or left it unaccountable. Habermas, then, unlike Lacan, does not try to obscure the fact that Freud himself contributed to the confusion with regard to the possible reading of psychoanalysis. And he tries, as it were, to defend the integrity of psychoanalysis from the threat of Freud's metapsychology by showing that this metapsychology was founded on the violation of logic, i.e., it constitutes a contradiction in terms.

It is important to bear this in mind when we move on to evaluate Paul Ricoeur's position because we are heading, I believe, for some surprises. Ricoeur, fully aware of Freud's metapsychology and aware too of Habermas' analysis, takes the incredible philosophical position which justifies psychoanalysis as it stands! Far from rejecting the energy distribution model, he finds that it is necessary, and he adopts each and every term that Freud used including the whole neurophysiological terminology:

> And this mediation operates in the following manner: by coordinating interpretation and the handling of resistances, analytic praxis calls for a theory in which the psyche will be represented both as a text to be interpreted and as a system of forces to be manipulated. In other words, it is the complex character of actual practice which forces the theory to overcome the apparent contradiction between the metaphor of the text to be interpreted and that of the forces to be regulated; in short, practice forces us to think of meaning and force together in a comprehensive theory.(4)

Here again, in a nutshell, is the problem: 'Forces' belong to the domain of body-mechanics, and 'meaning' belongs to the domain of the subject-mind. The two domains are logically irreconcilable and yet, Ricoeur claims, the reality of the analyst's dealing with his patient's resistance, forces upon him the consideration of these two incongruous sets of terms for that same reality he faces at the same time. Psychoanalysis, says Ricoeur, is the victim of this reality, not the villain. What Freud offers in a way of terminology is suitable to the task of therapy.

Does this mean that Ricoeur believes that the problem of Body and Mind is incapable of being resolved and that its contradiction is immanent to the reality which bedevils the whole of Psychology?

I haven't deciphered yet what is Ricoeur's position on this basic issue but it seems to me that he does not concede the necessity of contradiction. On the one hand he agrees with Habermas that the 'objective' portrayal of unconscious processes as 'forces' involves distortion:

> Like banishment or political ostracism, repression banishes a part of language from the public sphere of communication and condems it to the exile of a 'privatized' language. This is how mental functioning simulates a natural process. But only to the extent that it has been objectified and reified. If, therefore, we forget that this reification results from a process of desymbolization, hence from a specific self-alienation, we end up constructing a model where the unconscious is literally a thing. But, at the same time, we are then unable to understand how resymbolization is possible, that is, how analytic experience itself is possible.(5)

But on the other hand, Ricoeur believes that this mechanical distortion is itself part of the patient's delusions and vocabulary so that once again the Freudian terminology is justified:

> This is why I want to defend with equal vigour the complementary thesis which holds that we must always start from the Freudian system in spite of its faults, even - I would venture to say - because of its deficiencies. Indeed, as Habermas himself has remarked, the self-misunderstanding of psychoanalysis is not entirely unfounded. The economic model, in particular, even in its literal energetism, preserves something essential which a theorizing introduced from outside the system is always in danger of losing sight of, namely, that man's alienation from himself is such that mental functioning does actually resemble the functioning of a thing. This simulation keeps psychoanalysis from constituting itself as a province of the exegetical disciplines applied to texts - as a hermeneutics, in other words - and requires that psychoanalysis include in the process of self understanding operations which were originally reserved for the natural sciences.(6)

However, I believe that Ricoeur must sense both a contradiction, and his failure to transcend it. For he must be acutely aware that the conception of the unconscious as a thing - the economical model, that is - necessarily invokes the determinism of antecendent conditions, whereas he agreed with Habermas that the psychoanalytic account of human life conforms to Hegel's 'causality of fate.' In other words, the causal account of the operation of a machine is in terms of an antecedent push-button, whereas the causal account of the operation of the 'self' is in terms of purpose (e.g. 'I hammer a nail for the purpose of hanging a picture'); consequently the psychoanalytic account of a life story is in terms of motives which, unlike causes, provide for a causality of destiny. The problem of causality - another of the 'problems of philosophy' - is then a derivative of the body-mind problem in the case of psychoanalysis and Ricoeur must have sensed, that even if Freud is right in the obliteration of the distinction between cause and motive (since in therapy one needs explanations in terms of causes to reach an understanding in terms of motives) still there is no denying the existence of contradiction in terms. I say that 'Ricoeur must have sensed that,' because he finally admits that his explanation has not remained unproblematic:

> From this brief discussion it follows that psychoanalytic theory cannot be reformulated from the outside, on the basis of an alien conceptuality, if we are not to mistake the initial situation in psychoanalysis, namely, that the human psyche under certain conditions of self-alienation is unable to understand itself by simply expanding its immediate interpretive capacities, but instead, requires that the hermeneutics of self understanding take the detour of causal explanation.
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> If Freud's economic model can therefore legitimately be accused of generating misunderstanding concerning the relation between theory and the analytic situation, it must also be said, with equal force and in the opposite direction, that a model of understanding - be it phenomenological, linguistic, or symbolic - which does not integrate some explanatory segment, some economic phase, misunderstands the very facts that are brought to light by analytic experience.
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> This is why today we can neither be satisfied with the Freudian metapsychology, nor find another starting point to rectify and enrich the theoretical model to the extent that it is true that "the misunderstanding of psychoanalysis as a natural science is not without basis." (7)

III Proposed Resolution of the Problem: Methodology

I will proceed from the proposition that Ricoeur is wrong not so much in his conclusions but in his main argument. That is to say, I would agree, as many others, that the whole Freudian terminology proved useful, but I will not agree that the contradiction between meaning and force should be tolerated to fester in the body of psychoanalysis. Instead I would argue that the whole of psychoanalysis can and should be construed in the strict sense of a theory of meaning. I will, furthermore, argue that the symbol is the fundamental vehicle of meaning and I will therefore subsume the whole of psychoanalysis under the symbolic order. That means, in effect that even the vocabulary of 'forces' will be approached and understood as the 'symbolism of forces.'

This approach may involve any number of the following parts or all of them:

(i) A philosophical exposition of the above-mentioned argument.

(ii) A demonstrative part whose object is (a) to show that each and any of the Freudian interpretations that were extracted from his case studies involve symbolic analysis, and (b) all the terms that signify Freud's theoretical discoveries are a product of symbolic analysis and themselves are symbolic.

(iii) A metaphysical essay on the nature of the symbol.

(iv) An 'empirical' part composed of actual therapeutic situations and analyses of symtoms which demonstrate the utilization of a therapeutic approach based on the strict sense of symbolic analysis.

IV Anticipated Findings

I hope to show that Ricoeur made a fundamental mistake when he assumed that the universe of meaning is exclusive of the mechanics of forces. On the other hand I will attempt to show that Habermas was mistaken too in proposing that part of the Freudian terminology should be given up. Once the deep symbolic layer will be excavated, it will be clear, I hope, that the energetic terms are exceedingly functional. Very rarely did Freud err in his choice of words. On the whole, then, I will propose to demonstrate that the terms of psychoanalysis stand for important discoveries of the nature of symbolic processes, and that therefore Lacan ran into hopeless obscurity by proposing what I believe is a false distinction between the 'symbolic' order, the 'linguistic' and the 'imaginary.' It will be my main object to show in what way the exploration of symbolic processes is an infinite proposition.

V Importance of the Problem: Significance for Psychology

The discipline of psychology suffers from the unwitting rejection of psychoanalysis on account of both genuine philosophical difficulties associated with its comprehension, and more ordinary type of confusion that stems partly from the fact that hardly any students of the field read the original Freudian texts anymore. Above all, though, stands the towering mystery of the symbol whose centrality in psychoanalysis might be the hidden but decisive reason why it has been side-stepped by the science of psychology. A positive science cannot be founded on ostensible mysteries. The price however, was very steep indeed. Behaviourism was constructed with the explicit mandate for exorcizing any meaning from the domain of psychology. The more prominence it gained within the field, the more diminished has its cultural role become. And the science still depends on Freud for any prestige that it may have.

As for myself, I hold that the true object of knowledge is not positive but negative: it is to clarify one's ignorance. That is to say, to define and ascertain what one is ignorant of. In my explorations I continuously reject any positive knowledge and remain satisfied only with the kind of explanation that leaves me with a sense of wonder. It is only then that I am confident of my ignorance. Therefore, if in my journey to the land of the symbol I will help to cure some of the 'positive' aspects of the science of psychology I will consider myself to have done a great service to my field.

NOTES

(1) See for instance Ryle's following comment ("The Concept of Mind" p. 305):

> "Among others, and above all others, the researches of psychology's one man of genius, Freud, must not be classed as belonging to a family of inquiries analogous to the family of medical inquiries; they belong to this family. Indeed, so deservedly profound has been the influence of Freud's teaching and so damagingly popular have its allegories become, that there is now evident a strong tendency to use the word 'psychologists' as if it stood only for those who investigate and treat mental disabilities."

(2) The following passage comes from notes taken by Rush Rhees from a conversation with Wittgenstein (summer 1942):

> "Or suppose you want to speak of causality in the operation of feelings. "Determinism applies to the mind as truly as to physical things." This is obscure because when we think of causal laws in physical things, we think of experiments. We have nothing like this in connection with feelings and motivation. And yet psychologists want to say: "There must be some law." - although no law has been found. (Freud: "Do you want to say, gentlemen, that changes in mental phenomena are guided by chance?") Whereas to me the fact that there aren't actually any such laws seems important." (p. 42 from): Barrett, Cyril (Ed.). L. Wittgenstein: Lectures and Conversations on Aesthetics, Psychology and Religious belief. University of California Press.

(3) Habermas, Jürgen. Knowledge and Human Interests. Boston: Beacon Press, 1972, p. 247.

(4) Ricoeur, Paul. The Philosophy of Paul Ricoeur, Eds. Charles E. Reagan and David Stewart. Boston: Beacon Press, 1978, p. 195.

(5) Ibid. p. 198.

(6) Ibid. p. 198.

(7) Ibid. p. 201.